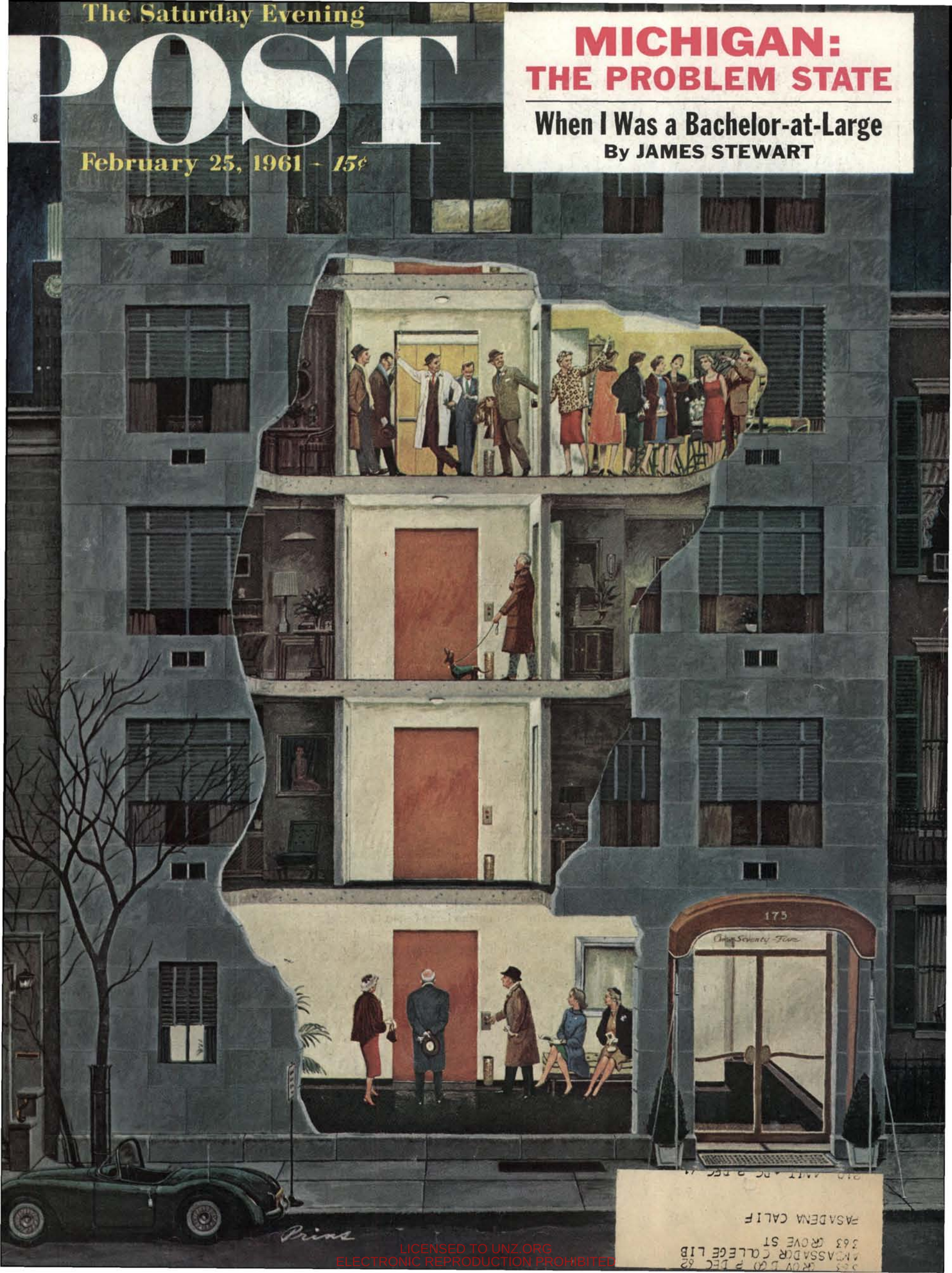
The Saturday Evening
POST
February 25, 1961 - 15¢

MICHIGAN: THE PROBLEM STATE

When I Was a Bachelor-at-Large

By JAMES STEWART



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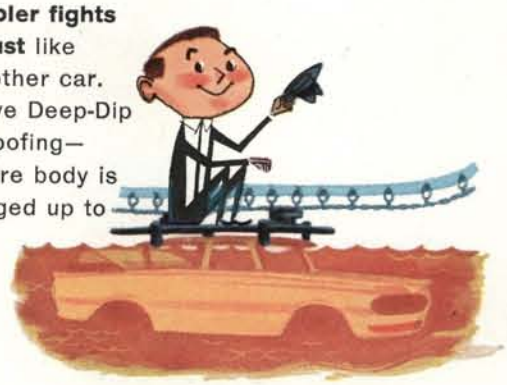

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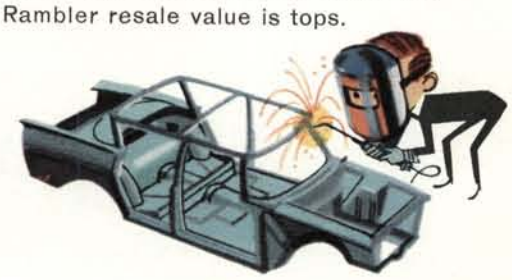

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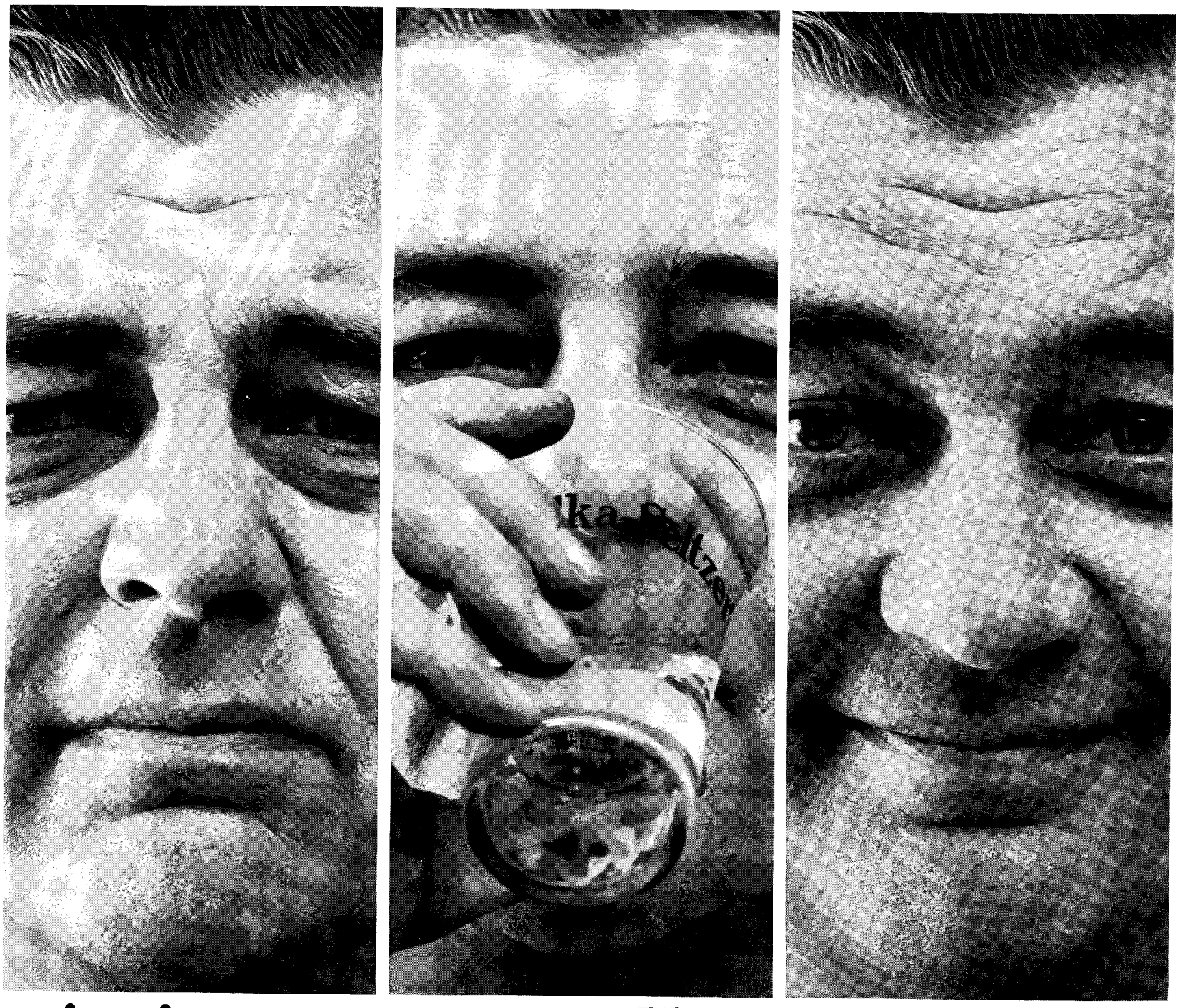

is just...a swallow...away

Happens to everyone, every so often. You feel below par, under the weather, just plain "tuckered out."

Take ALKA-SELTZER. That feel-better feeling is just . . . a swallow . . . away.

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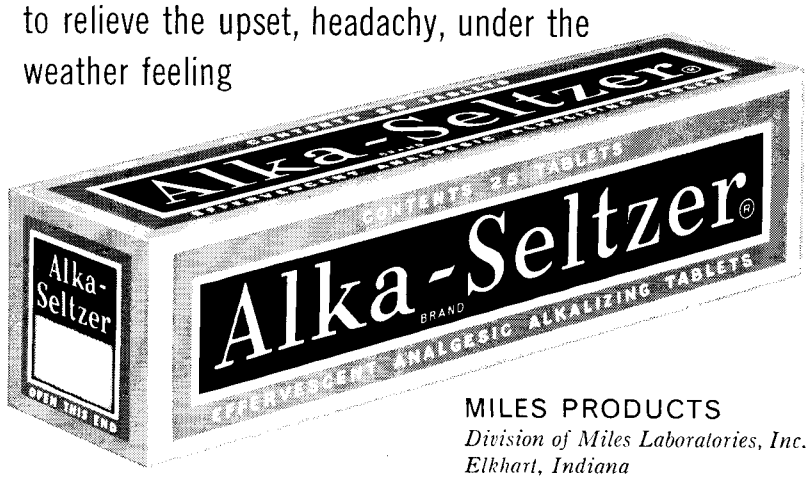

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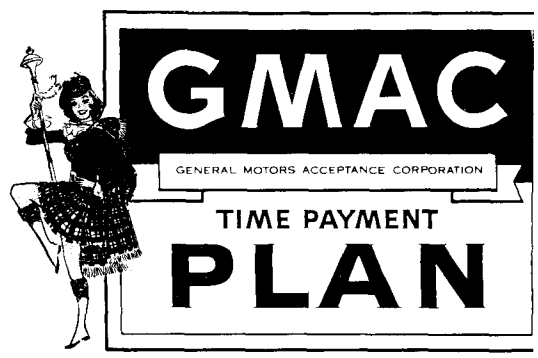

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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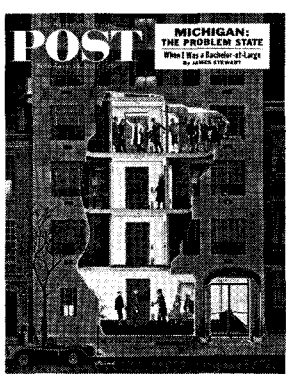

THE COVER

The hour is late, the party's o'er,
But the talkative sex must talk some more:
"Guess who I saw at the store?"
"That Agnes Fripp is such a bore."
"Emma, does your husband snore?"
Two of the men have blocked the door;
So the elevator's stuck on four.

The gent on three is getting sore—
These canine walks can be a chore.
And down there on the lobby floor,
Five people angrily implore,
"Must we wait here forevermore?"
Be patient, folks, and do not roar.
The elevator's stuck on four.

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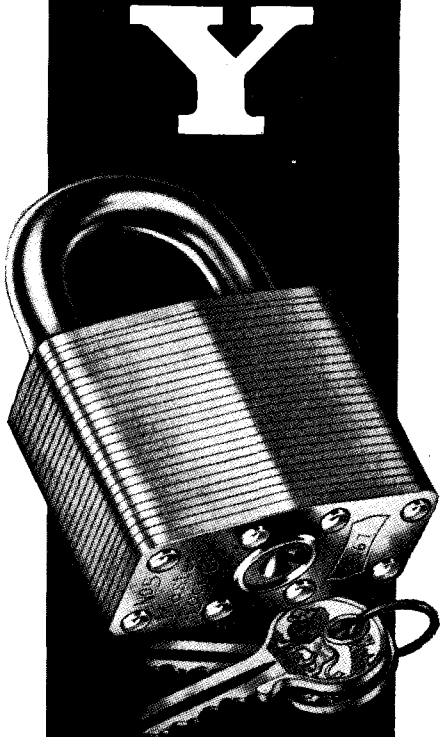

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Idea: *the Telegraphic Money Order is the one fast, safe way to send cash—as a gift or for any purpose.*

Letters

How Poor Was "Poor Richard"?

Dear Sirs:

Samuel Eliot Morison made the statement in his THE WISDOM OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (Jan. 21) that "Franklin never made much money."

Apparently Mr. Morison didn't consult Mr. Franklin before writing his article because Franklin says in his autobiography that he attributes to "industry and frugality the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune" (page 85, *Harvard Classics*, Vol. I).

To substantiate Ben's assertion, I quote from the introductory note by Charles W. Eliot: "In 1748 he sold his business in order to get leisure for study, having now acquired comparative wealth."

However, much as I may disagree with Mr. Morison about Franklin's wealth, about his wisdom I couldn't agree more.

MARY JANE GARNER
Indianapolis, Ind.

● *"Franklin," says Morison, "spoke of wealth and fortune in a relative sense. He refused to profit by his inventions and never accepted the numerous opportunities that came his way to make a real fortune by land and other speculating."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

"'Doctor Franklin' he was called," says the author, "because of honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, St. Andrews and Oxford." This is in error. Franklin received honorary degrees of Master of Arts from both Harvard and Yale in 1753 but never an honorary doctorate from any American institution.

WALTER C. EELLS
Washington, D.C.

● *"No American colleges conferred honorary degrees that early, so Harvard and Yale were giving Ben the best they had. To save a few words I lumped them with the British universities," says Doctor Morison, himself the bearer of Litt.D. degrees from Harvard, Yale, Notre Dame and Oxford; an LL.D. from Union; and L.H.D.'s from Trinity, Amherst and Williams.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

THE WISDOM OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN at last puts together for me a many-sided, somewhat controversial character.

HARRY E. TITUS
Rochester, N.Y.

Those Generous Electronic Brains

Dear Sirs:

I am sick. A heart case. Things are not funny anymore. I want to laugh but find things grim, people glum. When I read ALICIA MARCHES ON WASHINGTON [by Robert W. Wells, Jan 21] you could have heard me laughing a block away.

SAM DAVIS
Atlantic City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The tale ALICIA MARCHES ON WASHINGTON is a masterpiece. It should be read by every taxpayer and every income-tax agent!

ISABEL HOOPES
Rowley, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I shall watch with great interest for letters sent you regarding experiences similar to Alicia's—and mine.

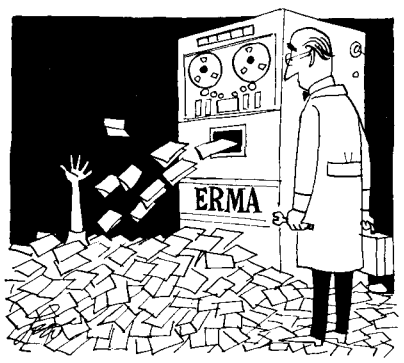
In June, 1945, I received an income-tax refund due me for $96.93. The following month I received a second check for the same amount. After fifteen-and-a-half years I still have the check and am still waiting for the answer to my registered letter requesting information on where to send the check. How many others have had this experience?

HELEN F. LIGHTHALL
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Let no one tell you that ALICIA MARCHES ON WASHINGTON is preposterous or far-fetched.

My battle was not with the Federal Government but with Bank of America's monster ERMA. The first year ERMA was in operation I was inundated with



F. H. A. loan-payment books. I was completely frustrated each time I phoned the bank. They'd always tell me "I'm sorry, the machine made a mistake," but in the next mail another payment book!

Happily, ERMA now sends me only one each year.

BONNIE WEBER
Castro Valley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Post luck?

The day I read the story my newspaper reported that an IBM 705 in a brokerage house gave several hundred investors twice the number of checks they were entitled to.

S. M. ROBINS
Flushing, N.Y.

A Real Woman

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! In William P. McGivern's serial, MURDER ON THE TURNPIKE [Jan 7–21], is the most beautiful description of a *real* woman, not just her gross sex attributes: "And while he appreciated Sheila's green eyes and elegantly slim body, his heart and soul responded to . . . a quality of grace and strength about her, a thread of steel and music permeating her whole being." What man wouldn't covet that ideal!

M. L. PATTESON
Dillwyn, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I am so-o-o-o glad that Sheila "was not a regular waitress," but a working college girl. It would just have spoiled

(Continued on Page 6)

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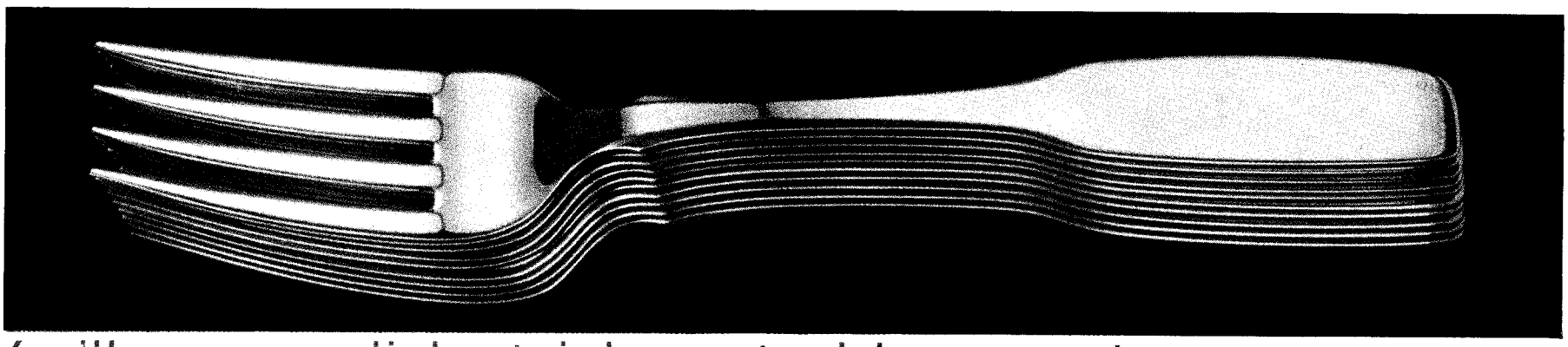
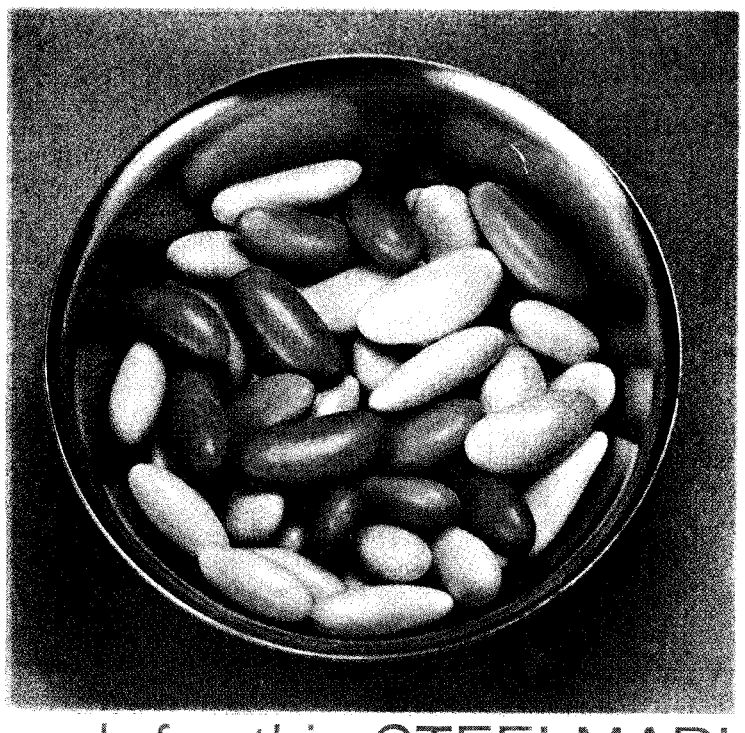
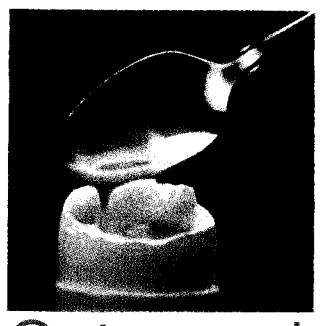
The beauty of stainless steel is– the beauty lasts

or how you can be the hostess with the stainless reputation)

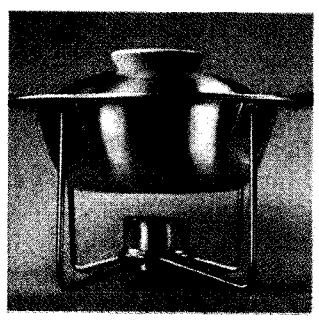


You'll never polish stainless steel because it never tarnishes



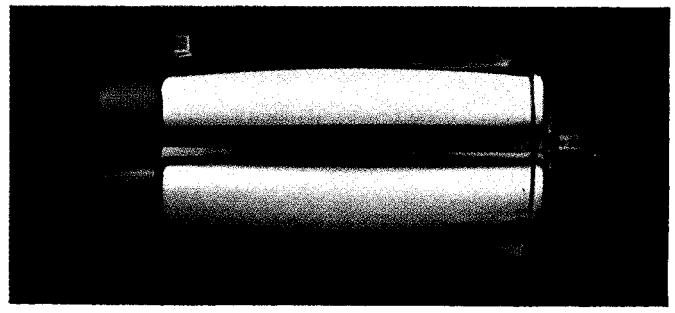


Get some!



Revel in it!

Show it off!



Look for this STEELMARK tag and the gleam of stainless steel

USS TRADEMARK United States Steel

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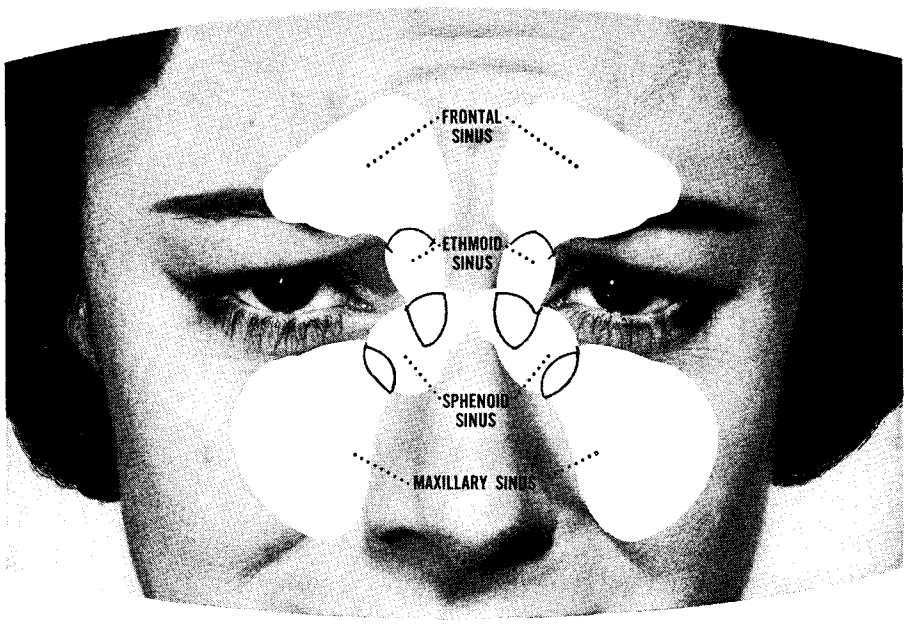
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE



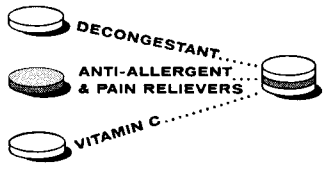
HELPS DRAIN ALL SINUS CAVITIES *EVEN DEEP IN HEAD* (*critical areas of colds infection*)

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, pollen allergies and from sinus congestion with its tenderness, pressure and pain. DRISTAN, amazing medical achievement, contains: (1) The scientific *decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. In minutes—it reaches all congested areas—even deep in the head . . . quickly shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive *anti-allergent* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. DRISTAN reduces fever better than aspirin and promptly relieves body aches due to colds. (3) *Vitamin C* to help build up body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: DRISTAN is being widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus . . . responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.

TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.

This Exclusive DRISTAN Tablet Formula Cannot Be Duplicated!



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet. Accept no substitutes.

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

the story for me if trooper O'Leary had stooped to date just a "regular waitress."

JESSIE LEA CAREY
Chrisney, Ind.

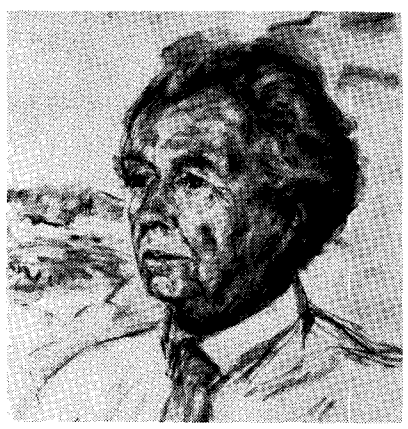
Rare Portrait

Dear Sirs:

In 1943 my wife, Enit, who died this January, invited Frank Lloyd Wright [FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: DEFIANT GENIUS, by Finis Farr, Jan. 7—Feb. 4] to sit for a portrait for her work *American Portraits*, now in the New York Historical Society Museum. He answered in his characteristic way, as follows:

"My dear Mrs. Kaufman: Portraits of myself are not one of my enthusiasms, and I don't know when I will be in New York. I have just returned from a current collection of "the great" and don't believe I should look well among them. And I don't believe they would be happy with me."

Nevertheless he invited the artist for a visit in Taliesin and proved, during her one-week stay there, a most gracious host. He posed with intense interest and



Wright, by Enit Kaufman.

seemed to like it. . . . I am enclosing a photo of the portrait—as far as I know, one of the very few for which Frank Lloyd Wright posed.

EDWARD KAUFMAN
New York, N.Y.

Who's Vitriolic?

Dear Sirs:

Your Jan. 7 editorial, LIFE FOR OLD PEOPLE ISN'T ALL ILLNESS AND POVERTY, presents a false and misleading picture of American "golden-agers." . . . Thousands are faced with a bitter struggle for survival. . . .

Your editorial policy is vitriolic hatred of everything F.D.R. accomplished, and now you transfer that hatred to Kennedy. . . . My prescription for a revival of *The Post* would be to leave the City of Brotherly Love. Take your editorial staff, place courtly British wigs upon their bald pates and bury them in the Petrified Forest, where all dead tissue turns to stone.

FRANK VAVREK
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

It makes me very grateful to know tha *Post* editors realize the true situation i regard to the aged. . . . I am able to liv very comfortably on a limited income. resent bitterly being referred to as "senior citizen." I am now an old lad and I am enjoying old age *and* retir ment. . . . I have no desire to be consic ered one of a group that must have sp cial government-provided privileges.

VIRGINIA MCCLUR
Lexington, K

Dear Sirs:

Older people are not "a problem. They are our mothers and fathers, an as such are ours to help. Here is precious personal responsibility. An offe of government help is another tentac of socialism that would reach out an rob us of this responsibility and, with i a piece of personal freedom.

NELL ABBOT
Albany, G

Suitable for Small Fry?

Dear Sirs:

The full-page illustration in your Ja 14 issue for a story entitled THE COUNTE FEITER'S KNIFE [by Rex Stout, Jan. 14 Jan. 28] is the type of immodest, luri material one could expect in a thir rate paperback.

If *The Post* keeps slanting its illustr tions toward an audience of ape men, yc can remove me from your mailing lis

ROBERT E. HE
San Carlos, Cal

Dear Sirs:

It does seem that you could have s lected something more subtle, equal compelling and less disturbing to th small fry than a disordered, greenis female corpse with a knife in its breas

MARY C. JOHNSO
Vestal, N.

Unchivalrous Chef

Dear Sirs:

Certainly a MASTER OF COOKERY [b John Kobler, Jan. 21] has every right t take pride in his culinary artistry, bu why, oh why, does chef Oliver demea the unimaginative cooking of the averag housewife?

With twenty-five dollars a week t spend on groceries, three small childre underfoot and an endless list of hous hold chores, the average housewife prol ably cooks better meals than he could ur der similar conditions. And any chef wh thinks her cooking unimaginative shoul see my recipe collection containing forty five ways to cook hamburger (withou truffles)!

MRS. RICHARD J. GIBSO
Oxford, Mas.

● *Chef Oliver said nothing about lack of imagination. He stated merely that "no woman was ever a great cook."* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6—New York Historical Society. • 13—Gus Pasquarella. • 14—Three from Wide World; Gus Pasquarella. • 15—Gus Pasquarella; from The Detroit News (United Press International). • 16, 17—Noel Sickles. • 18, 19—Jack Fields. • 20, 21—Mark Miller. • 22—Gene Lester. • 23—Two from Culver; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Penguin; Culver. • 24—Larry Kritcher. • 25—Eric Lessing (Magnum); Dennis Stock (Magnum); Lee Lockwood (Black Star). • 26, 27—Hans Knopf. • 28—By the author. • 29—Lieut. Philip S. Havran, USN; by the author. • 30—John Burns; Wide World; John Burns; United Press International. 31—Adolph E. Brotman. • 32, 33—Bernard D'Andrea. • 37—Jim Burns. • 41—James R. Bingham. • 90—U. S. Navy; map by Zen Yonkovig. • 104—Bill Shrout; Georgia Howell; Charles Gettling; from Robert Oliver.

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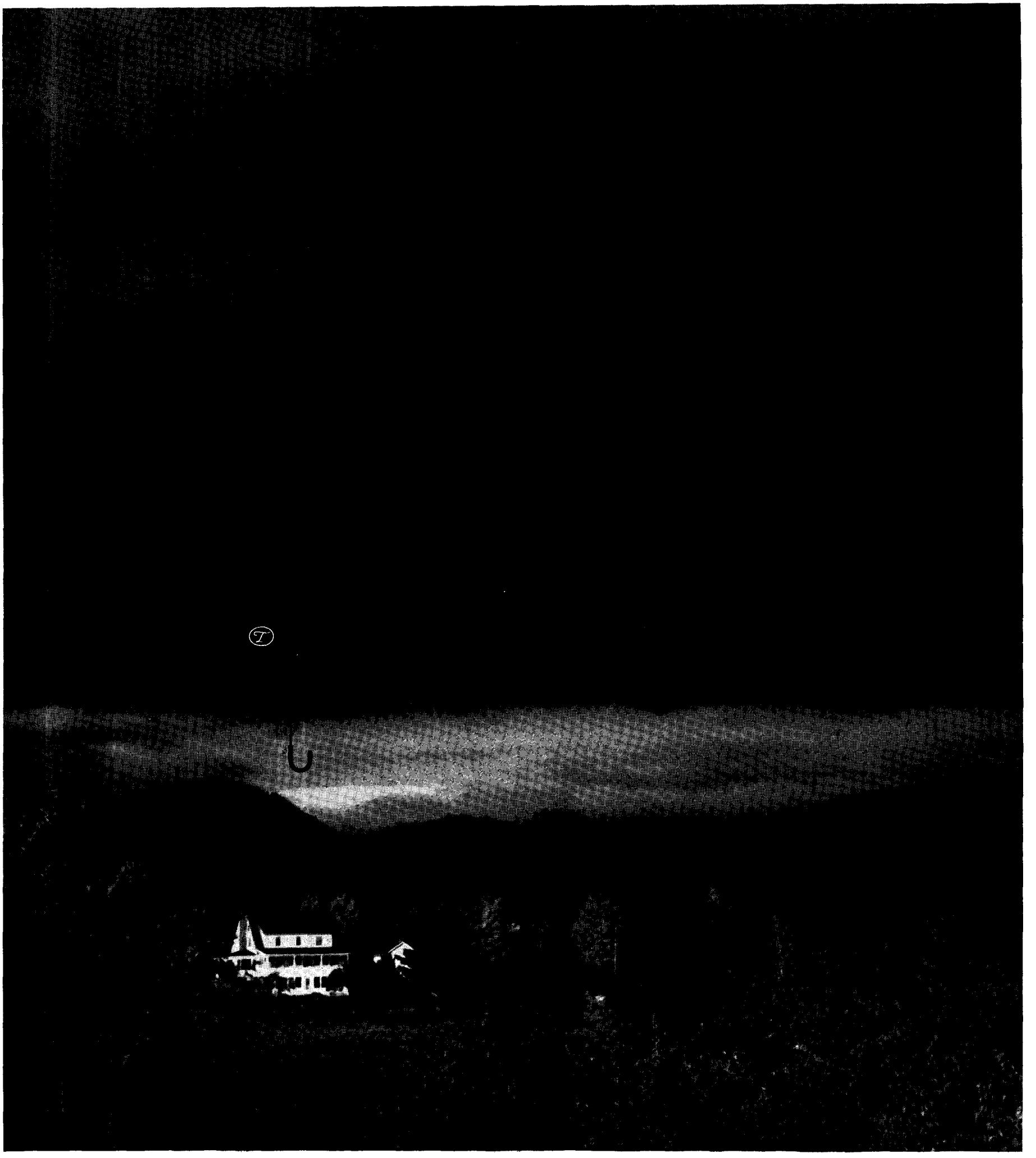

A storm isn't particular. Where will it strike? Who knows—trouble could come knocking on *any* door—maybe yours! Better put your home under The Travelers umbrella of insurance protection *now*. Then, should lightning start a fire or wind let the rain in on the rugs, you're covered. The Travelers can provide this protection in a complete program that also covers your car, your medical expenses, your mortgage, the children's education. See your Travelers man soon about the advantages of having *one plan, one man, one monthly check to pay . . . under The Travelers umbrella of insurance protection.*

THE TRAVELERS Insurance Companies HARTFORD 15, CONN.

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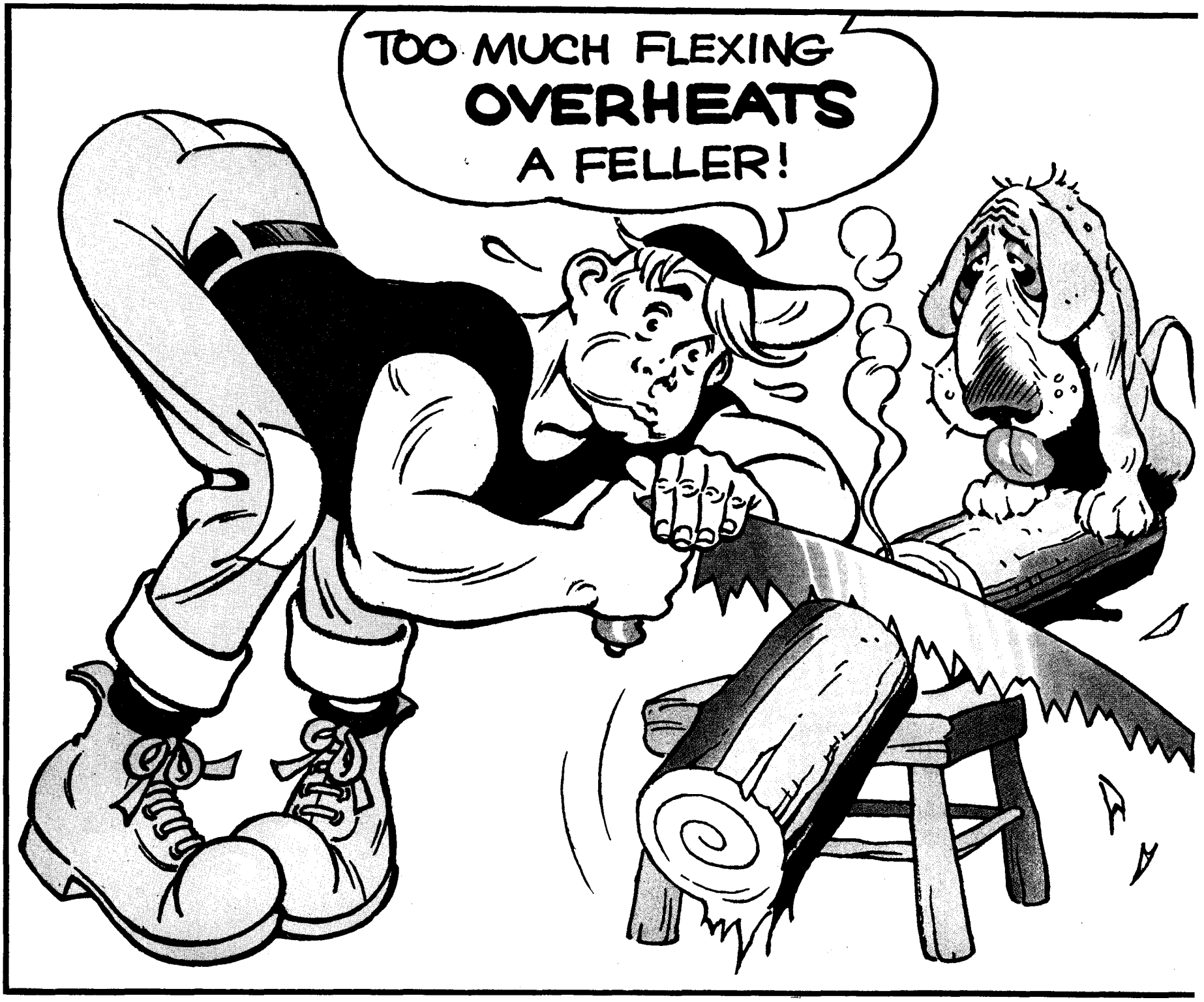

U.S.ROYAL solves the heat problem with *"Low Profile,"* the tire that runs cooler, puts more rubber on the road for better traction, faster stops and extra safety...

THE TIRE THAT DOESN'T GET TIRED

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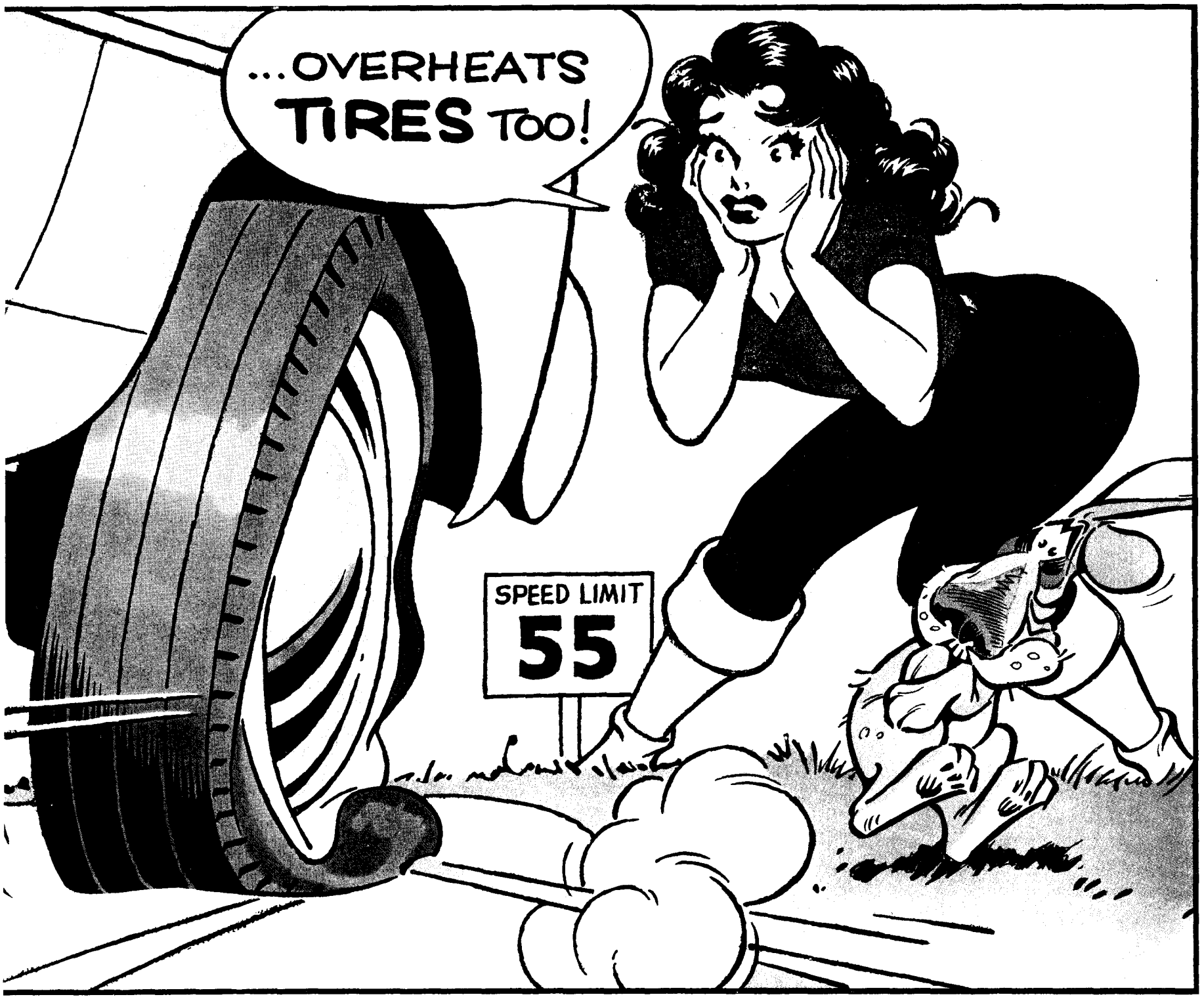
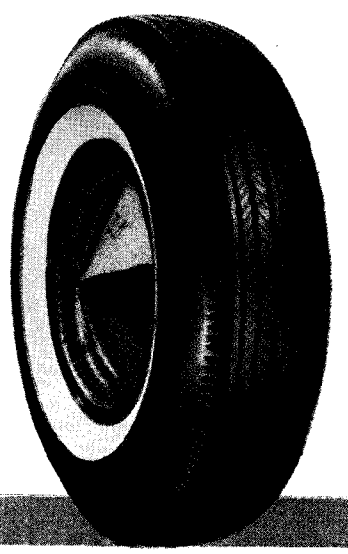


FLEX BUILDS UP HEAT. Heat murders tires—actually wears 'em out. Old-fashioned tires flex too much, get hot, give out. But the new U.S. Royal "Low Profile"* tire is *lower* and *wider* in shape, flexes less, runs cooler than ordinary tires. It runs *safer*, too, for thousands of extra miles. "Low Profile" was pioneered by U.S. Royal. It costs no more than ordinary tires but provides a world of difference in performance. See it—for every make and model car, including compacts—at your U.S. Royal dealer. Try it. *You'll find it doesn't get tired.*

U.S. ROYAL
LOW PROFILE* TIRES

*"Low Profile" is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire

US RUBBER



UNITED STATES RUBBER

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Editorials

We Can't Risk Our Security to Soothe Khrushchev!

Americans who understand the objectives and techniques of the Communist conspiracy take a dim view of the prospect of any significant improvement in our relations with the Soviet Union as a result of the release of two United States fliers last month. Manifestly, better relations with this country are needed by the Kremlin in its campaign to soften us up, diminish our sense of urgency and, as a consequence, bring about relaxation in our defense effort. Communist China and the U.S.S.R. between them still have a considerable number of American prisoners who can be doled out from time to time when "better relations" with the U.S.A. need stimulation. Furthermore, no effort on our part to avoid annoying the Communists will have any effect on their long-range objectives. What too much pussyfooting could do is to mislead our own people on Soviet intentions.

In his first televised press conference President Kennedy stated that the Russians did not ask or receive any "concessions in exchange for the release of the fliers." But later somebody asked the President this question: "Mr. President, did they (the Russians) accept a reassurance of no more overflights (U-2) as an exchange?"

To this the President replied merely that he had ordered that the flights be not resumed, "which is a continuation of the order given by President Eisenhower in May of this [last] year." The President did not comment on the possibility that the Russians might have regarded this as an "exchange" for release of the fliers.

Having questioned the Eisenhower Administration's wisdom in abandoning these flights, which constitute a major practical means of detecting the build-up for a surprise attack on this country, we see no impropriety in expressing the hope that the decision not to resume these overflights came only after a thorough review of the facts. After all, this country is crawling with Red spies and agents who presumably have little difficulty in figuring out such of our defense plans as we neglect to publish in the newspapers. But Soviet plans are clothed in virtually impenetrable mystery. The information gathered by the U-2 and its predecessors represented the main part of our confirmed knowledge of Soviet military operation, especially the possible build-up for a surprise attack. The Pentagon—or, at any rate, most of it—regards these overflights as essential to our security. To continue their suspension would give Khrushchev all but complete protection for whatever his missile men are up to.

The release of two American fliers, glad as we are for their safe return, is hardly a fair exchange for the surrender of this vital intelligence operation. Only the abandonment of Communist plans for world conquest would justify such an abstention.

More Citizens Should Take Their Turns at Jury Duty

By CAROL SPICER

There is a wide variety of opinions about the merits of the jury system. Critics point out that teachers, doctors, lawyers and other professional men are usually automatically excused. Intelligent citizens often try to avoid serving. Any person who admits that he has read or formed an opinion about the case is excluded. Are only liars and illiterates wanted on a jury?

On the other hand, it is often held that the average jury includes the wisdom, bias, prejudice, personal idiosyncrasy, strength and weakness of character of twelve individuals. When put together, it will pretty well balance out.

Having finished a two-month stint of jury duty, I am convinced—if the circuit court in this county in the southeast corner of Michigan is a fair sample of the courts in the country—that the system is good.

One of the common arguments against the jury system is that jurors are not capable; that those most qualified are exempt. But my fellow jurors were a group of as down-to-earth, salty and fair-minded United States citizens as could be found anywhere. Most of them were middle-aged; some were farmers or farmers' wives; one or two shopkeepers; one the employee of a large corporation which encourages jury duty among its personnel; one a mother of school-age children, happy over the chance to widen her horizons; others retired but hale. They were truly, as the Michigan statutes decree, "suitable persons, in possession of their natural faculties, and not infirm or decrepit, of good character, of approved integrity, of sound judgment, and well-informed and conversant with the English language."

They reported conscientiously each morning at 8:25. They listened attentively, discounted the histrionics of the lawyers, deliberated fairly and without emotion. They honestly earned their morning wage of four dollars, plus mileage, plus another four dollars if the session continued past 11:45 A.M.

The pity of it is that so many who are qualified are not used. Professional men and women, the "persons engaged in pursuits absence from which would entail public or private hardship"—including such interesting pursuits as "licensed embalmers while practicing" in Alabama, "the keeper of a public ferry or tollgate" in California, and in the District of Columbia, "keepers of asylums"—are not necessarily the best jurors. These busy people are restless; therefore, they don't give their all to a jury job.

But there are many intelligent citizens who have the time and the inclination and are never called, simply because they aren't known by the supervisors or commissioners or whoever makes the selections. The selectors tend to put down only those people who, besides being qualified in accordance with the state's statutes, are known to be available. Consequently the same jurors are often used over and over.

More of our solid citizenry should get into the arena of the courtroom to take part in our government at firsthand. As De Tocqueville said more than a hundred years ago, "Jury duty may be regarded as a gratuitous public school, ever open, in which every juror learns his rights . . . and becomes practically acquainted with the laws."

Corporations Help Themselves by Gifts to Colleges

Higher education in the United States has no more generous and willing benefactor than business and industry. Each year the nation's corporations and commercial establishments channel millions of dollars to our colleges and universities. This outpouring of sorely needed funds takes many forms—direct contributions to specific institutions, grants-in-aid and contracted research programs, for example.

Still another manner of assistance is the graduate research fellowship. This provides financial assistance for our more-promising college graduates to carry on graduate work and research. In a recent typical year approximately 20,000 fellowships, worth $15,000,000, aided students at colleges and universities throughout the country. Most of these grants were endowed by industry.

The usual fellowship provides the recipient with (1) money for him—and very often for his wife and perhaps a child or two—while he is taking advanced work, (2) an allowance toward his tuition and fees and (3) a contribution to the institution to compensate for any added expense created by the fellow's research program.

Having made such a substantial investment, the sponsoring company might reasonably be expected to seek a return on its dollars. Actually most fellowships are granted with no strings attached. There is usually no obligation on the part of the fellow to go to work for his benefactor when his courses are over.

One company has in its employ only five of the approximately 100 fellows whom it has supported over a seventeen-year period. Where did the other recipients wind up? The majority of them accepted employment with other companies, including one of the sponsoring company's competitors. But one of every six joined the faculty or staff of a college or university. These are men and women whose talents might have been lost to the nation had it not been for the freely given support of the sponsoring company.

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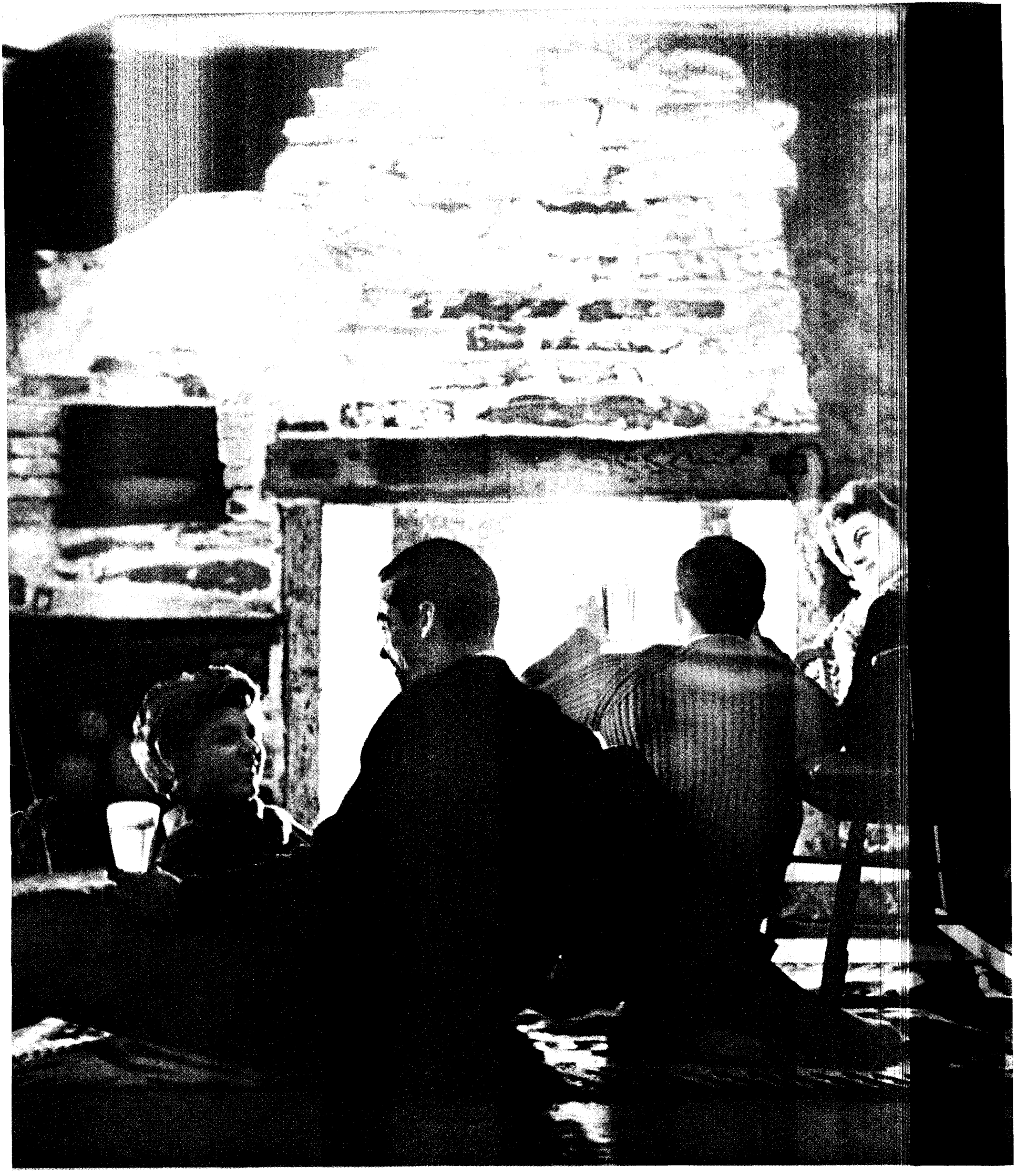

have a glass of cold beer with your next warm fire

We suspect that the man who invented beer promptly built a fire to enjoy it by. Certainly the stein and the hearth have been a cozy, companionable pair on cold winter nights for ages. And, we're pleased to note, their popularity grows. People keep rediscovering the more gentle pleasures of life, and the familiar, honest flavor of good beer is one of them—one of the most refreshing. Some nippy evening soon, build **yourself** a roaring blaze, pour yourself a glass of beer or ale, **relax** and let satisfaction sink in.

THE UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION
. . . whose members make today's finest beer and ale

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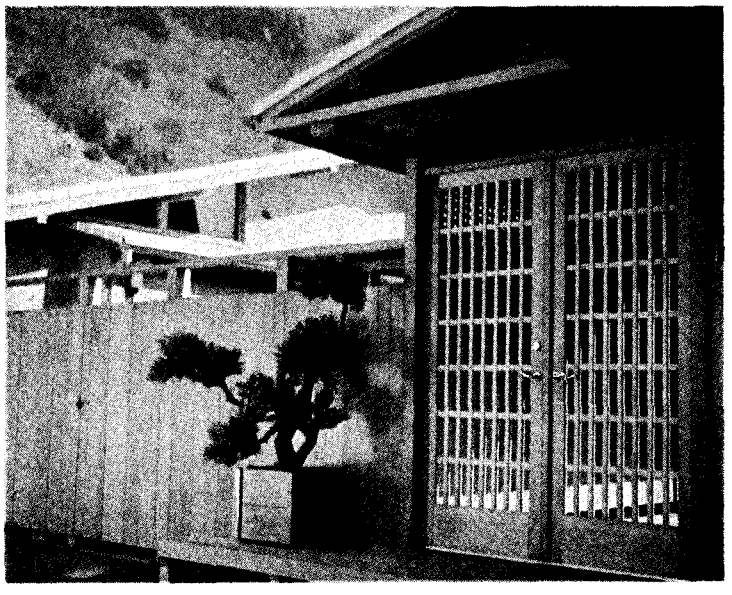
On Weyerhaeuser tree farms such as this, old-growth timber is harvested in carefully controlled volume and promptly replaced by reforestation. The goal is to establish a new forest of balanced timber age classes that will sustain annual harvests indefinitely.

Weyerhaeuser forests will serve you and yours...forever

Interesting and attractive patterns of form, texture and color are easily created by the imaginative use of Weyerhaeuser woods. Here, our 4-Square western cedar gave free reign to the architect's ideas.



Whether your home is on the desert sands or in the cold stone of a towering apartment, your way of life tomorrow depends upon the forestry concepts practiced today.

All about you are the products of wood...more than 5,000 in all. You rely upon it as a building material for homes, churches, schools and other structures. It enters your home daily as paper—carrying the news, the fiction you read, the food you eat. It provides you with household tissues, photographic papers, cellophane, paper towels, furniture and literally dozens of equally essential items.

Yes, you and your family have a deep personal interest in America's forest future. And this is one reason we want you to know that the trees we grow and the products we make always will be available to serve you and yours.

Timber, you see, is grown, harvested and replaced in perpetual cycles on our lands. As a result, Weyerhaeuser tree farms will supply a continuous yield of wood—forever. Also, our forests will always provide water, wildlife, payrolls, taxes and recreation.

Weyerhaeuser Company

Manufacturer of lumber, plywood, doors, wood pulps, paperboards, shipping containers, folding boxes, milk cartons, hardboards, particle boards, Ply-Veneer, and bark and wood fiber products.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

MICHIGAN: the Problem State

How spiraling unemployment, near-bankruptcy and vast social changes have convulsed this once-prosperous area.

A typical morning at the Casual Labor Office in Detroit: A state official (right) discusses available part-time and short-term employment with some of the city's 100,000 jobless.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

That glow which has been lighting the northern sky like the aurora borealis here of late is the face of the state of Michigan, red with anger, frustration and embarrassment.

The frustration stems from the fact that things have not been going well for the past few years in a state that has always been rich, proud and superbly confident of its destiny as one of the great industrial areas of the nation. Population growth seems to be leveling off, unemployment is rising, old industries are moving out or merging, and new businesses are not coming in in numbers great enough to keep the work force busy.

The anger is a product of the fierce family fight in which Michigan's citizens have been blaming one another for this sad state of affairs; the embarrassment stems from the realization that, throughout the acrimonious squabble, the neighbors have been listening. Today, Michigan sorely fears, the rest of the nation believes what her own citizens have been saying about her—that high taxes, high wage rates and labor-loving courts have created a climate in which industry no longer feels comfortable, and that pigheaded partisan politics has got the state's finances into a fantastic mess.

All of which is true in some degree. But as in every family altercation, the good has been largely overlooked, the bad has been exaggerated. Michigan is in a mess, but her troubles are not insurmountable and, with the flexibility she has always demonstrated in time of crisis, she is already beginning to find ways to pull out of them.

The truculent name-calling and soul-searching of the past two years has actually had one good result. In groping for rocks to throw at one another, the embattled partisans have explored every point of dissension. The state now knows in detail what its problems are. All that remains is to find answers to them. As this is the area in which greatest disagreement has arisen in the past, the likelihood of

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the battle's ending anytime soon seems remote. It may die down to an angry mutter, though, for Michigan at least has learned that it does the state no good to shout about its shortcomings in tones that all the world can hear. There are also plans afoot to send out emissaries to beat the drums for its advantages, in the hope that this joyful noise will drown out the sounds of strife at home.

"We have been so busy advertising our adversities, we have ignored our assets," one doleful Michigander said. "We've got to reverse that emphasis. We surely can't sweep our troubles under the rug, but we don't have to flaunt them."

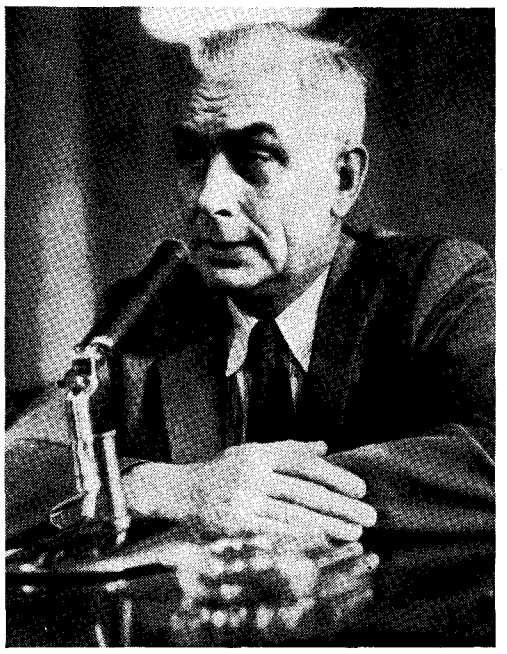
To an outsider with no particular bias one way or the other, Michigan's problems seem to stem from the operation of social and economic forces that even a state which was not divided against itself would find hard to control.

In the first place, the state is in the wrenching process of completing a great political transition. A quarter of a century ago Democrats were as rare in Michigan as alligators, and they enjoyed about the same social standing. The state was solidly and complacently Republican, and stubbornly antiunion and pro-open shop. Today the state is almost evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans, and is the stronghold of two of the nation's most powerful unions—the Teamsters and the United Automobile Workers. The change-over began in the '30's, when, with Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House and a liberal governor, Frank Murphy, in the Statehouse at Lansing, the automobile workers employed the new technique of the sit-down strike against the auto makers. Murphy resisted all urging that the strikers be prodded out with bayonets, and the sit-downs were successful. General Motors and Chrysler were the first to fall, and Ford, after a bitter fight, capitulated to a Federal order in 1941.

Since then, under the banner of the Democrats, labor has grown in strength, and the Democratic Party has grown in numbers. Today in a general election seventy-odd of Michigan's eighty-three counties will cast about 1,200,000 Republican votes. Eleven or twelve counties concentrated in the highly industrialized southeast will cast about 1,500,000 Democratic votes. The Democrats, therefore, will elect a governor and the state's administrative officers. But, by what the Democrats denounce as malapportionment and by what the Republicans praise as a "balanced legislature," the Republicans will end up even Stephen in the lower house and with overwhelming control of the state Senate, where the apportionment is heavily weighted in favor of the less populous "out-state" counties.

The result has been a political stalemate—and the near breakdown of the democratic process. The Republicans, representing the point of view of industry and the conservative farm element, over a period of a dozen years gleefully wrecked liberal programs advocated by a Democratic governor, G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams. Mr. Williams, with less glee, but with dogged stubbornness, continued to hold the legislature's feet to the fire, proposing labor-backed social programs and tax measures which he knew had slim chance of passage.

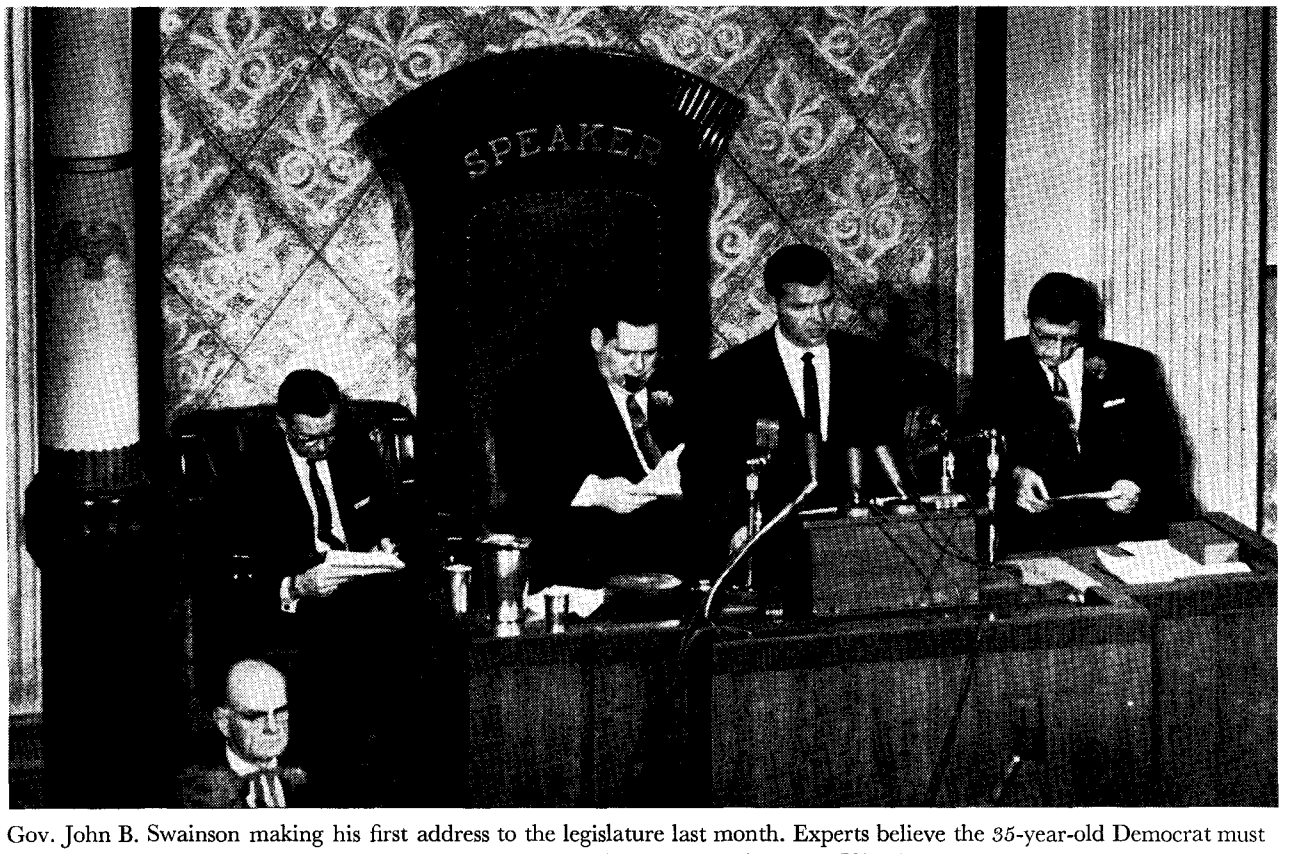
The hottest fights, naturally, raged around the nature of the tax program which should be passed to support Michigan's admittedly excellent state services. Williams, with the backing of labor, favored a graduated personal income tax and a tax on corporation profits. To the Republicans this was a device of the devil—or of Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, which was worse—and they would have none of it. They favored, instead, legislation that would increase the state sales tax from 3 to 4 per cent.



State AFL-CIO chief August Scholle is labor's powerful spokesman in the hassle over tax laws.

American Motors president George Romney is agitating to revamp old laws which cripple state financial operations.

Ex-Governor Williams's 12-year bout with Republican legislators ended in stalemate.



Gov. John B. Swainson making his first address to the legislature last month. Experts believe the 35-year-old Democrat must renew Williams's battle for a state income tax if Michigan's finances are to improve. If he does, Republicans say they will fight it.

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Thaddeus Pawlik, a jobless Detroit auto worker, collecting his unemployment pay from a state clerk. He has received $30 a week since he was laid off last Thanksgiving.

This controversy raged for a year, with the contestants butting heads like two bull elks with their antlers locked, neither side being willing to budge an inch.

The outcome was inevitable. As a result of the impasse, the state in 1959 found itself in a classic financial jam. From taxes on property, on business activities and franchises, and on sales, the state had been collecting about a billion dollars a year. Over two thirds of this, by law, was earmarked for special purposes, such as roads and schools, and was unavailable for the routine operation of the state government. Also, by law, the state was forbidden to borrow more than $250,000 annually.

Slowly a huge state deficit built up, which the legislature fought to control by various topgap measures—such as asking business to prepay taxes, which brought in $30,000,000; liquidating part of the state's liquor inventory, which provided $18,000,000 more; passing some $50,000,000 worth of nuisance taxes on liquor, tobacco, telephone calls and telegrams. Finally, though, the moment of truth arrived. The deficit was nearing $100,000,000. The general fund was nearly empty. The legislature was stubbornly resisting Williams's insistence that the Veterans Trust Fund be liquidated to provide ready cash. When, for the first time, state (Continued on Page 86)

Sit-down strikes paralyzed the auto industry in 1937. Assembly lines stopped, the workers sat tight, industry fumed—and yielded. When the machines started again, the UAW and the CIO were powers on the U.S. labor scene.

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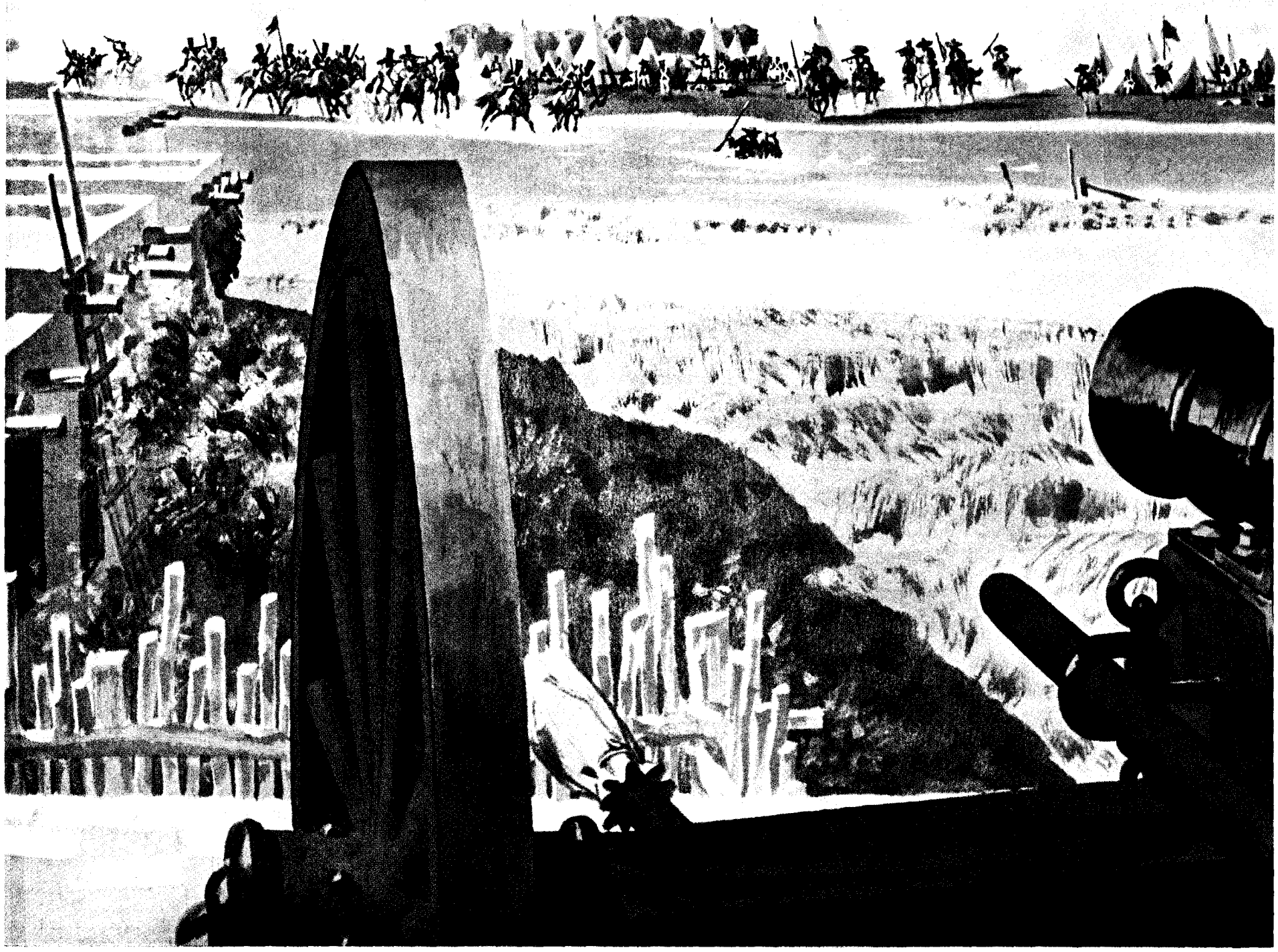

THE DEFENDER OF SHINAR BOW

BY CHARLES A. STEARNS

What chance did a lone woman have against a band of Mexican carabineros?

All along the banks of the Guadalupe by the old Spanish chapel at Shinar Bow, ominously since the first light of dawn, the little sandpipers had been running back and forth with plaintive, insistent clamor, and it was their crying, at length, that stirred Judith March to wakefulness.

Not with the languid yielding of her troubled dreams did she stir upon the hard mourners' bench, but sat up with a guilty start, having intended solemn vigil until sunup.

The candles at either end of the bier before the altar had long since guttered out. A vagrant sunbeam touched down through a high-up window upon the stern, rouge-tinted countenance of Mr. Dupre in his coffin, and she went forward at once and drew up the pall.

She had never liked Mr. Dupre, an unpleasant man who had agitated against the levy of taxes for her new school. However, she was burdened with an intemperate conscience and considered it her Christian duty to come and wake with the dead when there was neither family nor friends. Kithless herself, she man-

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She struck fire to the fuse of the cannon.

aged to squeeze out a charitable tear for the loneliness that corrodes the human spirit, before tucking her handkerchief into her cavernous reticule, clutching her shawl more tightly about her and thankfully departing.

At first breath the fresh, smoky, April morning restored her humor. The broad valley of the Guadalupe, belatedly green after the hard winter of 1836, the blue sky above the peaceful, little river settlement of Shinar Bow at her feet, these were her balm.

But halfway down the path from the chapel to the village she stopped to listen, for something was wrong with this lovely spring morning. The sun was high, yet no clanging of the blacksmith's hammer, shouts of wagoners, laughing of children were wafted to her ears.

"I am just being silly," Judith said aloud. But she gathered up her skirts and ran all the rest of the way to the village. Within the thoroughfare of Shinar Bow, sloping gently down to the river, no living thing moved. The little, scuffing sounds of her feet, as she hurried along the silent street, were plainly audible.

"Is anyone here?" Judith cried at last. "Please answer me!" And her words echoed up and down between the rows of rude, clapboard dwellings and false-fronted shops: "Answer me . . . answer me . . . answer me!" But no one did.

And so she kept on until she arrived at the bend of the street where the thick willows feathered the water's edge, and there beheld her answer. Upon the distant bank of the Guadalupe, in plain sight of the deserted settlement, were encamped at least three score of Mexican soldiers.

Their presence, she knew, meant that others were close by, for one small company of *carabineros* would not dare venture beyond the Nueces alone. And if Santa Anna's army had driven north again, doubtless all the settlers along the Guadalupe had been alerted before dawn and had gathered their families to Gonzales for protection.

And everyone at Shinar Bow must have stolen away in the gray dawn while she slept, none sparing a thought for the safety or whereabouts of Judith March, who had taught their little ones, nursed their sick and waked with their dead. The injustice of it smote her heart so sorely that she winced.

Then suddenly she heard the sound of hammering, coming from the direction of Spence's store. She scurried up the riverbank and burst in through the back door of the place. The store had been devastated. Nearly all of the portable merchandise, she saw at once, had been hastily rescued by the owner.

There was no one to be seen; still she could hear the hammering and presently located its source—a shutter left unfastened and banging in the wind.

She backed away from the fateful sound, knocking a can of baking powder off the counter with her elbow. It hit the floor with a crash, scattering its contents, and in a flash of temper she swept all the other cans onto the floor and kicked at them savagely. "Cowards!" she screamed. "Cowards—all of you!"

But the pain inflicted in her big toe stirred her memory, and the (Continued on Page 48)

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

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The Face of AMERICA

Old War Horse Gets New Job

The Sherman tank, now retired from combat, can still smash an obstacle in the manner of General Patton's mechanized forces breaking through Hitler's defenses in France sixteen and a half years ago. Tank-crew veterans of World War II and Korea may deplore the Sherman's obsolescence as a fighter, but demolition contractors in various cities have discovered that the tank is still valuable. The thirty-five-ton mobile battering ram at right was photographed last fall in Oakland, California. Its owner is Abdo S. Allen, who paid a Surplus dealer $2000 for the tank—an unused World War II model which cost $60,000 to produce in pre-inflation 1943. With his snorting monster in hand, Allen won the bid to demolish frame houses on a twelve-block site where a multimillion-dollar automated post office is to be built. Not only was the tank cheaper and safer than prosaic demolition tools; Allen also credits it with getting the job finished in half the 120-day time limit. A machinist in the Navy during World War II, Allen had never driven a tank before he fired up his Sherman and crunched into the first house. His peak performance on the job: Forty-two buildings knocked down in one day. ● Photograph by Jack Fields

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"You're hopeless," she said.
"Ten days and you
haven't improved one bit."

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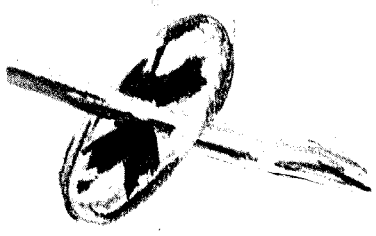
With a girl who likes to mother a man, it's sometimes best for a bachelor to play...



THE HELPLESS ROLE

By DAVID WALKER

All but one seemed merry on this mountain. They ate and drank and talked and laughed, and some were singing in the sun. Across an abyss towered the Devil's Needle—cold, white, majestic. Perched here was the Devil's Pub. Below were the ski slopes of the Teufelsschuss. Everything smacked of the Devil.

I might as well go, he thought, but could not quite decide; and then the waitress came to offer him another *glühwein*. She was as plain a Swiss maiden as well could be imagined. He had another *glühwein*, spicy, piping hot. He did not like it, but he drank it. His own doctor in his own far hilly land had told him to look upon the wine when red. "Do this," they said to him, and he was all obedience; but he could not tell himself: *Do this*—or that or anything.

Now people were leaving in the afternoon, and so he overtipped the homely *mädchen*, zipped his scuffed suède jacket, put on his ancient skis and started glumly down. There was no bite in him, no nerve—he stemmed or snowplowed more or less forever on easy slopes of the beginner's course.

"My advice, young Gavin," said his medical adviser, "is to forget your lambing and your numerous possessions and away to Switzerland. Get a wee thing tipsy every night. Find yourself a decent comfortable lassie. If that doesn't do the trick, then it's a psychiatrist we're in the market for."

And just to think, he thought, *that on these same skis on this very hill ten years ago I won the European Downhill.*

But he suffered from a handicap—one ski had steel edges, the other not. He had removed those edges for some small repair job at MacArbuthnott Castle. That would be about five years ago when at the age of twenty-eight he was already on his way to becoming the biggest sheep farmer in the whole of Scotland. His skiing days were over. Life had become black-faced sheep, and real and earnest. He never rested on the path of his ambition; had gained it recently, then plunged into this malaise. "Look, laddie," said the hard-bitten Doctor Rankin, "you're not the only pebble on the beach who's worked himself half round the bend into a nervous breakdown."

Gavin MacArbuthnott skied in a gingerly lopsided fashion. The *piste* narrowed to a shallow gully—he had never followed this tame route in the old days—and perforce he had to run it straight to turn, as the gully swung ahead. It was then that the binding on his edged or better ski gave way, and he fell heavily.

"Are you all right?" some woman asked him.

He cleared his neck and ears of snow. He seemed to be intact. He took off his other ski and stood and trembled.

"You've gone quite pale," she said. "You'd better sit a little while." He sat down on a rock beside the lady, who was drinking beer. "I do love *helles*," she remarked, meaning the lager in an outsized bottle which she tipped high to let the golden stuff go gurgle. "Now you can have a swig," she said. She wiped the neck off with her bare brown hand and gave it over.

He took a token swig and passed it back. "You might say thank you," she remarked. "Or do you lack the power of speech?"

"No, sorry—thank you," MacArbuthnott said. Her face gleamed with grease as protection from the hot spring sun, and beginners went tumbling, shrieking, cursing, crabwise past them; and opposite, the tigers ran the Devil's Dive, leaning, rocking in a poetry of speed. Her hair was very dark, with a smoky touch of red. It was the bonniest improbable hair that he had ever seen, but genuine he somehow knew; and her elastic skiing trousers were a lavender sheath upon her lower half, and the rich blue sweater she wore was very nice above, and the ring on the hand with which now again she bottomsed-up bore one large diamond and two smaller ones. "Who are you?" she asked him kindly.

"I'm Gavin MacArbuthnott," he replied.

"You sound more madly Scotch than anything I ever heard."

(Continued on Page 56)

Illustrated by Mark Miller

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JAMES STEWART PART THREE

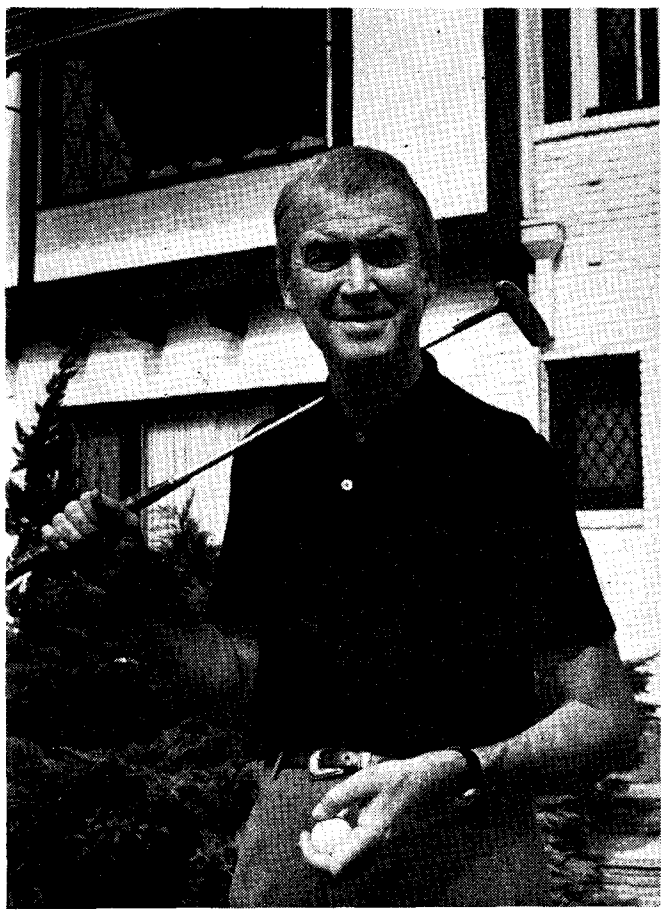
When I Was a Bachelor-at-Large

He tells about his up-and-down career on Broadway, his foot-loose days and his early Hollywood roles with Jean Harlow and Ginger Rogers.

By JAMES STEWART as told to Pete Martin

In my first appearance on Broadway I played four bit parts, walking on and off as a vigilante, a sheriff, a colored gardener, and a "member of the crowd." For this effort I received thirty dollars a week. The play, *Carry Nation*, folded after seven weeks. Luckily for me, our company started rerchearsing *Good-by Again*, which we had played in summer stock.

The money wasn't any better, but the work was easier; I was a chauffeur, as I had been before, with two or three sentences to speak. My pal Myron McCormick again played a bellhop. Myron and I shared a dressing room at the top of the Masque Theater on 45th Street. We rented a Ping-pong table that almost filled our room, and played for milk shakes. Who had money? Milk shakes were mighty costly, and we played with desperation. Once I owed Mac over 300 shakes; later on he owed me eighty-two. Hot as the competition was, we were always on stage to take the company call at the final curtain. And we both spent a lot of time watching the male lead, Osgood Perkins, playing opposite Sally Bates.



James Stewart in front of his Beverly Hills home. He stumbled into acting 29 years ago, when he took a summer job as an accordionist in a tearoom.

That was an education. Osgood Perkins was a master at handling props. When he lighted a cigarette or picked up a cup of coffee or took a drink, he did it with convincing aplomb. It is no small feat, believe me, to handle props at the right moment without fumbling or awkwardness of any kind.

Some actors shy away from props all of their lives, although deftness in handling them is an important technique on stage or in the movies. If an audience ever thinks, *I hope he doesn't drop it*, the scene dies—never mind about excellent characterization, dialogue and plot. I never did learn to play Ping-pong very well, but the skills I learned from Osgood Perkins have stood me in good stead ever since.

There was a saying in show business about Perkins to this effect: "If you have a sick play on your hands, call him to Philadelphia or New Haven or wherever you're trying out, and he'll bring it to life." Perkins was capable, confident, fearless and free of temperament. He was sure of himself without being egotistical; not handsome, like Robert Taylor, just an Actor with a capital *A*. Watching Perkins handle his roles taught me that acting was a true profession and quite unmysterious. Being an actor doesn't imply membership in a cult or devotion to a "method." Acting is a skill, to be learned until it becomes a part of you. It calls for judgment—how to interpret a part, what feeling to inject into a role, and how much. It means learning how to move around a stage and how to use props effectively.

When Perkins walked on stage, every move he made was right. He had a sixth sense when it came to waiting for laughs. The laughs were different every night, and he knew instinctively how to wait for a laugh to build—and that was talent, served by skill. The combination of talent and skill which marked Osgood Perkins's work gave me a target to shoot for. Perkins gave me a clear picture of what could happen when an actor concentrated completely and worked like a horse. He might, in time, become a professional.

Good-by Again ran nine months on Broadway; and after that, we took it to Boston. Although my part was a small one, I drew good notices. As a result, when the play closed, I got calls from other producers. If someone asked me, "Do you have a stage credit?" I could say yes. I was identified with a hit.

After *Good-by Again*, the producer, Arthur Beckhard, launched a show starring Blanche Yurka. There was no part in it for me, but he gave me the job of stage manager. It was up to me to get people on stage at their cues, to ring the curtain up and down, to have the scenes changed, have the props and furniture in their right places, to see to it that the electricians did their jobs. I was sent out to comb Boston for the right kind of white cat for Miss Yurka to hold. It doesn't sound like much of an assignment, but when I tried the local pet shops, I discovered that most of their cats were kittens. When I did find a full-grown white cat, I got lost in Boston's streets and had a hard time finding my way back to the theater.

I went to New York with that show, but it ran there for only seven or eight weeks. After that I got parts in quite a few plays, most of them unsuccessful. The pickings were slim. I wasn't exactly hungry, because I had found a cafeteria on 8th Avenue where I could fill up on beef stew, rice pudding and milk for forty cents.

That year, 1933, I worked only three and a half months. The following summer I landed a job at the Locust Valley Summer Theater on Long Island. My first play there, called *We Die Exquisitely*, concerned a bunch of people in an airplane. I was the copilot. We were all airborne in that plane as the first-act curtain rose—the audience was left to wonder why. Very strange. Eventually it became clear that we all had a reason for wanting to kill ourselves; the whole thing was a kind of mass-suicide pact, a pre-sick-sick-sick notion. Guilt was my reason for seeking death. I had once crashed an airplane because of my fault and I was the only survivor.

At our first rehearsals, in a hall in New York, the producer timed us carefully. For some reason, not clear to the actors, it was important that our first act end within a certain time limit. I found out why when we got to Locust Valley. The theater was barnlike and located close to Long Island Railroad tracks. Every train that passed shook the building. Worse, the engine whistle always blew for a nearby crossing. Now the reason for timing our two acts became clear. If anything would destroy the illusion of a group of suicidal people riding an airplane to eternity—and it didn't need much—it would be the rattle and shriek of an earthbound train.

To help matters, all the actors suggested improvements in the characterizations. Somehow I got the idea that I should be a dope fiend as well as a pilot with a load of guilt. So I adopted a nervous tic, but I got (Continued on Page 69)

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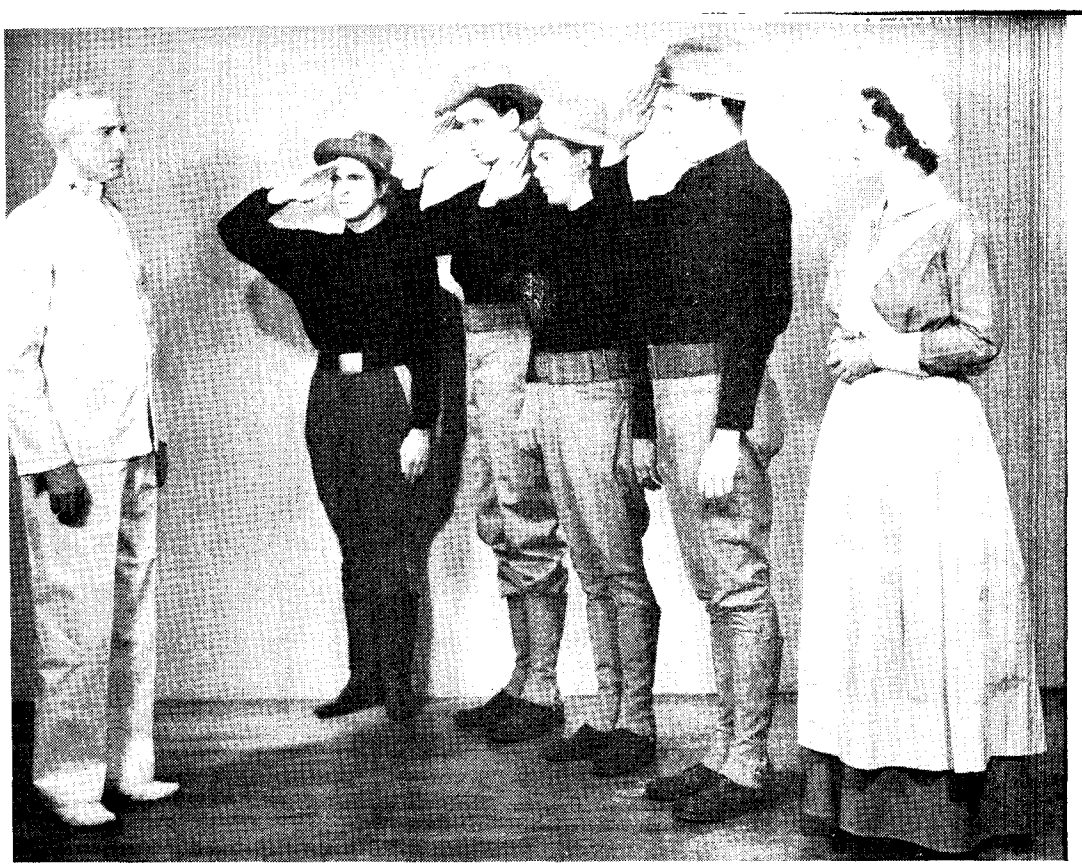

1934: John Miltern (left), Sam Levene, James Stewart, Myron McCormick, Edward Acuff and Katherine Wilson in *Yellow Jack*. This was a successful interlude in Stewart's early career, which was plagued by flops.

His 1939 role as the young idealist in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* was one of his all-time favorites. To achieve realism in one dramatic scene, he hired a doctor to make his voice hoarse.

Right: The late Jean Harlow devastated the 28-year-old actor when he played opposite her in *Wife Vs. Secretary* (1936). They are shown at left in their only scene together. The script called for one kiss, and the beautiful Jean took charge of that. "There were six rehearsals," he happily recalls.

1949: For his part as a baseball pitcher in *The Stratton Story*, he spent months taking lessons from the real Monty Stratton.

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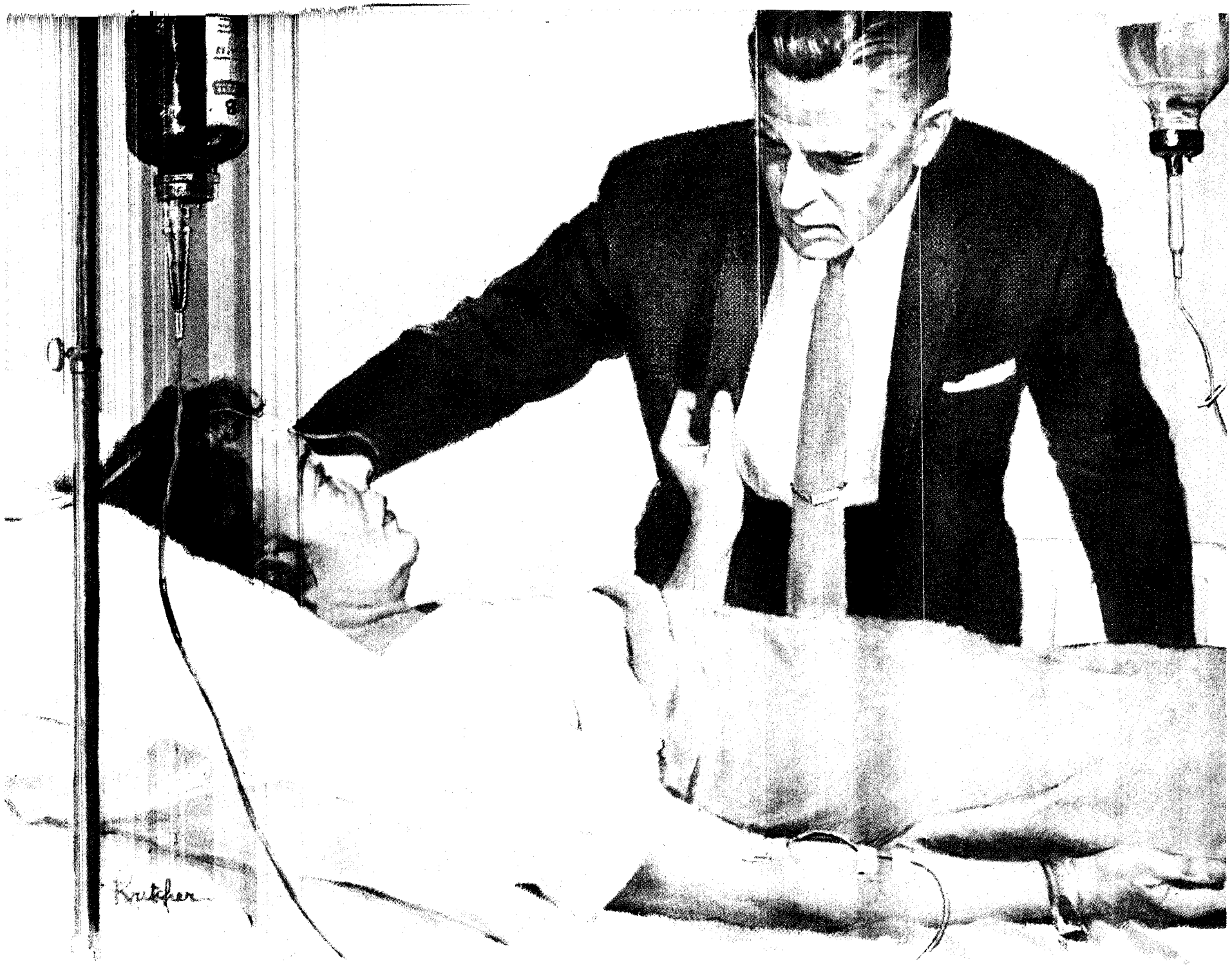

"It won't improve you much," he said. "It's your only chance, Dorothy."

DECISION IN WARD X

At best the operation would give her only a little more time to live.

By LARRY HAGUE

Dr. Lawrence Wickersham's day of teaching at the medical school was over. At seven o'clock, meticulously shaven and dressed, his graying hair vigorously brushed, he left his penthouse apartment for the fourth floor where lived his daughter and son-in-law.

"John just called," Ginny said, bustling happily in the kitchenette, her shining auburn hair piled high. *When you're pregnant, accent the negative.* "He's saving the life of some drunk, and it will take him twenty minutes more."

"A better man than I," said Doctor Wickersham heavily, "if he can undo in twenty minutes twenty years of drinking." He leaned against the high counter, the old pain still raw, the sight still vivid in his mind of Dorothy, Ginny's mother, fumbling in the closet for the secret bottle. "And so we wait? You're learning the art of patience, Ginny."

Dorothy had never learned it. "My days are so empty, Larry," she had wailed before their marriage was six months old. The cute teenager sipping from her father's cocktail glass, the gay college girl always ready for a lark had in five years of marriage become a woman for whom life was drained of wonder and meaning. Why? Impulsively he turned to Ginny. "What do you do with yourself all day?"

"Oh, so many things. I wish time had an expansion belt like my skirts. I wish I knew more John finds me terribly stupid. He thought since I'm your daughter, I'd be a medical encyclopedia. What does N.P.N. mean?"

"Nonprotein nitrogen," said Wickersham "John is doing a work-up of his drunk, nc doubt. Don't involve yourself in his cases Ginny. He has his work; you have yours."

"I think I should know," Ginny persisted "What about the *Journal of the American Medica Association?* Would it help if I read it?"

"No, it would not. It would only worry you." He picked (Continued on Page 44)

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In 1956 freedom-loving Hungarians fought to the death against the Communists.

In the four years since the bloody Budapest uprising, this captive nation has stopped hoping for freedom and accepted the gloomy Iron Curtain realm. A *Post* editor reports on

The Submission of Hungary

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Today the people are resigned to their fate: Absolute rule by a Communist minority that makes up only 10 per cent of the electorate.

BUDAPEST.

You cannot talk with a Hungarian very long—ten minutes, at the most—without his bringing up the great upheaval of October, 1956. And whether he refers to it as a revolution or, in Communist parlance, a "counter-revolution," he will acknowledge that the rising, which claimed 2200 lives, was the biggest thing that has happened here—or anywhere in Eastern Europe—since World War II.

This captive nation of 10,000,000 people, the only one, so far, to have drawn the sword in revolt against its Russian masters, has settled down again to the dreary existence of a satellite. Hungarians have put aside all hope of freedom. Feeling let down by a Western world which, from the comfort of its radio studios, applauded their rebellion and then stood idly by while their young heroes were slaughtered in the streets, these volatile, high-mettled people no longer look to us for liberation. Taking their place in the vast, gloomy realm whose sole command post is the Kremlin, they live their lives within the narrow orbit of today, unmindful of their yesterdays and their tomorrow.

Janos Kadar, leader of Hungary's puppet government, speaks, but Nikita Khrushchev (right) pulls the strings.

"Tell them outside that things are not as good as our rulers say they are—and better than you in the West believe," is the refrain.

This, to the visitor from outer space, is the great shock of a Hungarian journey—that, even in this worst of possible worlds, the human race will cultivate its garden, making a far from unconvincing show of happiness. With 50,000 Russian soldiers, equipped with tanks, artillery and combat planes, ringing this capital, the average Hungarian eats, sleeps, works, sees his friends and tries not to feel sorry for himself. Though almost everyone you meet will tell you, guardedly or freely, that he detests the Red regime, no one complains.

This city of 2,000,000 people, disposed so handsomely on both sides of the black, majestic Danube, still shows the scars of recent battles. The royal castle, on its Buda hilltop, was ruined in the final agony of World War II when Russian troops wrested the capital, house by house, from a singularly stubborn German garrison. Those lesser pockmarks, here and there, are souvenirs of 1956.

But you soon manage to look past those grim reminders—Budapest, 1961, has a beguiling air of normalcy about it. Shops and department stores are filled with the good things of life, including food and spirits, clothing, toys, kitchen gadgets, TV sets and furniture. One window I saw featured tuxedos and boiled shirts. The restaurants are packed, and so are the espresso bars that have sprung up all over town. There is no want of gypsy fiddlers; and on a balmy evening people sip drinks and dance in the gardens by the river. Visitors from neighboring Romania or Bulgaria pronounce this country a bright spot of the Iron Curtain world.

The Russians, who have showered this cornucopia of small pleasures on their Hungarian thralls in order to make them forget—and who could turn off the flow tomorrow should they be so inclined—have stepped into the background. Aware, no doubt, of their unpopularity, they keep out of the Hungarians' way. You hardly ever (Continued on Page 100)

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The Winston-Salem Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Iuele, gives 42 concerts a year. It is one of 20 cultural organizations sponsored by the local Arts Council.

WE'RE CULTURED TOO

A North Carolina businessman tells how his town and countless other communities throughout the nation are providing a fertile environment for the "lively arts." By R. PHILIP HANES Jr. as told to Joe Alex Morris

Author Hanes (right) in front of his home with his wife and Conductor Iuele. Hanes, a textile-company executive, is vice president of Winston-Salem's Arts Council.

A ceramics class in the city's million-dollar Community Center, where arts-and-crafts buffs can choose from a list of 160 courses ranging from sculpting to interior decorating.

Photographs by Hans Knopf

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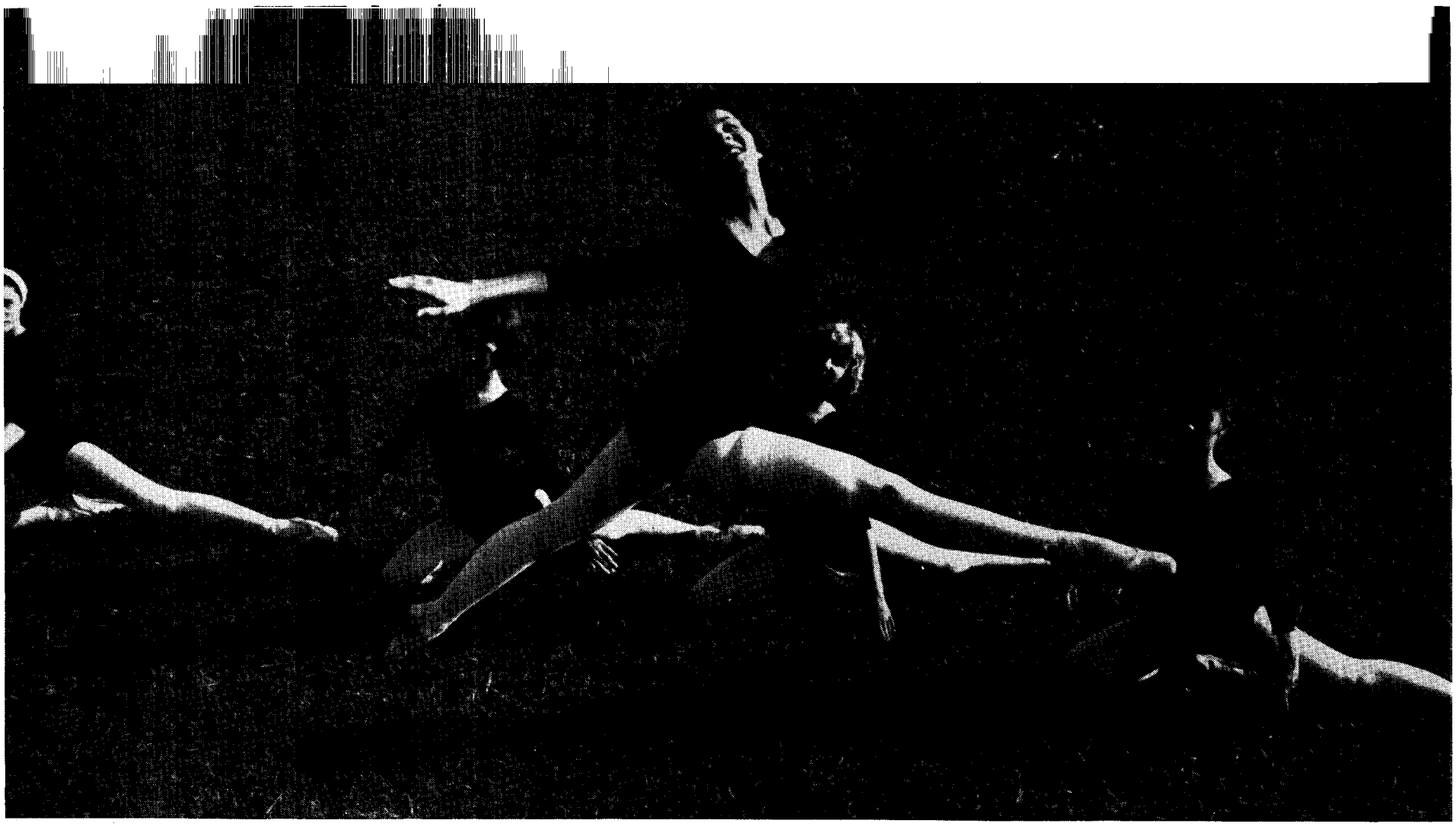

The culture-conscious community also sponsors a Dance Forum. Here, in an open-air class, instructor Mary Frances Forrester demonstrates a *grand jeté* for her teen-aged students.

As a small-town businessman in North Carolina I think it is about time we got rid of the notion that the United States is a cultural desert and that artistic endeavor flourishes only in a few big-city oases. The truth is that culture is breaking out all over America.

"Nothing could be more wrong than the old saying that the best things in life are free," James B. L. Rush, president of The Arts Council and the executive editor of two newspapers in my home town of Winston-Salem, recently told a group of civic leaders. "Culture is one of the most expensive things that exist today."

Yet, Rush went on to say, there has been a phenomenal growth of interest in the arts in this country in the last three decades. The number of museums open to the public has increased from about 600 to something like 2500, and the number of orchestras listed by the American Symphony Orchestra League has gone up from thirty to around 700. The number of Americans playing musical instruments has doubled to a total of 28,000,000 and at least 8,000,000 persons at one time or another have tried their hands at oil painting. A survey made several years ago showed that there were more than 700 groups producing operas in various communities of the United States, that about three times as many concerts were being held in this country as in all other countries put together and that sales of musical recordings—popular and classical—totaled $5,500,000 in 1933, but jumped to more than $400,000,000 by the mid-50's.

Art class. To provide a showcase for local talent, civic-minded volunteers converted an old warehouse into a fine-arts gallery.

The Little Theatre rehearses *First Lady*. Here Doris Pardington (center, holding glasses), full-time director of the amateur actors, coaches a cast of housewives and executives.

I don't believe that anybody will contend that every boy who toots a horn is a musician or that such statistics are necessarily an accurate gauge of cultural development. But there is strong evidence that our society—with its wealth, its increasing leisure and its educational opportunities—has reached a stage at which conditions are comparable to those in which great cultures of the past were developed under the auspices of powerful or wealthy patrons.

Unhappily it is still true that cultural development almost everywhere must be subsidized in one way (Continued on Page 77)

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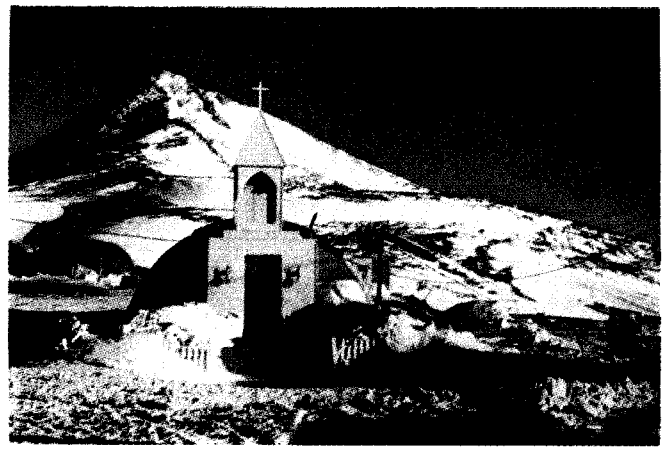
A warm—20 above—day at McMurdo: The author (left) with Rear Adm. David M. Tyree, Navy commander in Antarctica.



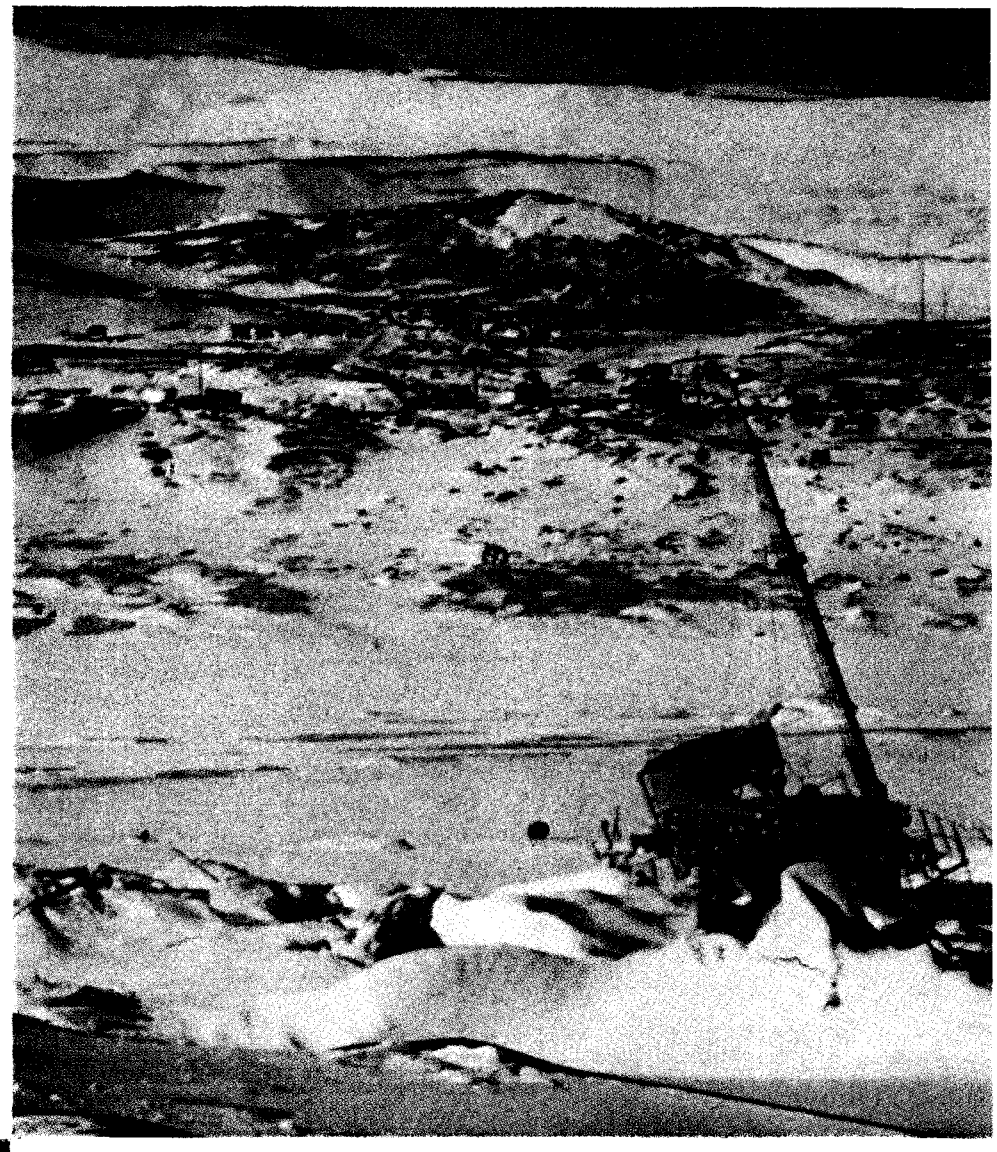
Navy men built the McMurdo chapel in their spare time. Observation Hill (background) will be the site of a nuclear-power plant.

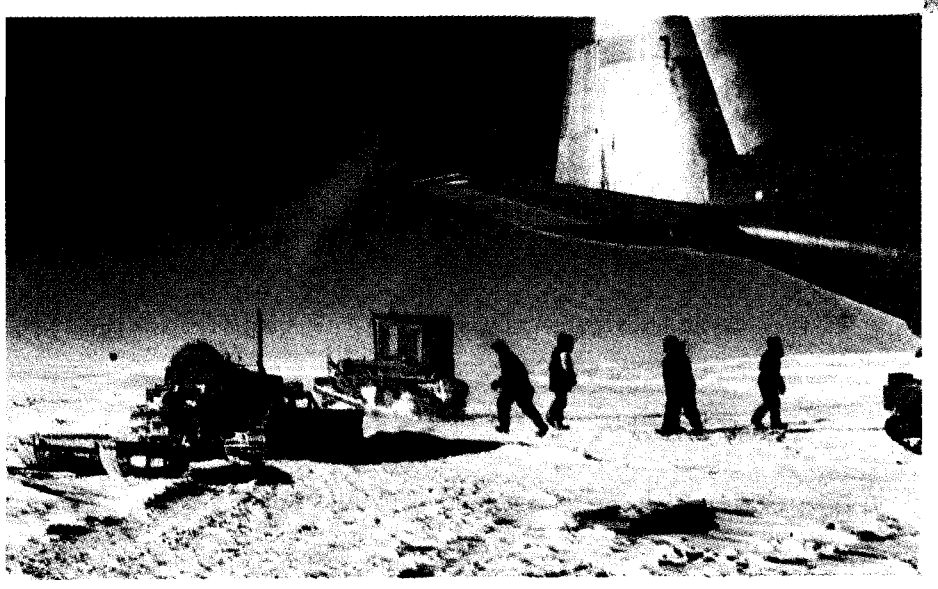
Terrain bordering the Beardmo Glacier—about 350 miles from t pole—as seen from 30,000 fe

What is life like in the coldest, remotest and most unpredictable part of the earth? What sort of men volunteer to work there? A *Post* editor describes a visit to

The Cruel Continent

By William J. Stevens Jr.





The South Pole. The men are unloading a Hercules C-130 cargo plane, which lands on skis. Other cargo for Pole Station is dropped by parachute from Globemasters.

The South Pole lies near the middle of the world's most forbidding land mass, Antarctica—a continent considerably larger than the United States but practically devoid of life. I took a short walk at the pole recently; there was nothing to be seen except the ring of oil drums around the stake marking the exact geographic position of the earth's axis, the masts of a few weather instruments, and the entrances to the scientific-station huts buried in the snow. Beyond these meager traces of human presence stretched the plain of the Polar Plateau, which is the surface of an ice-cap more than 8000 feet thick. It was a relatively mild day, and the temperature was 41 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

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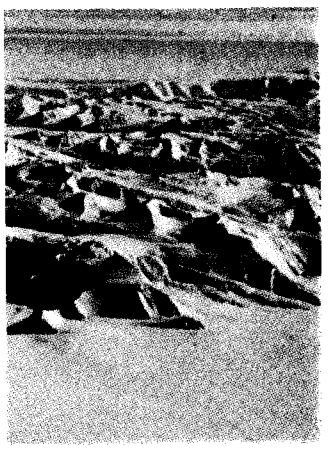
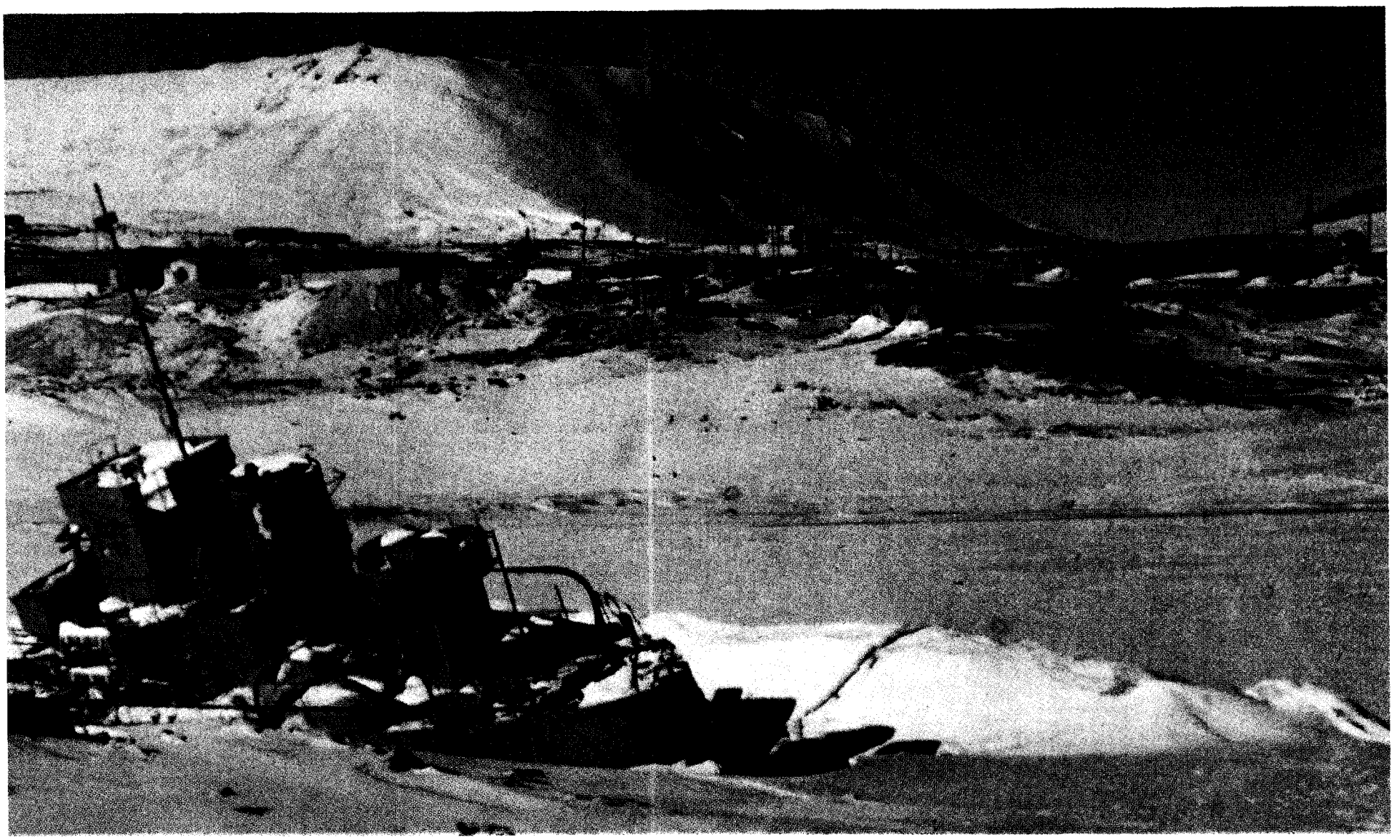


Feeding the insatiable snow melter, which works around the clock. Antarctica is very dry, and snow is the only source of fresh water.

The Navy sledge dogs are maintained on a stand-by basis, for emergencies only. The kennel area is known as "Dogheim."



McMurdo, the Navy's mother base for the Antarctic interior. The oil tanker in the foreground was intentionally allowed to freeze in. It serves as a storage reservoir.

Although my visit to the pole lasted only about twenty minutes, I gained immense satisfaction from it. I had come many miles to "see the unicorn," as travelers used to say of a rare and wondrous sight. But the pole is rapidly losing its exclusive and inaccessible character.

It was first attained on December 14, 1911, by Roald Amundsen's Norwegian party, using dogs and sledges. He was immediately followed by Capt. Robert Falcon Scott, the Englishman. Between January 19, 1912—when Scott and his four companions left the pole on foot only to die in a blizzard two months later—and October 31, 1956, when Adm. George Dufek landed there in an aircraft, no man had stood at the pole. Richard E. Byrd flew over it twice, but never landed.

Since 1956, however, there have been civilian scientists and United States Navy personnel continuously in residence at the pole—fifteen to twenty of them at a season. They live there through the long winter night, recording and reporting the weather, studying the aurora and other atmospheric phenomena. Since Antarctica is believed to be the birthplace of storms, the meteorological data out of Pole Station are of historic importance. Until this year most of the supplies for the station have been dropped by parachute from United States Air Force Globemasters. Men were landed in the Navy's ski-equipped R4-D's. Flying to the pole in an R4-D was a difficult feat in itself, requiring a landing and take-off at the polar altitude of 9200 feet. The 1960–61 season marks a big step forward in polar travel. The Navy now has a new powerful ski plane—the jet-prop Hercules C-130—which is not a makeshift or adaptation, but was designed with Antarctica in mind. The Hercules can cruise at well over 30,000 feet, and the days of struggling up to the polar heights in the valiant but relatively underpowered R4-D are over.

So I went to the pole in the heated and pressurized comfort of a Hercules cabin. It took two and one half hours to go from our main Navy base at (Continued on Page 89)

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WHY DO THEY KNOCK THEMSELVES OUT?

These sturdy athletes sacrifice long hours and risk serious injury competing in grueling sports which offer little prospect of fortune or fame.

By HARRY T. PAXTON

Ever hear of an athlete named John Allen from Buffalo, New York? He's an urbane chap of thirty-five who competes against the best men in this country and abroad. None of our baseball, football and basketball heroes has worked harder to excel than John Allen. Although he is a pharmaceutical salesman with a wife and four children to support, he puts in as much as twenty hours of heavy training a week. Yet if all this effort pays off in a national championship—as it has for Allen on occasion—hardly anybody knows it, except his relatives and friends and the people in the game.

John Allen's "game" is walking, a generally neglected stepchild of track and field. Allen is one of those American athletes who knock themselves out in grueling but unglamorous forms of competition. There are many sports of this sort. Each has its own special flavor.

Most of the examples featured in this account happen to be sports with enough international stature to put them on the Olympic program—walking, bicycle racing, gymnastics, canoe racing, water polo. In the United States, however, hardly anybody goes in for them on a competitive basis. The numbers of competitors range from barely a hundred to a few thousand, and the publicity is correspondingly scant. Even if you are a regular reader of the sports pages, you are unlikely to recognize the names of any of the Olympic athletes you are going to meet here.

Outsiders might assume that people who devote themselves to such offbeat sports must be a bunch of crackpots, and that, anyway, it doesn't take much to be a standout when the field is so limited. Once you get inside these little-known athletic worlds, though, you realize that not many individuals would be capable of conquering them. There is always much more involved, in terms of both physical strain and technique, than appears on the surface.

Take walking—or race walking, as its enthusiasts call it. This may sound about as elementary as a sport can get. But consider these facts. The ordinary leisurely pedestrian strolls along at a rate of about two and a half to three miles an hour. It takes pretty brisk walking to step the pace up to four miles an hour. To hit five miles an hour, the average person would break into something very close to a slow run.

Well, the top race walkers achieve speeds in excess of seven and even eight miles an hour and keep it up for miles on end. And they do it without any semblance of running. The rules of the sport require that: (1) the heel must always touch the

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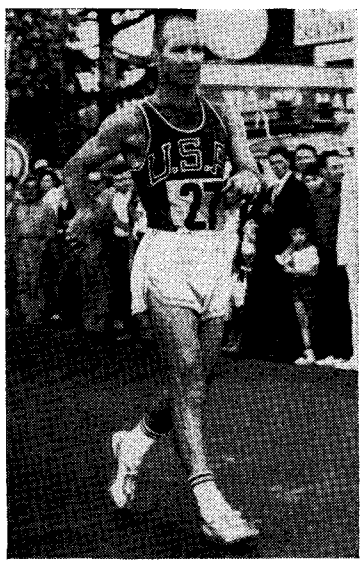
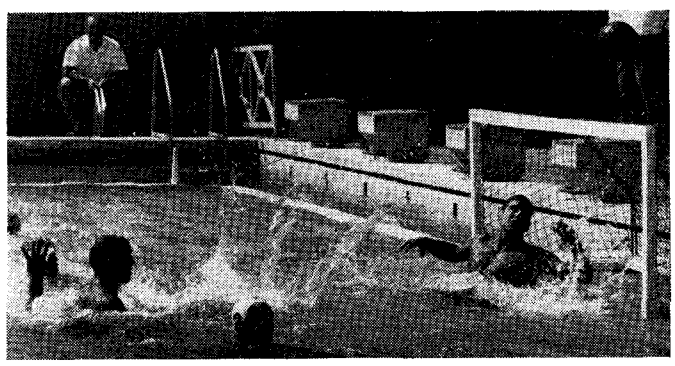
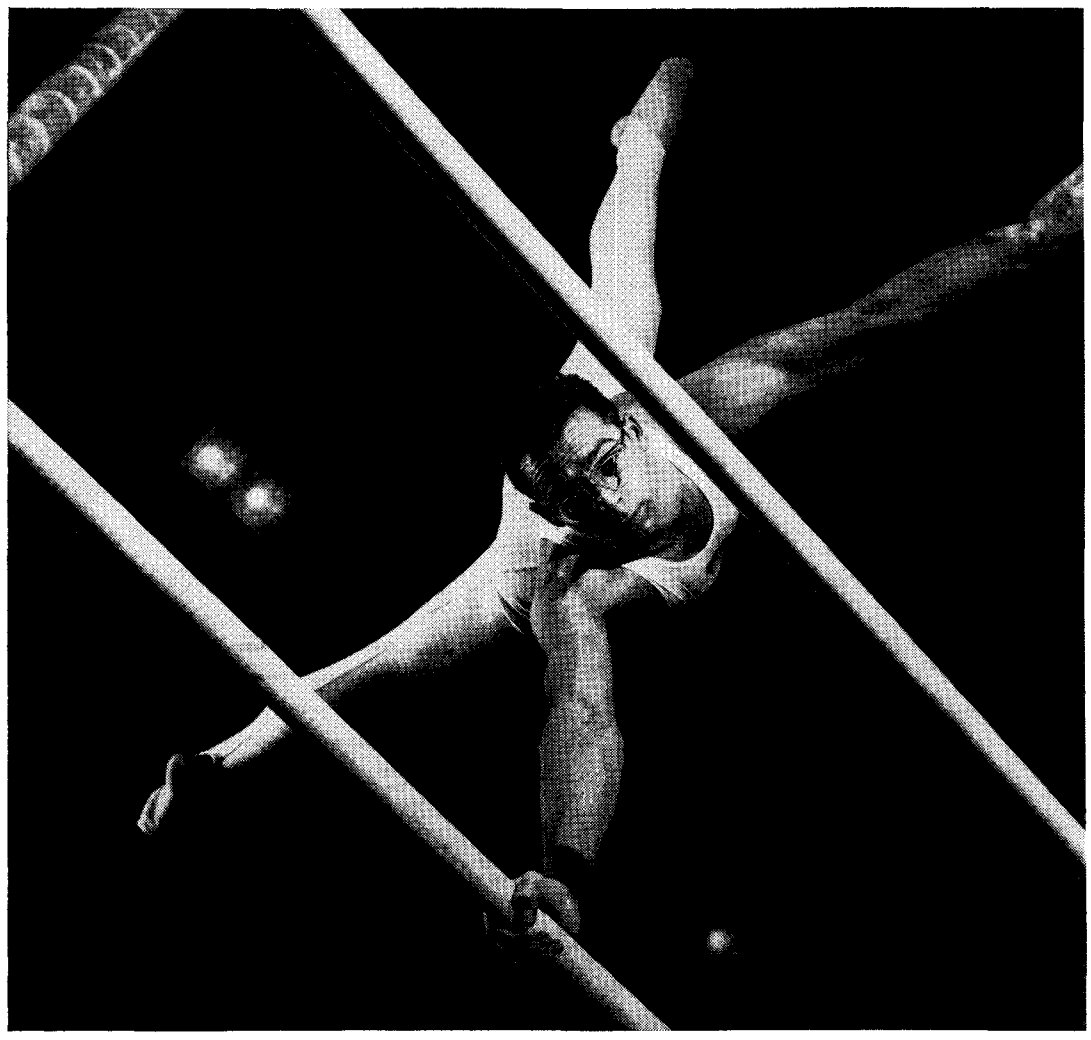
Who races bicycles? François Mertens does and simply explains he "was born to it."



In an era of declining pedestrianism John Allen (above, at the Rome Olympics) competes in walking races.



Water polo is much like basketball played afloat. Only about 2000 stalwart Americans tackle this form of aquatic mayhem.



Olympic gymnast Don Tonry in a one-arm handstand. Competitors in gymnastics literally risk their necks.

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Two hunters stalked the majestic beast . . . each trying to prove he was the better man.

ROYAL ELK

By VERNE ATHANAS

They rode out in predawn grayness, traveling light with only their rifles and personal gear. The packstring had already gone ahead to set up camp. Ace, the guide, rode alongside David Harbin. "Ride much?"

"Once before," David admitted. "I was about twelve."

"Only way to get to the good huntin'," said Ace. Then quietly, "Get down an' walk ten minutes ever' hour or so."

"Thanks," said David, ready to dismount any time.

Morton Sperling rode as one born to the saddle. His Western hat was wider and taller than Ace's and looked harder used. He wore a sheepskin coat, woolly side in, scratched leather out. He chewed one of his dollar cigars, as cheerful as a berserker in battle. A rugged type, J. Morton Sperling. The story was that he'd left home at nineteen, after a battle with his Old Man, had boomered around as a harvest hand and oil-field roughneck—even as a semipro baseball player—until his father had suffered a disabling stroke, and Morton had come home to run the business. Sperling Tool and Steel had prospered since, for Morton Sperling was a big, vital driver. He stood six feet tall and weighed just over 200, and little of it was fat. How he had ever sired a daughter like Karen, David thought he would never know.

They had left the company's DC-3 hulking in the cold wind on the back-country landing strip, the golden ST&S colophon gleaming on either flank; Ace had met them and driven them many more rough miles in a four-wheel-drive station wagon to the lodge where they'd stayed overnight. Now they rode through high elk country, where rocky peaks had at least a nodding acquaintance with the angels, and ice water leaped quickly through its stony stream beds. Ace pulled up, and David dismounted; Ace pointed something out to Morton Sperling, who said, "Yeah. But have you got me a 'Boone' elk lined up?"

"Sure hope so, Mr. Sperling."

"Hope, hell! I'm after a bull to go in the book, this time."

"Well, we'll sure try, Mr. Sperling."

"Sure. . . . Davey, what the hell you doing back there? You're holding up the parade."

"Just stretching my legs a little," said David, wishing then he hadn't said it, because Morton's look made it sound like an excuse. He stood a rawboned six-two and weighed in around 185, which made him look skinnier than he was, but no one besides his mother had gotten away with calling him "Davey" in the last fifteen years or so.

"Well, come on," said Morton Sperling, and David resignedly (Continued on Page 63)

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THE MISSILE MURDERER

To keep from being discovered, the saboteur had to kill again.

By RICHARD STERN

When the huge rocket wobbled from its course only seconds after it left the launching pad, Martin Holmes pressed the button to destroy it. The missile that he and his men had worked so hard to build exploded into failure. Was this just another in the long series of accidents that had plagued the project, or was it sabotage?

Then Ross Sommers, one of the four men on Martin's development team, was murdered, and Martin learned that the dead scientist was also an intelligence agent. Someone in Martin's trusted group had killed Ross to keep from being exposed as the saboteur.

Suspicion centered on Dr. Wolfgang Schmidt, an East German refugee. Wolf found Ross's body and could offer only flimsy reasons for being at the scene. But no one, neither Martin himself nor his assistant, Pete Carter, would be entirely in the clear until investigation showed why the missile launching had failed.

CONCLUSION

It was hard to watch the television screen, the senseless antics on the field in the great bowl. Martin tried, but concentration was impossible. When Pete Carter said presently, "There go your six points, boy. Now we play even," Martin merely looked at him, momentarily uncomprehending. Pete was smiling, easy, relaxed. "Did the *falsche Verbindung* gambit work? Don't look so startled. It's obvious. You sprang it on Wolf the Kraut, and I'll bet it shook him."

Martin was frowning now. "Why would you bet that, Pete?"

"They're great people, the Germans, Marty. But when they're thrown off balance anything can happen and usually does. Twice now as a nation we've jerked the rug out from under them." He shook his head. "All because we tried to prop up the English. No matter." He was studying the screen again. "You're going to lose that dollar, boy, along with all your other miseries—the bird doesn't fly, Ross dead, and now if they cancel the project ——"

"Now wait a minute, Pete," Martin said. "Where did that idea ——"

"Scuttlebutt. Birds fly; customers buy. Birds don't fly ——" He spread his hands. "I've seen it before. Just, 'So sorry. We've changed our minds.' The military lads get fickle or maybe just plain scared when little things keep going wrong." He grinned. "Nothing for you to worry about." He paused, studying Martin's face. "Or is there? More trouble, boy?"

Lou, in the doorway, merely watched and waited. Martin said, "No trouble. Paul Harvey called ——"

"That character," Pete said. "Look, I didn't come over to spread gloom; but watch Harvey. When the egg hits the fan, he's always in the next room and it's somebody else's fault." Unsmiling now. "Protect yourself in the clinches. We need you, boy. If anybody can get the bugs out of this monster of ours, it's you." He smiled again. "Although sometimes I wonder if we'll ever get the bugs out."

"Don't say that, Pete," Martin said. "Don't even think it."

"Hold the positive thought? O.K." Watching the screen again, "Pass, you jerk." And then happily, "That's my clever jerk." He glanced at Martin. "Is Wolf going to be in on the analysis?"

"Of course he is," Martin said. He was almost angry now.

"O.K., don't jump down my throat." Pete paused. "Are you beginning to see things too? Shadows? Things hiding under the bed?"

"I'm trying not to," Martin said. "Let's watch the game, Pete." But still concentration was difficult, almost impossible.

When the game was over and the bet paid and Pete gone, Martin merely sat while Lou gathered plates and glasses and emptied the ash trays. When her voice came, it took him a little time to understand her words. "Do you believe in hunches, Marty?"

"Why—" Martin said "—why, I guess I do sometimes, Lou."

"I had a funny, nasty feeling," Lou said. "I mean ——" She stopped and picked up the tray. "I'm trying to be all-over-female-intuitive, and I'm not even cut out for that." She set the tray down again. "No, I'll say it. I think with my stomach—your phrase. Hear me out, Marty. With my stomach—that's just another way of saying that I don't have opinions, only reactions, feelings."

Martin watched her in silence.

"I listened to you and Pete," Lou said. "I watched you. Everything he said made sense, fitted." She paused. "But if he'd tried, he couldn't have done a better job of confusing you, discouraging you, making you see things that may not be there at all. Maybe he was trying, Marty."

Martin said slowly, "That's hard to believe, Lou. Why?"

"I told you I don't have opinions, just reactions." She faced him squarely. "After you talked with Wolfgang and Karle, did you believe them—whatever it was they told you?"

Remembering the conviction, "Yes."

"And after you talked with Paul Harvey, and I didn't give you a chance to say anything—did you still believe them?"

"Yes, Lou. Paul changed nothing. He merely warned me."

"Do you still believe them, Marty? After listening to Pete?"

For as long as it might take a man to count to ten he merely sat, staring at her. Then, slowly, "I guess I'm not sure any more, Lou." His hand went to his glasses in an automatic gesture. He saw the faint trembling in his own fingers. "Oh, Lord," he said. "Do you know what you've done? If I can't trust Pete and I can't believe Wolf, then who is there? Tell me that, Lou." It was a plea.

(Continued on Page 95)

"A little black box failed," Martin said, "a box that controls the stability of the missile flight."

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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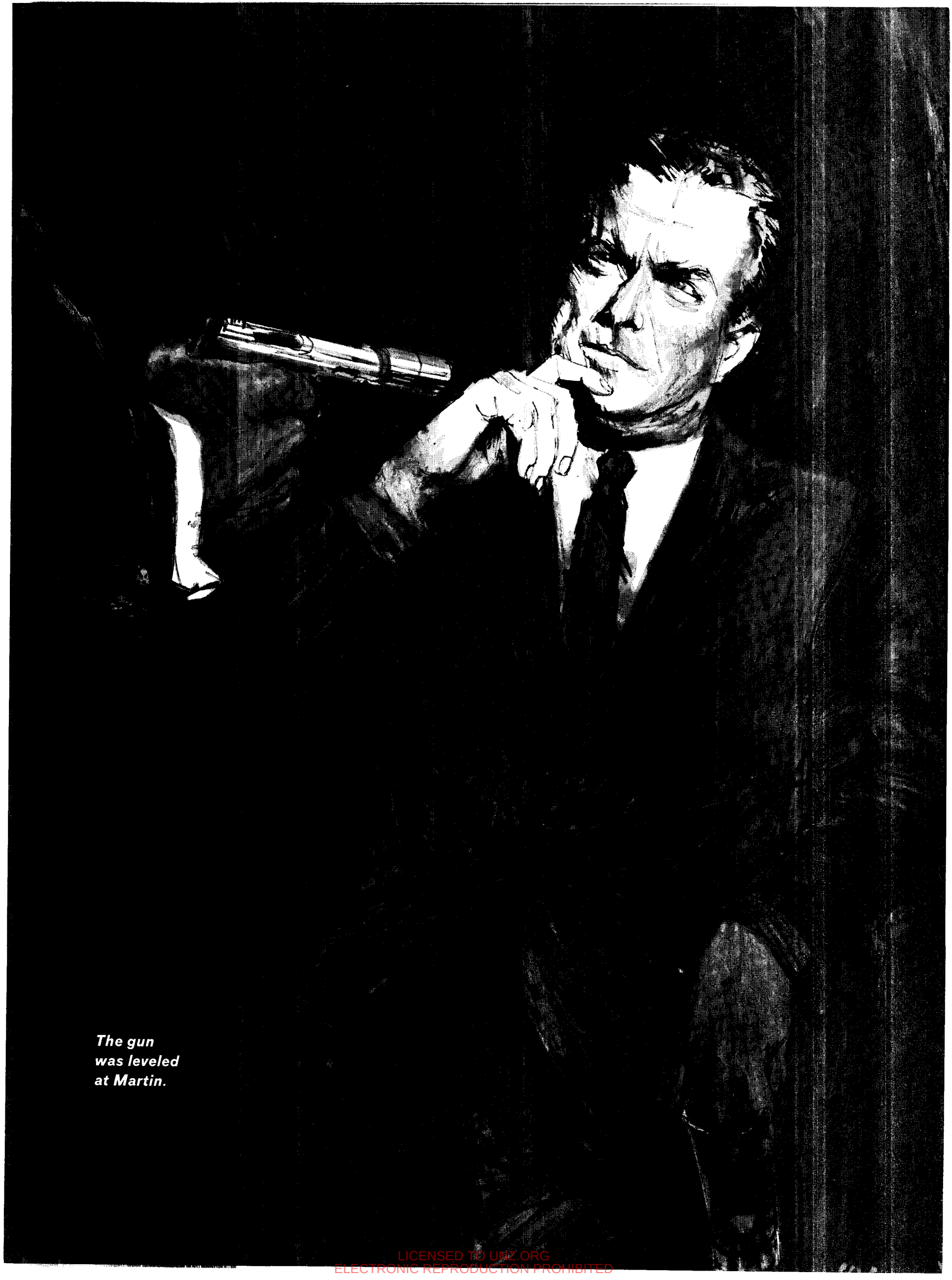

The gun was leveled at Martin.

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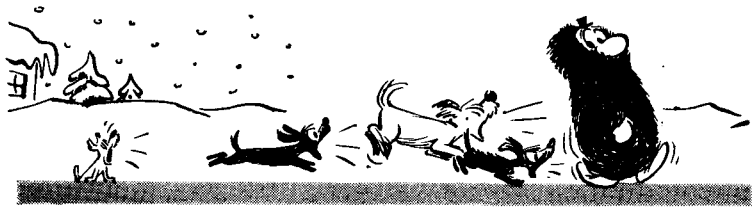
Post Scripts



Heinrich Schnibble's Wordenbooke

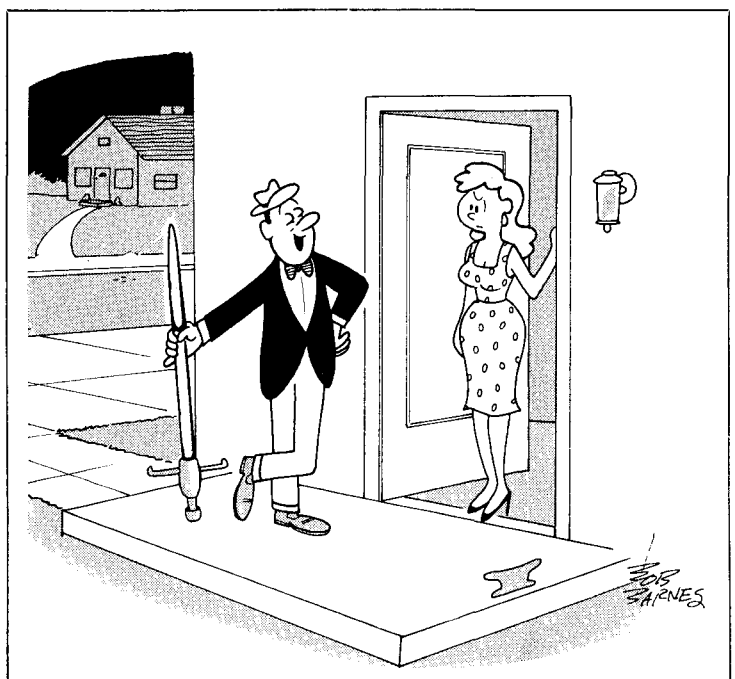
JET PLANE: *Schnortenzoomer.*
PILOT: Schnortenzoomeruppentooker.
FLIGHT ORDERS: Schnortenzoomeruppentookerzoomenscheme.
LANDING ORDERS: Schnortenzoomeruppentookerzoomenquittenplan.
SATELLITE: Roundergewhizzenwhirler.
LAUNCHING PAD: Roundergewhizzenwhirleroffengeshootenplatz.
LAUNCHING: Roundergewhizzenwhirleroffengeshootendownischercountenspelle.
LAUNCHING FAILURE: Roundergewhizzenwhirleroffengeshootenpfizzle.
SATELLITE TRANSMITTER: Roundergewhizzenwhirlerbeepensender.
TRANSMITTER BATTERY: Beepensenderblitzenmaker.
BOMB: Explodenwhammer.
A-BOMB: Earthengesplittenexplodenwhammer.
H-BOMB: Himmelderendenbengecomenexplodenwhammer!
SPY: Sneakensnooper.
COUNTERSPY: Sneakensnoopersneakensnooper.
ESPIONAGE: Sneakensnooperwrenchengetossenplot.
INTELLIGENCE AGENCY: Sneakensnooperoutengesmokenbunche.

DAVE MORRAH

Adolescent Advance

He's now wearing my size,
Which is fitting him fine.
He's outworn his clothes
And he's out—wearing mine.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF



"I thought we might hop downtown and take in a movie."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Careful, dear—you're getting fur all over your ice-cream cone."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Real-Life Cliff Hangers

Suspense is nothing unusual at our house. For instance, last Tuesday my teen-age daughter came home from school and announced:

"Oh, mother, the most awful *thing!* We tried out for head cheerleader today, and it was just *awful!* Patty Smith was first, and she did swell, and then Mary Lou, and she was real good too—her mother even let her have her hair fixed at the beauty shop yesterday! Then it was *my* turn. Oh, mother, it was *awful!* My skirt came unzipped right in the middle of 'On, Lakewood!'! I almost *died*, but wow, was it *exciting!*"

"Who—who was chosen?" I asked.

"Why, I was. Didn't I tell you?"

Then, on Thursday, she said:

"Oh, mother guess *what!* Miss Peters gave out *four failing slips* today! All us kids were just *terrified!* She gave one to Andy Bates, and one to Francine, and one to Woody Fleming, and one to —— Hey, mom, did you iron my gym suit?"

"And one to whom else?" I asked.

"One what?"

"Failing slip."

"Oh, Larry Woods. Mother, I *got* to have that gym suit tomorrow!"

And today she said:

"Hey, mother, Gary had his dad's *Corvette* at school today! He asked all us girls to *ride in it!* Mother, did you know that car goes 120 miles an *hour?*"

"How—uh—how did you like that?"

"Oh, *I* didn't go. Yeeps, mother, I'd a been scared outta my *skull!*"

KAY NELSON

Lady on a Diet

She's quick to assure you
In eloquent bursts,
She "never takes seconds" ——
But, brother, those firsts!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

I Guess You Always Lose a Little in the Translation

". . . and listen, if you want to get sent, I mean way out, just drop a nickel in the juke for Sadie Summers' *Beans and Hominy!* I'm telling you, you won't be able to get it out of your head! 'Beans and hominy, anno Domini, skeety whockety, something-or-other.' Well, I can't begin to do it the way Sadie does, but . . ."

". . . and, of course, you hear so many windy speeches that it's almost a shock when somebody really makes sense, like that man we heard last night. A senator or something. Well, anyway, he talked about how we must all stand firm and so on, and then he ended with that quotation from Lincoln or Churchill or somebody. Well, anyway, I'm probably not doing it justice at all, but . . ."

". . . and speaking of movies, don't miss *Dark o' the Moon!* Man, man! That final scene! The girl opens the front door, see—she thinks the fellow's still in the Army hospital. She stands there—get it?—just stands there. Then she says, in this funny voice, 'Anybody there?' That's all—just, 'Anybody there?' Man! Maybe you can't really feel it, the way I'm telling it, but . . ."

". . . and you just haven't seen dogs till you've seen Bill Baker's dog! Funny? Bill calls him a Poodacockeranian because he's some of everything—and *funny?* What this pooch did was, he kicked the ashes out of the fireplace all over everybody, with this look on his face that simply—funny? Well, I can't describe it, and you'll just have to see him, that's all, but . . ."

PEG BRACKEN

Paint Plaint

For modern artists I lack what
You might call proper spirit;
I know they're saying something, but
I simply cannot hear it.

DICK EMMONS

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This Sunday night-have a delicious soup-plate supper

Sunday Supper's so quick to fix when it's a soup-plate supper. Just team up your favorite Campbell's Soup with a sandwich, some good fruit—and your soup-plate's ready. And it tastes so good, is so good for you. Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup, for instance, gives you tender pieces of chicken and fluffy long-grain rice in a warming chicken broth that's just downright delicious. Good things begin to happen when every Sunday supper is a good, nourishing soup-plate supper. It takes you just a quick 4 minutes to heat up a can of Campbell's Soup!

Have you had your soup today? Campbell's (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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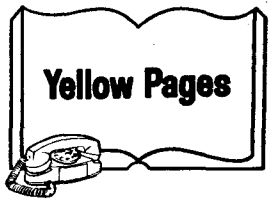
Make your choice. Once you've read about special features, name brands, range of services, locations in the ads, you're ready to get in touch with the dealer who has exactly what you want.



AMERICA'S HANDIEST SHOPPING GUIDE
ALWAYS KEEP IT NEAR YOUR PHONE.

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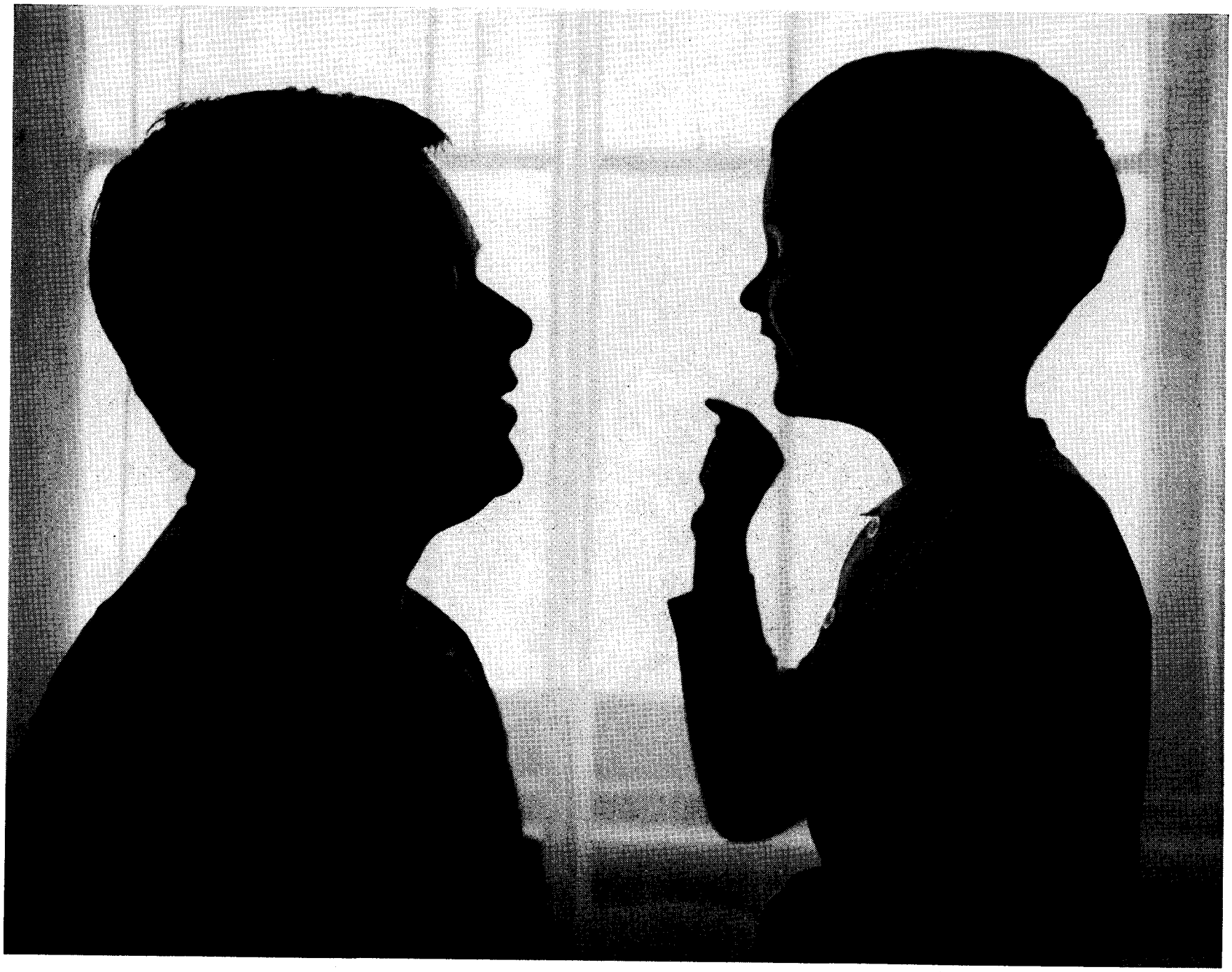

The author and his son.

Arguments I Lose

A father who knows when he's licked describes his conversational duels with a forthright six-year-old boy.

By ROBERT OLVER

My son Bob is many ages. Of course, like anyone else, he was born a given length of time ago and is therefore of a certain given age. In Bob's case this age is six years and several months, but such information is of practical value only to statisticians and insurance firms and has no bearing on actual ages at all. I say this because sometimes, with perfect practical reality, he is much older than six, more like fifteen or sixteen, while sometimes he is much younger. And at still other times it is hard to tell which age he is right at any particular moment.

"Why don't you talk to me?" he said.

"Because I'm reading the paper."

"How do you read the paper?"

"As fast as possible," I said.

"That's not how."

"How then?" I did not know he could read.

"By looking at the words."

I would never have thought of it, but it is the best way to read a paper. It is not possible to look at the words with a small boy around, however, so I put it down.

"Can you make up rhymes as good as Jimmy Martin's dad?"

"I don't know how good Jimmy Martin's dad is at nursery rhymes, but I am about as good as anyone I know," I allowed.

"Then you aren't as good as Jimmy Martin's dad."

"How good is he?" I condescended.

"He isn't," said Bob.

"Isn't what?"

"Jimmy Martin hasn't got a dad." I looked at him closely.

"Then how can he make up better rhymes than I?"

"Because you don't know him."

"And what has that to do with it?" I pursued with mounting interest.

"You said you could make up rhymes as good as anyone you know. Well, if Jimmy Martin has no dad you can't know him. Can you?" I said nothing. I picked up the paper.

"That's not all," he said.

"O.K.," I said with stern menace. "What is *all?*"

(Continued on Page 53)

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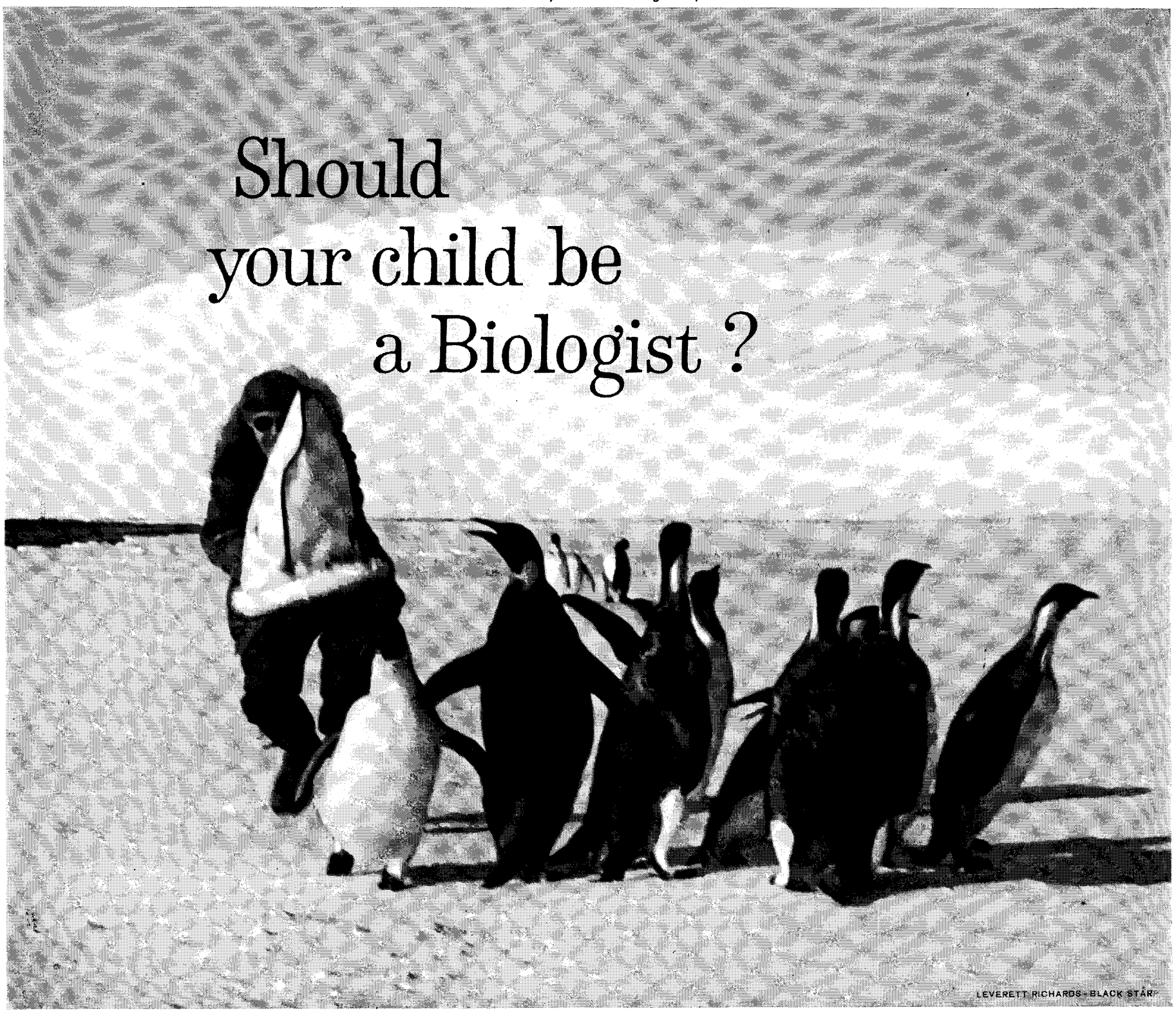
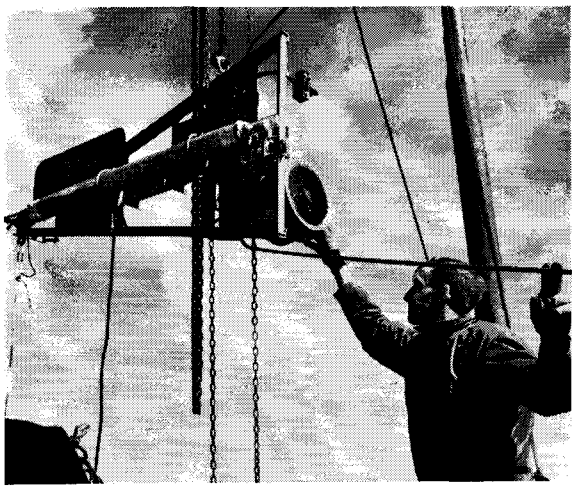
New York Life Presents *the 45th in a Series of Advertisements to help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

Should your child be a Biologist ?



LEVERETT RICHARDS + BLACK STAR

Among the scientists currently exploring Antarctica there are several eminent biologists. This zoologist is using a special device, like a sturdy butterfly net, to capture Emperor penguins.



The relatively unexplored sea presents a great challenge to marine biologists, like those of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. This scientist is readying a sound-triggered deep-sea camera used to picture underwater creatures.

by BENTLEY GLASS

Professor of Biology, The Johns Hopkins University; Past President, American Institute of Biological Sciences, as told to Donald Robinson

WE BIOLOGISTS consider ourselves very lucky. We work in the biggest, most exciting science of all —the study of living things.

Everywhere we turn there are fascinating problems to explore. The beginnings of life, for instance. The relationship between all living things and their environment. The miracle of heredity. The delicate balances in nature, and the drastic consequences that ensue when they are disturbed.

Take questions like these. How does a living creature develop from a single fertilized egg?

How do new species arise?

Why do people grow old? Must they?

We biologists are seeking the answers. We're concerned with everything living, from infinitesimal bacteria, minute molds, and exotic one-celled sea animals to mammoth whales, giant sequoia trees, and that most provocative animal of all, man.

It is an enormous field we deal in. Perhaps you can best grasp its scope if I tell you that more than 1,500,000 different species of life inhabit the earth. And that biologists are interested in each one of them.

It is a vital field. Medicine, pharmacy, agriculture, forestry, wildlife management, pest control and scores of other activities of modern man depend on biologists for basic scientific knowledge. Even space travel.

A Young Science

It comes as a surprise to most people that biology is a very young science. Barely 150 years have passed since Jean Baptiste Lamarck, the French naturalist, coined the word "biology." Already, though, it has its immortals. Matthias Schleiden and Theodor Schwann revolutionized the world's thinking with their discovery of the cellular makeup of plants and animals. Charles

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Darwin did as much with his spectacular theory of evolution. A probing Austrian priest by the name of Johann Gregor Mendel ran some brilliant experiments with simple garden peas and laid the foundation for modern genetics. I could mention many more.

In its short span, biology has helped greatly to make this a healthier, wealthier world. It has proven the existence of disease germs and given us wonderfully effective means of fighting them—like antibiotics. When my grandfather was born in 1859, the average life expectancy was thirty-eight years. Now, thanks extensively to biology, a newborn baby can expect to live at least to seventy.

Biology has made a science out of agriculture and paved the way for a more abundant food supply. Just one small group of geneticists, by the development of hybrids, brought about a twenty- to thirty-percent increase in the yield-per-acre of corn in the United States.

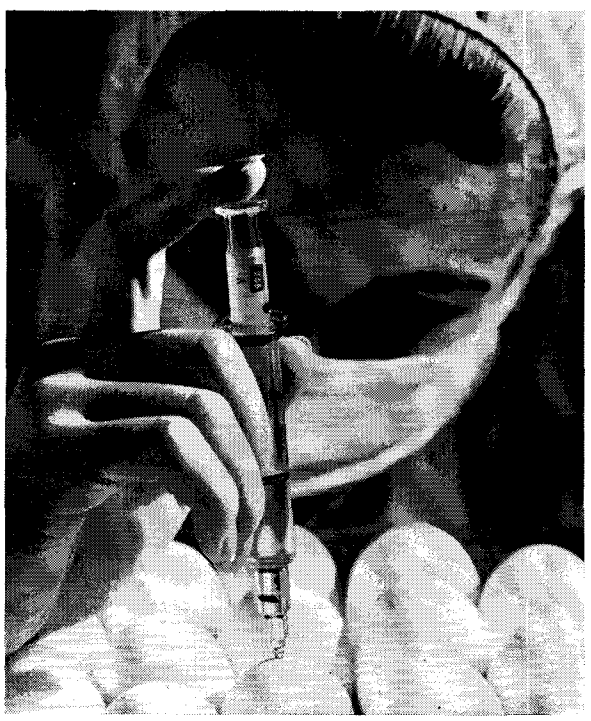
Best of all, biology has eliminated countless fears and superstitions of mankind.

More Biologists Needed

Today, close to 85,000 men and women are engaged in one or another aspect of biology in America (excluding medicine and non-scientific conservation). More are wanted. There are far too few trained biologists available for teaching in the schools and for research in the laboratories. The American Institute of Biological Sciences estimates that 3,000 to 4,000 new jobs open up every year for beginning scientists.

A young person who goes into biology can have his choice of dozens of intriguing specialties. He can concentrate on microbiology and investigate viruses, rickettsia and bacteria or molds. He can focus on cytology and study cells, or histology and delve into the structure of animal and vegetable tissue. He can be an ichthyologist, a parasitologist, an embryologist, a biochemist, a geneticist, an ecologist. Or he can devote himself to horticulture, husbandry, or one of the many other agricultural sciences. Actually he can find a special niche almost anywhere his scientific fancy lies.

Approximately half of the country's biologists are on the staffs of educational institutions. They teach, and carry on all-important research. Many teach in high schools and some even in elementary schools, although teaching duties at these levels are so heavy that only a few of the most energetic can keep up their investigations of nature. One-fourth are in federal, state or local government agencies. They do various sorts of work. City health departments use them, for example, in the detection and control of disease. States assign them to plant breeding and land conservation, among other things. The federal government has them in scores of different areas. The U.S. Department of Agriculture alone has 500 field stations and laboratories with biologists on their staffs.



In the development of vaccines for polio and other virus diseases, virologists have led the way. This Lederle Laboratories technician is inoculating fertile eggs with a seed virus dilution, a first step in the production of many vaccines.

Industry also takes thousands of biologists. They are hired by pharmaceutical companies, seed processors, dairy companies, meat packers, and food product concerns. Usually they do research. You'll see still more biologists working in hospitals, medical laboratories, libraries, museums, botanical gardens, and zoos.

This is one sphere in which there is no prejudice against the ladies. Ten percent of our biologists are now women, and the number is increasing yearly. They are sorely needed.

Educational Requirements

A science as complex as biology requires its devotees to be persons of high education and purpose. A bachelor's degree is the least one must have today to secure a professional post in government, industry or the academic arena. In most cases, a Ph.D. is necessary.

The cost of this education need not worry you. Many scholarships and fellowships are available for gifted students.

How does one recognize whether a child has the makings of a good biologist?

It is not easy. Children vary widely, and so do biologists. But there are certain characteristics that I look for when a youngster tells me he or she is thinking of a career in biology.

Very often, he (or she) is an ardent naturalist and collector. He brings home strange plants and animals, he keeps tropical fish, he mounts insects, or things like that.

I know I did. I grew up in China where my parents were missionaries, and I used to drive my poor mother to distraction with my accumulations of caterpillars and water bugs. And snakes.

She was a marvelously understanding woman, though, and she encouraged me in my hobbies. It may be a nuisance, but I would urge every mother to do the same.

Every young biologist must, I think, have a deep interest in the living world, and an endless curiosity about its denizens. He should have a desire to do experiments to find things out. From earliest youth, he should demonstrate a passion for facts, be cautious in his statements, and have an ample supply of critical skepticism.

As the distinguished zoologist, William K. Brooks, once wrote, "Suspended judgment is the greatest triumph of intellectual discipline."

The prospective biologist should have imagination and initiative. Of utmost importance, he should have persistence. A dedicated scientist can spend years running up dark alleys, but he must never give up. The very next experiment may show him the light.

This can be truly thrilling. Say you've been struggling with a tough problem for a long time and you've made no progress. Finally, you start moving and get a clear, simple and beautiful answer to the question. There is a feeling of elation that can be compared to Balboa's breaking through the jungle and seeing the Pacific spread out glowing and silvery below him.

I would be less than candid if I did not report that the chances for getting rich in biology are slight. Not long ago, a survey was made of earnings in all the sciences. Alas, biology was among the lowest, far beneath physics and chemistry.

New Educational Plans Can Provide Funds for College

As shown in the booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College" (free on request), the costs of a college education are now greater than most families can afford unless they plan for them well in advance. To help parents meet this need, New York Life now offers two specially designed Educational Plans—the Educational Endowment, and Whole Life with Educational Endowment Benefits. With either of these modern policies, a father can be sure his son or daughter will have most or even all the funds necessary for college.

Your New York Life Agent is qualified through training and experience to aid you in planning for education, retirement, and all the things life insurance helps make possible. His assistance is yours without obligation. Call him soon!

Beginning salaries for biologists with bachelors' degrees range from $3,600 to $4,400. They hinge on the type of employment. A biologist with a master's degree can anticipate $4,800 to $6,000 to commence. One with a doctorate may look to $6,000 to $7,500. Although some biologists draw more than $20,000 a year, the median salary for the entire field is, I regret to sta[illegible] merely $6,789.

For all this, I know of no biologist who would switch professions. No other science can compare to biology when it comes to the immense, dramatic challenges it faces.

An Exciting Future

We are on the verge right now of historic breakthroughs in biology. I am quite confident that we'll soon be able to synthesize protein, a process that may have more revolutionary consequences than splitting the atom. Soon we should also be able to duplicate photosynthesis, the process by which green plants convert the energy of sunlight into carbohydrates. Such discoveries will increase our food supply, improve general health, and help to eliminate poverty forever.

The day is near when we'll understand more fully how the body creates and maintains immunity to disease. Soon we'll have an understanding of the population problem and how to handle it.

Before long biologists may be able to produce artificial genes, control mutations, and in various ways influence heredity for the better. Maybe parents will be able to decide in advance whether they prefer a boy or a girl baby, and have a good chance to get what they wish—though I'm not so sure this would be best for the nation as a whole.

Biologists have made a new species of plant by understanding and following some of the methods of nature. Some biologists think it will not be long until we can create a real living thing from chemical ingredients.

If your child goes into biology, he can help to make these marvels a reality. He can share with us biologists the joy of *finding out*—of learning the secrets of nature.

Information Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are similar articles on forty-four other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." Just drop a postcard to:

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Career Information Service
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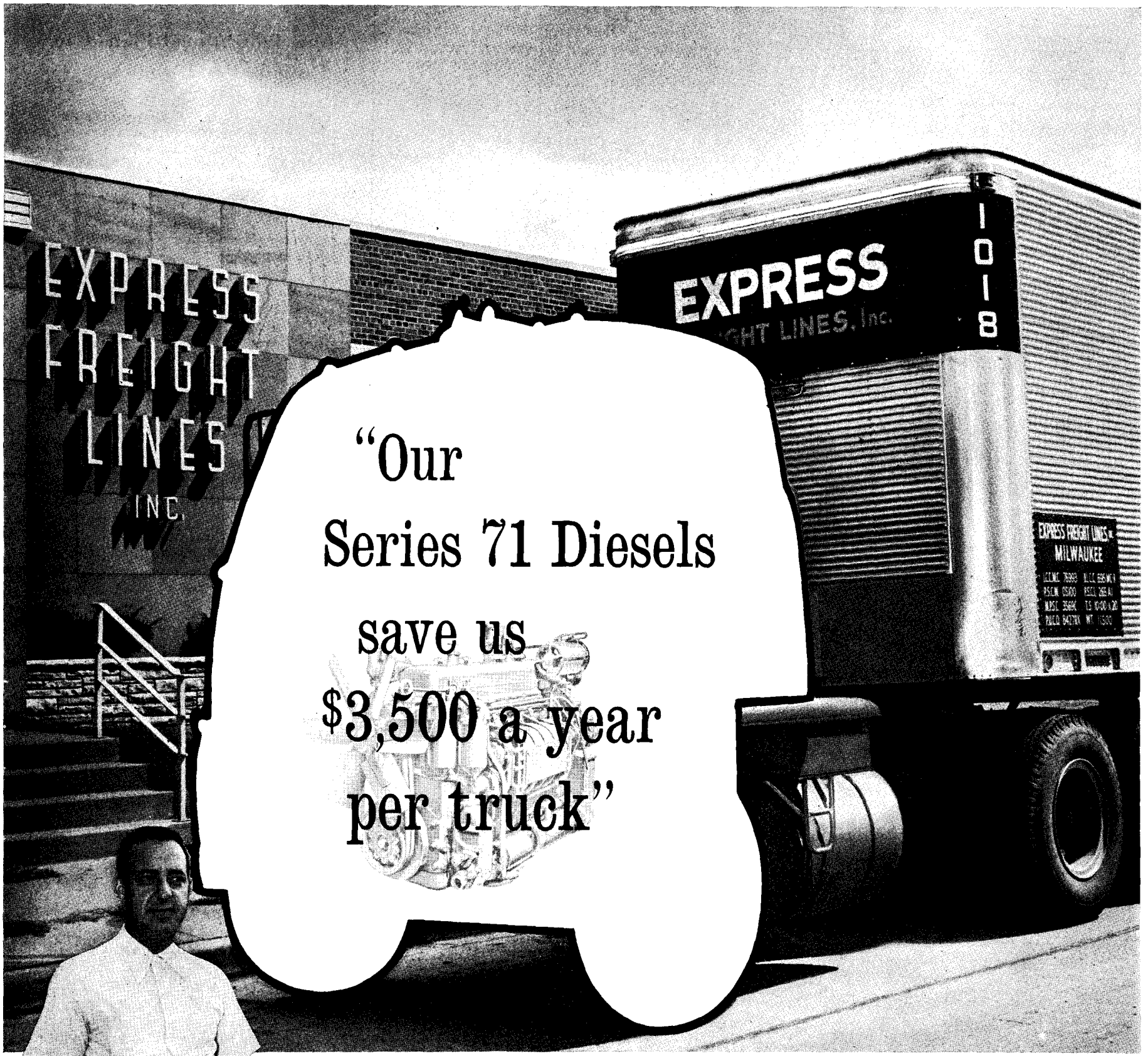

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reports Harold Rabidoux, Maintenance Superintendent, Express Freight Lines, Inc.

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Listen to Maintenance Superintendent Harold Rabidoux: "We're saving $3,500 per year with every 6-71 Diesel we own."

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At that rate, this Milwaukee-Detroit hauler of general freight will soon save enough to pay off the new equipment investment and be on their way to a record profit.

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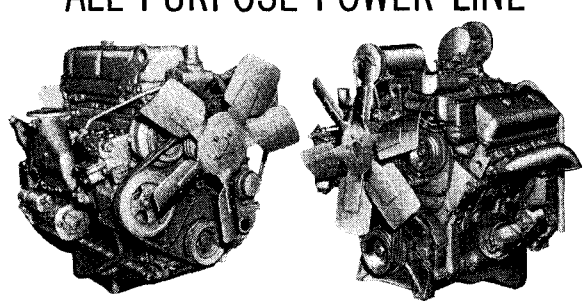

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THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

Mason followed his client's directions—right to the scene of a murder.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Susan Fisher, secretary to the manager of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, was in danger of being charged with the embezzlement of about $150,000. Susan's boss, Endicott Campbell, seemed convinced of Susan's guilt.

Then a woman claiming to be Amelia Corning, owner of the mining company, called Susan.

Following this woman's orders, Susan dressed as a man and drove to a specified place near Mulholland Drive; she then walked to a nearby service station to get a can of gasoline and then drove home. "Miss Corning" did not show up to explain the purpose of these activities, as she said she would.

When Perry Mason, Susan's attorney, heard this story, he said to Susan, "Either you've been a fool, or Miss Corning is in danger—and you're really in trouble."

Mason then asked Susan to write out the directions to the place near Mulholland Drive where she had stopped the car.

V

Spurred by the urgency of Mason's manner, Sue Fisher uncovered a typewriter, ratcheted in paper and typed out the driving directions.

Mason studied the paper for a moment, folded it, shoved it into his pocket, then said to Della Street, "Come on, Della."

"I'm to wait here?" Sue Fisher asked.

"Right here," Mason instructed, "and if Miss Corning phones, find out where she is; then call Paul Drake and tell him. In the meantime, I'm going to phone Paul Drake to put a bodyguard on duty here."

"Suppose she phones and tells me to go out to join her and ——"

"Find out where she is, phone Drake's agency, and then do exactly as she says. If you notice a man following you, don't be afraid. That will be Drake's man."

Mason hurried Della Street to the elevator, paused to phone instructions to Paul Drake from the booth in the lobby, then hurried to his car.

"We're going out there?" Della Street asked.

Mason nodded.

"Why? What do you expect to find?"

Mason said, "We may be in time to prevent a murder."

"Chief, you think—you mean ——"

"Exactly," Mason said.

Ordinarily an exponent of careful, safe driving, Mason on this occasion crowded his car into speed. "You'll be picked up," Della Street warned as Mason shot through a changing traffic signal.

"So much the better," Mason told her. "We'll impress an officer into service and take him along." But there were no officers. The lawyer drove up on Mulholland Drive and started checking distances.

"This is the service station," Della Street said.

Mason, tight-lipped, nodded grimly, reduced his speed and moved cautiously down the road.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," Della Street said. "That's the place right there, where she had the car parked, chief."

"I know it," Mason said. "I don't want to leave our car parked there."

He drove on another hundred yards before he found a place where he could park the car. He took a flashlight from the glove compartment. "Come on, Della," he said.

The lawyer's long legs set a pace which forced Della Street to keep at a half-trot in order to keep up with him. They came back to the cleared place in the (Continued on Page 80)

"Don't leave until I question you," Tragg told Mason.

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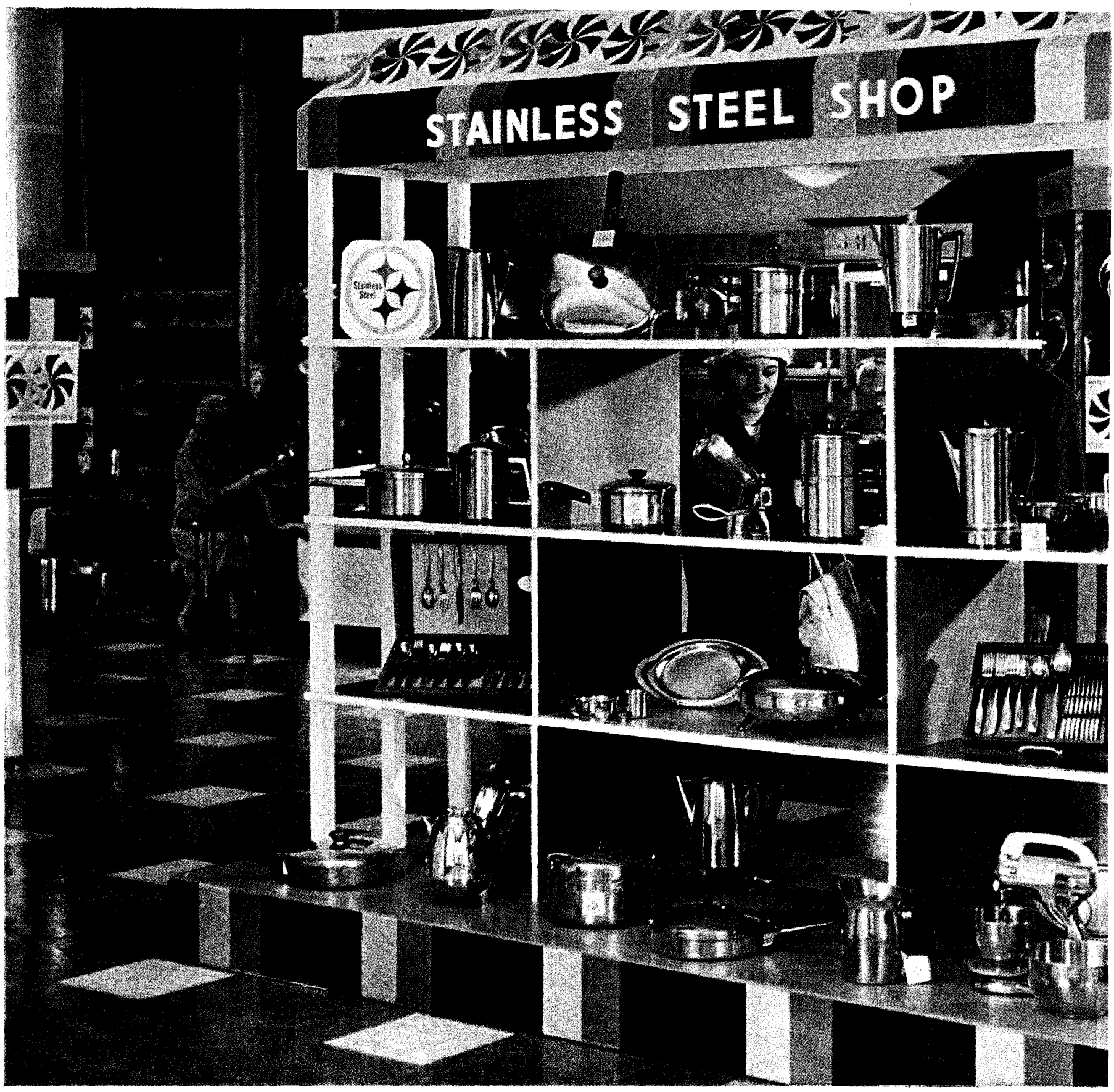

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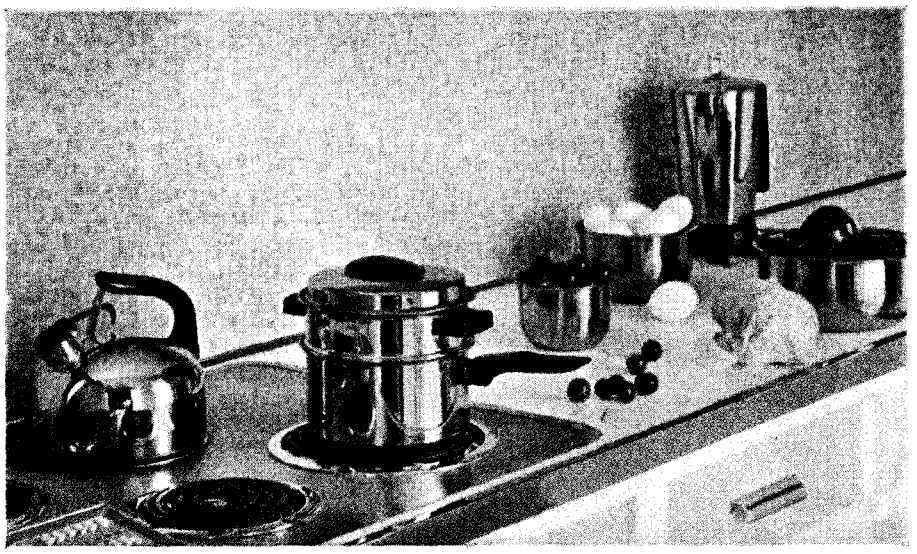

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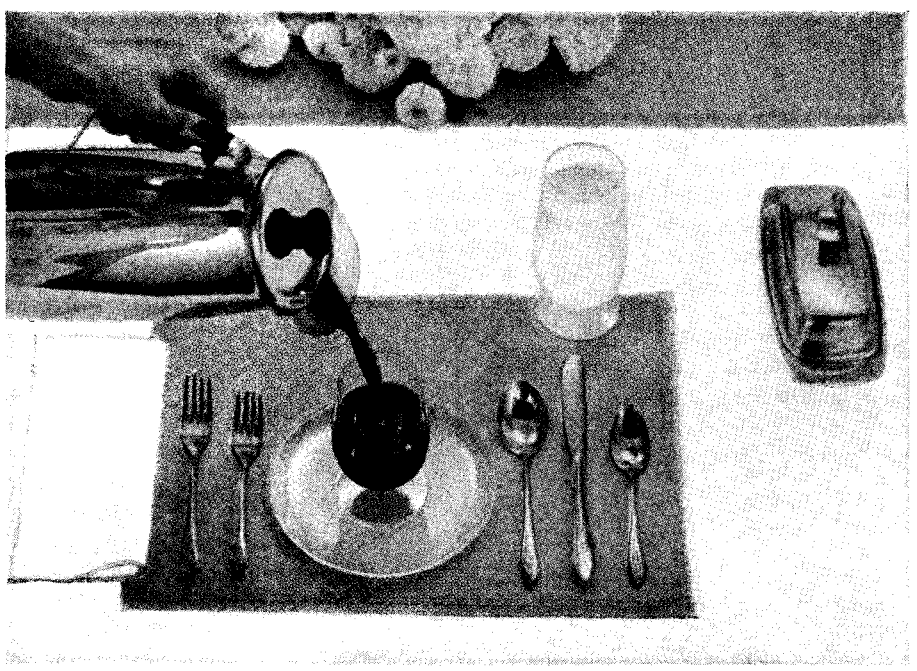

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Decision in Ward X (Continued from Page 24)

up the Scotch and soda that Ginny had placed beside him and sat on the kitchen stool. Dorothy had often questioned him about his cases. Stubbornly she sought to enter that part of his life that a man has a right to keep to himself—his struggles, his defeats sometimes, sometimes the secret triumphs, more heady when they are kept bottled up. Besides, she had sought only the drama in his life, never the slow, grinding struggle against disease which was his way. Had she ever found a life to match her dreams? He doubted it. He watched Ginny, a peacock-blue apron tied high around her enlarged waist, whipping cream in a bowl.

"Dad," she said, "try to understand. I don't worry, but there are things I should know. Patricia McHugh, she'll have her baby in September, she asks me things, but she knows more than I do."

"What has that to do with N.P.N.? That's woman talk, not medicine."

"Woman talk," said Ginny. She swirled the whipped cream in a crown over the applesauce cake and set it on the table. Then she sat beside her father. "You'll think this is funny, but I never missed mother when I was little. Oh, I thought I did, watching the other kids. But I didn't, not really. Everybody was so nice at Miss Meserve's. Now I do. Maybe having a baby started it."

"Your mother was a sick woman, Ginny. The fact that she could leave you when she did proves it. It was the best thing she could do for you."

"She was a sick woman," repeated Ginny. Her thought, *but you were a doctor*, was clear in her blue eyes.

"Some illnesses can't be cured, Ginny. I tried." And Dorothy had cried over and over, "Don't try to change me, Larry. Let me go for a while, or I'll ruin you and Ginny too. When I find myself, I'll be back." But she had not come back. And he had not looked for her.

Ginny sighed; then, bending awkwardly, she removed the roast from the oven. "Shall we eat, dad? I'll keep some warm for John."

Just then John's key rattled in the lock, and he entered, tossed his resident's white jacket on a chair and kissed his wife with warmth and emphasis.

"I hear you take twenty minutes to save a life," said Doctor Wickersham. "In my day it used to take longer."

"Jet age, jet methods," said John. "Quick typing, transfusions, tap *in situ*. Good grief, woman," he added, turning to Ginny, "if you think you're big, you should see this wino. We relieved her of two gallons of free fluid, and she still looks ready to deliver twin elephants."

"Was she hemorrhaging?" asked Wickersham.

"You're darn tooting," said the young man. "When her daughter brought her in the police ambulance, she was *in extremis*."

"She should have been sent to Charity! I don't understand your taking her in."

"We don't need winos, I grant you," said John, "but we've got her, and there she is. Besides, it won't be long." He attacked with vigor the roast Ginny set before him. "Ginny, you're getting bigger and better every hour."

"Thanks," said Ginny. "I mean to. About this woman, what can you do?"

Wickersham shrugged. "Right now, stop the hemorrhaging and build her up. Hourly checking of pulse and blood pressure, transfusions. You've taken care of all of that, John?"

"Oh, sure, but what about a shunt?"

"What's that?" demanded Ginny.

"That's a ticklish bit of surgery on the main blood vessels," said Wickersham. "But that's for later, and you know the statistics, John."

"Yeah," said John. "I wouldn't want it at the stage she's reached."

"I would," said Ginny.

"Ah, foolish woman," said her husband fondly, "speaking where the angels keep mute."

"She is a woman," said Ginny. "She might feel as I do."

"Right now she's not talking," said her father. "We'll have to credit her with some sense."

"She is talking," said John. "Listen to this. Her daughter brings her in in a coma at noon. The kid demanded Doctor Wickersham. Made a rumpus too, but we calmed her down."

Abruptly Doctor Wickersham dropped his knife and fork to the table.

"We clean her up, and that's a job and a half, then pump in blood, type B. About three o'clock she starts fighting the intravenous tubes. At five she wakes up. 'Where's Doctor Wickersham?' she says."

"She called for me?" Wickersham's voice was tight.

John nodded.

Wickersham relaxed. "Ginny, I think we're ready for dessert," he said. Ginny went to the kitchen. "Look, John," he continued, "I hardly think that Virginia should be exposed to this sort of thing. We'd better drop it. At this late stage of pregnancy, her hormonal balance is fouled up. Feelings are on the rampage ——"

A furious protest burst from the kitchen. "Dad! I'm pregnant, not deaf!" With heavy steps she entered the room and plopped the cake on the table. "I'm pregnant," she repeated, "but I'm not fouled up. I'm having a baby, not a fit!"

"Don't get excited, honey," said her husband. "It isn't good for you."

"I am excited!" said Ginny, color rising to the roots of her hair. "The baby is getting excited too. You think I should sit on my nest and hen-brood while you discuss your cases."

"Oh, come, Ginny, don't get upset," repeated her husband, while Doctor Wickersham folded his hands with an air of resignation. "This woman is a chronic ——"

"I know, I know," said Ginny. "My mother was a chronic alcoholic too."

"You told me that long ago, Ginny," said John.

"You want to know why she left my father?" she continued. "Because I was too good for her, because it was best for me!"

"Stop wallowing, Ginny," said Wickersham. "I said it was best for you. I didn't say that's why she left."

"I know that's why," said Ginny, "or else she would have taken me with her. What mother doesn't need her child? Why does a woman leave her baby ——" Her voice broke. Turning on her heel, she ran into the bedroom.

Doctor Wickersham got up. "Sorry, John," he said. "I'd better leave the two of you alone."

The young man took him to the door. Just then the bell rang and Doctor Wickersham, opening the door, found a young girl standing there. "Are you Doctor Wickersham?" she said.

"I am."

"The elevator boy told me you'd be here. He said not to come, but I came anyway."

"And what do you want, my dear?" said Wickersham.

"Come to the hospital," said the girl. "I want you to see my mother. Right away."

"And who is your mother?" said Doctor Wickersham, fighting a rising anxiety.

"Mrs. Windle," said the girl. "Mrs. Dorothy Windle. She told me if ever she was real sick to take her to your hospital and call you right away. I was so scared this afternoon I couldn't leave her. But she's better now."

Doctor Wickersham stood quietly for a moment, his eyes fixed on the young girl's face. The woman was not his wife. There was no cause for panic. It was an ironical coincidence, that was all. He had had many patients named Dorothy. This girl's insistence meant nothing. He sought a pretext to refuse. Then John's voice came into focus in his ears. "That is the patient I was speaking of, doctor." He turned to the girl. "You mustn't disturb Doctor Wickersham. Everything has been done for your mother that needs to be done. Run along now and have a good night's sleep."

"I won't," said the girl. "She told me to get ——"

"I know," said John, "but he can't do anything more for her tonight. I give you my word on this."

"Is that true?" said the girl, her face troubled.

Wickersham stared at her. Seventeen or eighteen, perhaps, the age of Dorothy when he had first met her at a school dance, a freshman in the neighboring women's college, bright, eager, volatile, reading all the new books, straining against university discipline, cutting classes, but wildly exciting to the quiet boy he had been. Could this be her daughter? She was taller than Dorothy, lithe in the tight sheath dress, delicate of feature, but with a hint of strength and roughness in the set of the jaw that Dorothy had not had. The nose though, high-bridged and sharply outlined, the full mouth, the dark-fringed blue eyes, yes, these could be Dorothy's.

He turned to John. "Never mind, John," he said, "I'll go. You have your problem here tonight. I'll tackle this one." He smiled stiffly. "Too many hysterical females. Good night."

He took the girl to the lobby. "Wait here," he said. "I'll be back." He went to the penthouse, changed his lounging jacket for his suit coat and then, unable to face what he feared, lighted a cigarette and, as he often did at night, looked out the window. The city spread before him its shifting pattern of lights, reflected in the shimmering glaze on the clouds above it. No star was discernible. Bound in city smog, the sky refused its lights, but the earth supplied its green and gaudy neons.

Back in Maine, during his childhood, he had spent many nights on the flat porch roof outside his window, nearly frozen in his blanket, staring at the almost intolerable magnitude of the sky panorama. Here that immensity, that fullness of the eternal design, was refused to him. Eternity had shrunk. Divided between research and patients, between teaching and treatments, his yearning to be whole was denied him. The dreams he had had as a boy he had realized, but the yearning to by-pass each dream, to rise into a greater one, had dried up in him, had atrophied as his skin was dried, as his heart had died. He sighed, rubbed his cigarette stub into the ash tray and went down to the lobby.

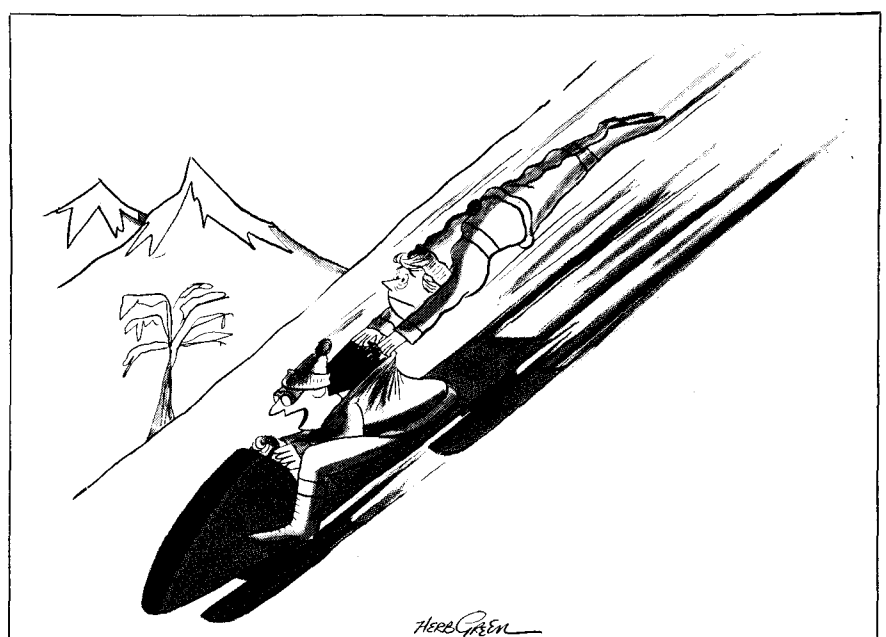
The girl's name was Alice. She was in school. One year more and she could quit and go to work. She already had a job in a Mexican hash house nights and Saturdays where nobody asked her age. What she wanted to do was to sing. She had a voice, they had told her in school. Maybe she'd go on television and get rich. Sure, money was that important. You could buy anything with money. The rest was for the owls.

Yeah, she liked to sing. She liked to make up songs with her own words. Maybe she'd learn to write them down. There was money in that, too, if you had the right kind of pull. And what would she do? Get her mother well, natch, then buy a car, a foreign baby size, and travel. With her mother? Was he kidding? She'd put her mother in the front room of the rooming house with her own furniture and a new refrigerator. Mrs. Shean, the landlady, was real nice to them. She always waited for Alice to come home from her job nights. Not that she needed to. She could take care of herself and had more than once. Mrs. Shean could look after her mother. But she'd have to be paid well.

"And then I'd go to Europe, see?" she said, her head high, easily matching her stride to his. To Spain, to France maybe, if she'd ever learn the language. She'd already learned some Spanish in the Mexican joint. "It's no use going to Paris unless you speak French. They'll pluck you to the last tail feather over there. I don't intend to be plucked."

They reached the hospital. "Third floor," she said. He didn't need her directions. He knew the free ward, the twelve-bed ward with the single row of cots with the dubious privacy of its cubicles. He was relieved to find most of the cubicles empty.

A nurse appeared. "Visiting hours are over," she (*Continued on Page 46*)



"Oh, relax, Helen—you're too tense."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NO HARD SHADOWS
STOCK UP NOW
DON'T BE A BULBSNATCHER
BY GEORGE BUY G-E
Ed. Nofziger
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"Get down from there, young man, and show me where I can buy some General Electric Soft-White bulbs."

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(*Continued from Page 44*) said to the girl. Then, recognizing Wickersham, she said in surprise, "You here at this hour!"

"Please take Miss Windle to the lounge," he said. "This is an interesting case." Resolutely he pushed aside the curtain and turned on the light.

The woman was sleeping, a deep-snoring, exhausted sleep. Her distorted body rose grotesquely under the counterpane. The arms, saffron color and mottled blue-black at the elbows, were held to the side of the bed by leather restraints. The face was deep yellow and revealed to Wickersham the extent of liver damage. There was a panoply of intravenous tubes to her feet and arms, and an intragastric tube, introduced through the nostril, was taped to her forehead.

He forced himself nearer. Then relief flooded him with such violence that he sat heavily on the chair beside her bed. It was not she. Some Dorothy Windle, unknown, but not his Dorothy. *Thank God*, he said inside himself, *thank God!*

The hair, brownish gray, hung lankly upon her forehead, the mouth hung open, the sharp nose stuck out from the folds of discolored flesh. A clogged circulation, a miserably abused body in which, obscurely, life's metabolism continued. A month maybe, no more.

"Thank God," he said passionately, "it isn't Dorothy."

He had not known he had spoken aloud, but the snoring ceased, the head lifted and fell and the open mouth closed. The woman swallowed and breathed a raucous breath, then turned fully toward him. The eyes, deep blue and dark fringed opened. "Ah, Larry," she said. "I knew you'd come."

He remained stunned, his breath short. She made a gesture toward him, but her tied arms fell back. "Take those things off," she said. "Take them off," she repeated, seeing he did not move.

"I cannot," he said. "The tubes."

"Take them off," she said a third time.

He rose and with wooden fingers untied the hand toward him and sat down again. "Eighteen years," he said.

Her eyes were hard on his face. "Yes," she said, "eighteen years." Then she flinched and with a grimace brought her hand to her forehead, brushing away her hair. "I'm sorry," she said dully. She rubbed her face as though to wipe the death fatigue from her cheeks. He felt her shame and could say nothing.

"I'm sorry," she said again. "I'm finished now. I won't bother you. But there is my daughter."

"Ginny is all right. Don't worry about her."

Her mouth lifted in a faint semblance of the smile he had known. "I know," she said. "I read the papers. No, I'm not worried about her. It's Alice."

"Alice?" He had forgotten. "Oh, yes."

"She got you, didn't she?" she said. "Alice, she's my daughter."

"Do you have any other children?"

"No," she said. "Ginny first, then Alice. Give me water—so thirsty."

He brought the glass of orange juice beside her bed to her lips. She drank. There was still some dried blood at the angle of her lips. *Oh, my Lord*, he thought. *This—this wreck!* He sat again, dizzy with horror. "Does she have a father?" he asked after a moment.

"He left me," she said. "Alice doesn't know him. We were married," she added with something like dignity in her voice. "He was nice, Larry. An artist."

He said nothing. He didn't want to know. He didn't want to put a face and a name to the partner of this coupling.

Her eyes did not leave his face. "I met him at the A.A.'s," she said. "He was trying, Larry. And I tried too."

"Don't tell me," he said. "It's over with."

Her hand, long-nailed and dry, was fumbling toward him. He had to take it in his own. He felt flayed. She held his hand, then let it drop. "Have you thought about me these eighteen years?" she said weakly.

He nodded. He had done all he could, given her all the money he had had at the time. A considerable sum for a young man. And two years later he had sent her through her lawyer half of a substantial inheritance. He had not heard from her after that. What else should he have done?

"I did try," she said. "For Ginny first, then for Alice. Even for Alice I couldn't. I couldn't, Larry, I couldn't! Nobody would help me, they wouldn't let me stop. It grew worse and worse, and the more I tried ——"

"I know," he said, trying to stem her outcry.

"No, no," she said. "You couldn't. Nobody knows. I couldn't find work and when I did, I got scared, so I drank again."

"You had money," he said. "More than was agreed in the settlement." Even as he spoke, shame choked him. *Do you match money*, he asked himself, *against child and love and anguish?*

She tried to raise herself, but the enormously distended belly would not let her. "Raise my bed," she said. "I can't breathe."

He stooped to the bed crank and raised her. "I shouldn't have let you go," he said, going to the window.

"You had to. At least Ginny has been safe from me. And then, fool that I was, I had to start all over again with Alice. Larry, this is killing her. Give me some juice. I'm parched."

"She is young," he said, holding the glass to her mouth. Then he wiped her lips gently with his handkerchief.

"I was young too," she said. "I didn't know." Then the cry she had contained so long rose to her lips. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He couldn't take it any more. He went into the hall, fell into a chair and lighted a cigarette. He drew the smoke deep into his lungs and closed his eyes. Dorothy. The blue laughing eyes, the arrogantly arched nose; the mouth wide, warm, witty. The admirable line of forehead, cheek and chin; the glorious warmth and glow of her hair; the body live and smooth that he had owned in the joy of his young manhood, and now this corruption, this magazine of death.

The nurse came to him, silent on her crepe soles. "Anything I can do, Doctor Wickersham?"

"No, thank you. Everything is fine, Miss Fenger." He stubbed out his cigarette and re-entered the cubicle. "Dorothy," he said firmly, "there is something we can try. But first, I'm going to put you in a private room."

"No," she said. "That doesn't matter. Larry, how much time is left?"

"We can't tell," he said. "You are quite ill, Dorothy. I won't lie."

"How much time?" she asked impatiently.

"I don't know, but there is a chance." He stopped, seeking the words that would tell her that surgery might kill her at once, but might save her if some liver function was left.

She waited, breathing hard, staring at him as though suddenly the man before her could wave a wand, lift a hand or raise the stone.

He recognized the look. The surgeon he was had met it so many times. It was hope and faith, and it was fear also, fear of the next words which he had to say. He said them automatically. "There is surgery after we've built you up. It won't improve you very much, but it will prevent further hemorrhages. It will give you time." He sneered at himself as he emptied himself of his speech. "Your case is advanced. It's your only chance, Dorothy."

"The surgery—is it risky?"

"Yes. At this stage it is."

For a moment her eyes closed tightly. "Would you do it yourself, Larry?"

"I'll be there. You know I will."

"And if it succeeds," she said, "how long do I have?"

"With care, perhaps many good years. You are not yet forty."

"I'm forty-two," she said.

"That's right. Only forty-two."

"It's for Alice," she said. "As for me ——" She made a vague gesture. "I would only ask for three, for four more years. I'd like to see her married to a good man. Safe. Just that."

"You could have four years," he said. "If it works. Maybe more."

"Ginny is happy?" It was the first time she had asked.

"Yes," he said. "She is going to have a child."

"When?"

"Very soon," he said. "She is nearing term."

"I saw their picture in the paper," she said. "Then I tore it up. I tore up everything, Larry. Every picture. Even ours."

He hesitated, but his courage failed him. *No*, he thought. *I cannot bring Ginny here. I cannot say, Ginny, here is your mother.* Dorothy had wanted to preserve her first child, the child of innocence and joy, from latter-day horror. Absently he watched Dorothy fumble with the ties around the right wrist, then give up. He should say something kindly, then leave. She was at the end of her strength. He started to rise, but her voice, thready now, stopped him.

"If you could take care of Alice," she said, "then I wouldn't mind going. Some sort of training. She likes to sing."

"I have a daughter," he said harshly. "I don't want her mixed up in this."

"I kept out of the way, Larry," she said humbly. "I never even tried to see Ginny. She would never find out."

"How could she help it if I suddenly take a young girl under my wing?"

"You could think of a way. She's only fifteen, Larry."

"I thought she was older."

"Fifteen, the twenty-third of May."

He rose, hating himself. He did not want to lie to her. He hated this abjection, this begging. He could promise her nothing, nor could he leave her this way. He had loved her. Was this pain, this writhing inside himself, another stab of love?

"I'll go now," he said. "I'll tell the nurse to give you a shot. You'll sleep; then tomorrow you'll tell me what you've decided about the operation."

"I'll tell you now," she said. "I guess I must. I'll have to take the chance." Her hands were clenched. "I'll say yes."

He braced himself. If she wanted it, he'd do his best. He had to. "Good girl," he said. He bent over her and put his dry mouth against her forehead on the clean tape that held the gastric tube. Her left hand came up and seized his arm. Through the light cloth of the sleeve, he felt her nails biting into his flesh.

"Larry," she whispered. "Larry!"

Raucous laughter made him straighten up. In the mirror he saw Alice, her face distorted, at the curtain of the cubicle. "Good grief!" she cried. "She's at it again. On her deathbed she's still at her old tricks."

"Alice!" cried Dorothy.

"I can't stand it!" cried the girl. She came to the foot of the bed and fixed her mother's face with a hot look of hatred. "Have you no shame? Can't you see yourself?"

"Be still," said Wickersham, a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"You're bats, you're bats!" said the girl, whispering now, a harsh, hissing whisper. "Aren't you ever going to give up?"

"Alice, my darling, please!"

Wickersham tightened his grasp, but the girl writhed out from under it. "Don't you touch me," she said. "I'm not like her."

"Alice, for the love of God!" gasped her mother.

"Alice," said Wickersham, "shut up and listen."

"No," said Dorothy, "don't say it, doctor. Don't ever say it!"

"You can't cut in, but feel perfectly free to dance alongside."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"There's nothing to say," said the girl blazing. "There's only one word I could say, and I won't. Not here, not now." Her voice breaking, she ran from the room. Wickersham pressed Dorothy's hand and followed the girl. She was racing past the nursing station, through the darkened back corridor toward the service staircase. Wickersham caught her as she was going down the flight of stairs and stopped her with a strong grip on her arm.

"You'll stop right here, Alice, and listen to me."

"I won't," she said. "I hate her, I hate her, you hear? And you too." She broke into a long, breathless sob.

"My dear," he said, "believe me, no matter what your mother has done, right now her heart is filled only with you." She sobbed, shaking her head. "She loves you so much that she is willing to put up with her suffering even longer just to stay with you a little more."

"No," she said. "No." She was crying with long, convulsive sobs as Dorothy had cried on the day of their parting, sobbing and holding her breath, even as Ginny had cried at the first big sorrow of a little girl's life. Dorothy, Ginny. And now Alice.

"You're only a child, Alice. "You can't understand."

Her sob broke into a hiccup or a laugh, he couldn't tell which. She sat suddenly on the stairs and buried her face against the thin, coltish knees. He, who had always left his patients to recover alone when they became hysterical—yes, tonight even Ginny—stood over her and waited. *Ginny*, he thought. *Ginny and Alice. If Dorothy had not given up her first daughter, would it be Ginny crumpled before him now? Ginny, clean, proud and protected, radiant in her young motherhood, and this crude, illiterate, violent child! Alice, the scapegoat who had been given his burden and had borne this wretchedness alone.*

"Alice," he said when the sobbing had subsided, "don't condemn your mother. I knew her long ago. I owe her a great deal. Both my daughter and I ——"

"You knew mother?"

"Yes," he said, "that's why she told you to call me. I am indebted to her more than I can say. I should have helped her, Alice, but ——"

"How could mother have helped *you?*" she said, stupefaction replacing the storm on her face.

"She doesn't want me to tell anyone," he said. "No, not even you. This is her right. But she loves you more than anyone she has ever loved." He had to say it, although jealousy for him and Ginny was struggling obscurely in his heart. "Do you believe me?"

She raised her shoulders, looked about her with distress and then met his eyes. "If you say so," she said.

"Good. Then go back to her. Be strong. You are a child, but she needs your strength."

She is stronger than both of us, he thought. She let him take her hand, and together they went to the nursing station. "Miss Fenger," he said, "I want a special nurse on this case. As soon as a private room is available, transfer Mrs. Windle to it. In the meantime, this girl will sleep in the empty cubicle next to her mother's. I'll order a sedative for her." He reached for the prescription pad and watched Alice enter slowly into her mother's ward.

"There's been plenty of noise from that young lady," said the nurse. "You'd better make the sedative a good one. I gave Mrs. Windle her shot just now." The telephone rang. "For you," said Miss Fenger.

He signed the prescription and picked up the receiver. "Hey, dad!" said the eager voice of his son-in-law. "I brought Ginny in just now. Pains every five minutes. She's starting labor. What do you know!"

"Is the doctor there?" asked Wickersham, his voice shaking.

"He'll be here by and by. Don't worry. There's plenty of time."

"How is she feeling? Did our argument ——"

"Oh, we patched that up fast," said John happily. "I gave in on everything. Her first baby present will be the medical encyclopedia! No, she's feeling great. See you later, dad."

Wickersham put down the receiver. "My daughter is in the labor room," he told Miss Fenger. "If a call comes, let me know immediately."

He returned to the ward. "All right, Alice," he said. "You will stay here tonight. Ask the nurse for whatever you need." Then, alone with Dorothy, he sat beside her bed.

"Thank you, Larry, for bringing Alice back." Her voice was faint, the drug-dilated eyes were closing. He must speak now, let some flicker of hope into her despair and pain.

"Listen, Dorothy." He caught her free hand and shook it. "Try to stay awake a minute longer, Dorothy." Slowly her eyes came into focus on his. "I'll take care of Alice. I know an American doctor in Paris, retired now, not much money." *Skip the details*, he thought angrily, watching the effort with which she kept her eyes open. "He and his wife will be glad to take her in. I'll get tutors and good training in singing for her. Will that do, Dorothy?"

Her tongue touched the dry lips, and he felt her struggling against the sedative. "Will you watch over her?"

"As though she were my own," he said. Then, painfully, "As I should have watched over you, Dorothy."

A little of her old smile came to the sagging mouth. "Bless you, Larry," she said. "My good, my wonderful Larry."

"And I'll get you the best surgeon. We'll try to give you time ——"

A frown drew the still lovely brows close, and her hand tightened on his. "No, Larry, no operation. It's useless now. I feel it." Her fingers stretched gently over the fresh counterpane. "Let me go like this—clean, happy. My Alice is safe—my Ginny—you here." Her eyes closed.

Pity clutched at his heart, but he spoke again. "Dorothy, Ginny is going to have her baby tonight. She's here now."

Her eyelids flickered, but did not open. He leaned close to catch the whispered words. "Ginny—good baby."

A hope? A memory? He could not know. He held her hands minutes longer till the even breathing told him that she slept. With heavy steps he left the room, walking in pity and regret, but now with greater love to the new life, Ginny's child, a part of Dorothy and of him—the better part, please God—which was coming. THE END

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It's About Time

It happened at breakfast;
We've reached the
millennium—
The kid ate his flakies
And didn't spillennium.

Henry Barton

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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The Defender of Shinar Bow

(Continued from Page 17)

true reason for her plight dawned upon her with a sickening jolt. Today was Saturday, and it was her custom to drive over to Sayers with the post on Friday afternoon to spend the holiday with friends. No one in Shinar Bow knew that she had not gone, that she had spent the night in the chapel.

Therefore she would not be missed for a long time. Alone and afoot, she could not hope to reach Gonzales, the nearest port of safety. Alone in Shinar Bow she must remain, with only the relics of Mr. Dupre to keep her company, until Santa Anna's men forded the Guadalupe and discovered her.

She felt sure that Mr. Dupre, had he been alive, would have known what to do for, whatever else, he had not been a coward. Large and opinionated, struck down by the fever in his very prime, Mr. Dupre had been an ardent jingoist who believed that Texas, now that she had achieved nominal independence, could and ought to annex Mexico, and perhaps the United States as far east as the Mississippi.

But Mr. Dupre was dead; beyond helping her in any way. She must help herself, and so she looked around for the means, and was lucky enough to find almost at once a dueling pistol, primed and loaded, that Spence had kept under the counter for emergencies.

Beside it there reposed a keg with some gunpowder, overlooked in the flight, and this reminded her of the old cannon on the roof of the new school. Ignored by her until this moment, it had rusted there for over a year, emplaced by Mr. Dupre, who had despised the school and yearned to convert it into an armory. Also, it had been the highest spot that he could find overlooking the river, and he had intended to repel, single-handed, the crossing of troops if they came.

She placed the pistol in her reticule, adding a flint and steel and a good-sized cheese that she found, picked up the keg and repaired to the schoolhouse.

From the moment she entered the schoolhouse, of course, Judith was transformed from mere woman into something a good deal more formidable—a schoolmistress.

She lugged the powder up the back stair to the parapeted roof where the cannon stood staring out across the river. She was now in plain sight of the Mexicans. Had they bothered to look in her direction they might easily have located her small figure.

Impatiently she removed the oldest of the three petticoats that she wore, tore a large square from it and dumped the powder upon the cloth. This she made into a neat bundle, stuffed into the mouth of the cannon and tamped down with the ramrod. The remainder of the petticoat served admirably for wadding.

After it she put in two cannonballs; but these seemed to her somehow inadequate, so she went down and gathered an apronful of round pebbles, large and small, and stuffed them into the cannon. The result did not entirely satisfy her utilitarian nature, for there was still over a foot of empty cannon barrel going to waste. Yet another apronful of gravel solved this nicely. The cannon was now so formidably pregnant that the last few stones dropped out of the mouth.

Having neither linstock nor lucifer matches she was forced to improvise a fuse. Now the cannon was ready to be sparked with her flint and steel. "And now let them come!" she muttered.

But it occurred to her that the cannon was not pointing fairly at the enemy, and as she struggled manfully to turn it, there came a new diversion. Some distance below the camp of the *carabineros*, where the gentle bow of the Guadalupe had left a broad, flat sand bar, fine for racing, half a dozen of Mexican cavalry had suddenly appeared in earnest pursuit of a lone rider upon a rangy bay.

The separatist was looking back over his shoulder at the puffs of smoke that issued now and again from the rifles of the horse soldiers and had not noticed the *carabineros*, who had left off their pulque drinking and fanned out, with hue and cry, to head him off.

Judith wanted to cry out, to warn him, but at the last moment he turned and saw the trap, swerved his horse down the riverbank and plunged into the swirling Guadalupe.

Seeing that he was unlikely to reach the near shore unaided, with so many striving to sink him, she knelt at once and struck fire to the improvised fuse, with the cannon bearing full upon the lot of them. Then she spun away and threw herself flat upon her stomach. As an afterthought she covered her ears with her hands.

The explosion, when it came at last, lifted her into the air and slammed her against the parapet, which alone kept her from being hurled to earth. Dazed, she sat up and saw that the cannon was now lying upon its back, muzzle pointed reproachfully in her direction. The breech was split, and the single remaining wheel spun lazily to a stop.

Beyond the Guadalupe, a squealing of horses and cursing in both the Spanish and the Yaqui tongue assailed her ears. Of the horseman in midstream there was no sign.

Shakily she crawled over to the stairway, lowered herself a step at a time into the schoolroom, where she had a good cry.

By and by she felt better, raised her head from the desk's comforting embrace and was rewarded with the sight of something huge and dripping that had just this minute slithered in through the open window next the river.

She screamed, but only because she had been nurturing that scream for a long while and did not wish to waste it. For clearly her visitor was neither a bear nor a minion of Santa Anna, but only he whom she had last seen hard-pressed in the current of the Guadalupe.

By his soft-tanned deerskin raiment and the giant Bowie knife at his belt, she guessed him to be one of that half-wild breed of adventurers who had first opened the trails west of the Sabine and Red rivers for the habitants of the bayous and the sodbusters of the north—a Texian.

Like most latter-day pioneers she did not regard herself as a Texian, but rather as a settler, and mistrusted the earlier species. Therefore, she looked askance at the pleasantly battered visage that confronted her, a youthful face, scarcely older than her own; and while she detected no certainty of barbarity there, neither was there any hint of the deference to which she was accustomed.

He did not remove his soaked and battered hat, which seemed a part of him, and there was a twinkle in his gray eyes that stirred her deeply in a way that she knew not and did not care to know.

"I," she announced after a stalemate of silence, "am Miss Judith March, the schoolmistress of Shinar Bow."

"Yes ma'am," he replied gravely, as if anyone could see that right off. He continued to stare at her.

She found it vaguely irritating. "I suppose you have some sort of name that you go by," she said, implying that it would not be his right one.

"Oh, yes," he said, reluctantly, as if he had not been of a mind to boast about it. "It's Hannibal Caesar Brown, ma'am, Ranger scout, First Regiment."

"I believe there is but one regiment so far," Judith said. "Rather less than a regiment, in fact. And where are the intrepid Rangers now—in hiding from Santa Anna?"

His eyes narrowed slightly. "No, ma'am," he said. "These are only wild *Indio* raiders from Coahuila, less than a thousand foot and horse, wearing soldier coats to make it go easier on them when they're caught, and a company of Rangers is on its way down from Waterloo this minute to give them a talking-to. I'd been set to keep an eye on them, only the *ginetes*—that's their cavalry—caught me spying on the main camp and took a shine to my dust. Then I kind of lost my horse and weapon in the river."

"I suppose you think you are quite safe, now that you have reached Shinar Bow," she said. "The truth is, I have been alone in this place for some hours. It was I who fired the cannon up on the roof, and even that has proved hopelessly defective."

She was gratified to see the look of dismay that briefly crossed his face. "Alone, ma'am?" he said.

"See for yourself," she said.

He bounded up the stair, and he was back in a trice. "What was in it, ma'am?" he said, morbidly fascinated by what he had beheld.

"Powder and shot, of course," she replied, "if you mean the cannon."

"How much powder?"

"Only one keg, and that not full," she said. "No more than a quart or two, I should think. It was all that I had."

"A keg, ma'am! A dad-blamed keg?" He sank down upon the steps and owlishly regarded her until she could bear it no longer.

She felt that his attitude bordered upon impertinence. Moreover, the constantly repeated "ma'am" was getting on her nerves. "You seem to forget," she said at last, "that I saved your life with that single burst."

"Saved my life?" he repeated sadly. "Ma'am, you shot my horse!"

Well, that was that. Of course, she had only his word for it.

Furiously she took up a thin volume from her desk wherein yesterday she had marked a certain passage, the assertion that fear betrays ignoble souls, and began to read the words over and over. She found them, somehow, less splendid and sustaining than when first discovered. The enemy must surely have spied the old cannon on the roof by now, noted its peculiar position and concluded that it was safe to cross the Guadalupe. How pleased they would be, she thought, to find only an unarmed Ranger scout and a helpless woman upon the other side!

Meanwhile Hannibal Brown, who seemed to have forgotten all about the Mexicans, arose leisurely, stretched his magnificent frame in all directions, and strolled over to her desk. She paid him no mind.

"Poetry?" he said at last.

"Yes, it is," she replied.

"I thought so," he said simply.

His clever repartee, unfortunately, was spoiled at that moment when his hatbrim collapsed, spilling a small reservoir of Guadalupe River water upon her dress.

"Sorry, ma'am!" he cried, attempting clumsily to brush the water off.

With an outraged gasp she drew back from his touch. "How dare you!" she breathed.

He, in turn, backed away from her as if he had been stung. "What am I, ma'am," he said, "some kind of animal?"

"You—you take liberties," Judith stammered, suddenly very flustered. It had been quite proper to spurn his advance. Why, then, must every fiber of her being cry out that she had blundered! Why did she feel like falling down in a fit of weeping?

But Hannibal Brown was still smoldering. "I've seen your kind before, ma'am," he said. "Whenever a man lays a hand on you, you climb up on your high horse right away. Why, you're so afraid of being defiled, you spend your whole life building a nice, safe nest with maidenly good works—and with these!" He snatched an armload of books from the shelf and thrust them at her.

"You may take your hands off my books as well," she said.

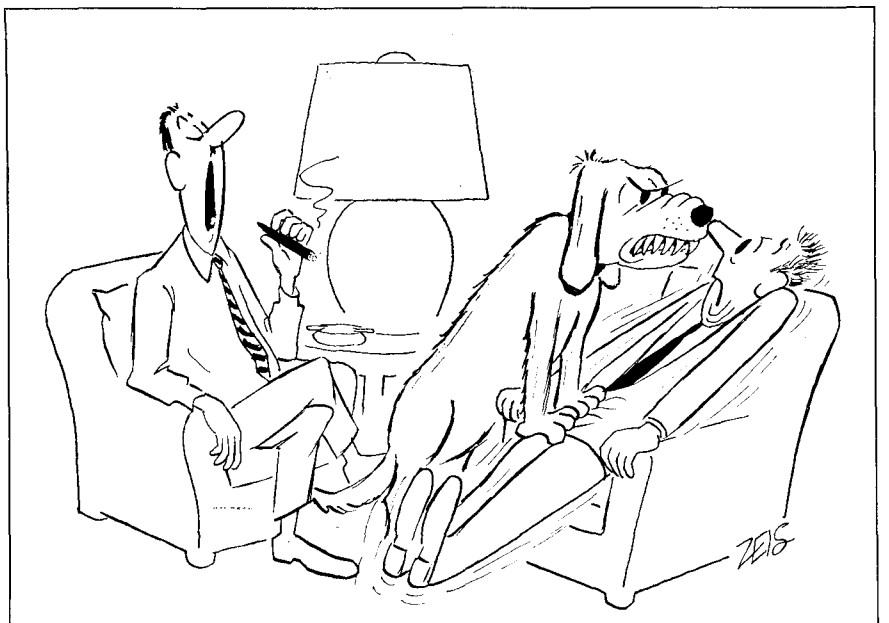
He threw them all on the floor.

That did it. She removed the pistol from her reticule and aimed it carefully at his belt buckle.

"Ho' now, ma'am!" Hannibal Brown said angrily, putting up his hands and edging toward the window.

At that critical moment there came the ring of iron-shod boots upon the slope outside the school. Hannibal Brown vanished through the window, and she was left alone in sudden terror, unable to speak or move as she waited to face their true and dreadful enemy.

Silent was his shadow when he came. As silently he now stood in the open doorway, the color of an old saddle, splendid above the waist in the cerulean coat and white baldric (*Continued on Page 50*)



"Just let him know that you're not afraid of him."

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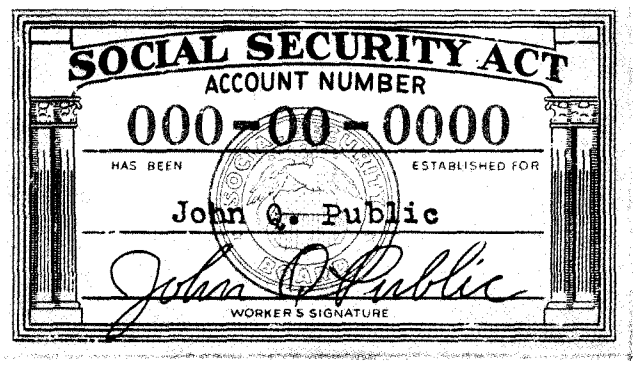

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(*Continued from Page 48*) of the Republic of Mexico. Below the belt, unfortunately, the gay illusion ended in the doldrums of dirty, ragged pantaloons, so eroded at the bottom that they scarcely met the tops of his jack boots.

Seeing Judith there all alone, he smiled broadly. It was not a pleasant smile. She knew well enough what it meant, and it disturbed her infinitely more than the long-barreled muzzle-loader that he was waving in her direction.

The pistol sagged in her hand. She dared not use it, for there was only one bullet, and the sound of it would surely bring the others. Had Mr. Dupre been alive, he would doubtless have admonished her of what frontier women were expected to do in such extremity, and it was the image of Mr. Dupre that swam before her eyes just now, stern and unyielding. She turned the pistol and pressed the muzzle against her own breast.

At her slight movement there came, from the direction of the open window, a hollow groan. A hand feebly appeared upon the window sill; one finger clearly admonished her. The hand clawed and fell back.

The irregular of Santa Anna was diverted. He looked at the window; then he looked at Judith again and licked his lips. A slight whimper came from the region of the window, insidiously compelling. Very carefully he stalked the sound. Ever so cautiously he poked out his head. A hand leaped up to snatch him through, and only his doomed cry lingered after him in the schoolroom.

As for Judith, she stampeded. Straight out the door and down the path toward the river she ran until she found herself, at length, groping in thick, black smoke that billowed up from below.

Only now she saw that the whole settlement of Shinar Bow was in flames; heard the whooping horse soldiers in the street. Without stopping she reversed her course and ran swiftly in the direction from which she had come.

She did not stop until she reached the old chapel, a fortress of solid adobe; there she entered the still gloom of Mr. Dupre's company once again and barred the heavy oaken door behind her.

She was leaning against the door for support, when there came a volley of rifle fire from below, and immediately afterward a frantic pounding upon the door behind her.

"Let me in, ma'am!" the voice of Hannibal Brown said.

She was silent for a moment, debating the wisdom of it. Decidedly she wanted nothing more to do with him. He had upset her in a way that she could never forgive. Still, he had saved her life, and she remained in his debt for this trifle.

"Aw, now, ma'am!" he exclaimed.

So she lifted the bars grudgingly and let him fall in at her feet.

"Whew!" he remarked.

He had acquired a rifle, powder and shot in his encounter with the hapless Mexican, as well as a matched pair of silver bracelets which jangled upon his left wrist.

Gloating indecently, she thought, he allowed the door to swing open a few inches and was greeted with a fresh spattering of hot lead from the wildly yelling *ginetes*, who had encircled the chapel.

Calmly he took a bead on the nearest. From the borrowed weapon there came a dull click. Hannibal Brown drew back in the shelter of the door and emptied the powder flask into his hand, a little at a time. Every grain of the powder was damp and useless, obviously having been immersed in the Guadalupe.

Wide-eyed, Judith huddled in the darkness of a high-backed pew and watched him. Her own last recourse remained the same, the dueling pistol which she still gripped tightly in her lap.

Hannibal Brown took out his Bowie knife, and began thoughtfully to pare his nails. Meanwhile his eyes roved the old chapel with benevolent interest and fell at length upon the coffin of Mr. Dupre.

He did not turn a hair. "Friend of yours?" he said, pointing with the knife blade.

"I think not," replied Judith, who was truthful in all things.

"Mean old coot, huh?"

"He was a man who would have died for Texas," she said, "though, I believe, he did not like anyone in it."

"Sometimes," Hannibal Brown said, pointedly eying the pistol in her lap, "it takes more courage to live than to die."

"Death is a fact," she said, "and we must be honest enough to face it."

"I wouldn't know about that, ma'am," he said. "What I know about is staying alive, and that's our problem now. I was kind of thinking how nice it would be if we had a hostage."

Their privation in this respect seemed to strike Hannibal Brown, as well as herself, for he leaned against the open door, and a look of absolute melancholy pervaded his features. Presently he groaned.

She started up before she realized that he was up to his old tricks. Was it possible, she wondered, that he believed the enemy must inevitably be drawn to that ridiculous sound?

It seemed unlikely; nevertheless, the echo of his deathly plaint had scarcely died away when something *did* move just outside the door.

Had Hannibal Brown heard the slight sound? Though her eyes beseeched him, he made no sign. Suppose that he had not heard it—must meet death unsuspecting with only a knife to defend himself! Then and there Judith had her moment of truth. However objectionable the attitude of this man, she loved him.

Little enough she had asked of life until this moment; no longer for her the sanguine expectations of her springtide. All the same, the impossible had happened. He was the one, and she knew it full well and could not sit helplessly by and watch death claim him.

And so, when the scuffed toe of a jack boot intruded noiselessly in the doorway, she raised her pistol, no longer selfishly hoarded, and shot that toe off.

Hannibal Brown, primed to spring only at the proper time, threw wide the door and made a fruitless grab for the owner of the boots. A bullet flicked at his sleeve for his pains, and it was necessary for him to slam the door hastily.

With grim finality he put up both the bars, turned and regarded Judith in fraught silence. His sleeve was now crimson-stained, and blood dripped steadily from his fingertips to the floor.

"I am very much afraid," Judith said in a subdued voice, "that I have spoiled everything."

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"I pray that there be no bitterness between us if we are both to perish now," she said. "Can you forgive me for all that I have accomplished toward your destruction?"

"We all die sometime, ma'am," he said, "and I was dead wrong to call you those names at the school. I spoke in anger."

"No, no," she protested, "you were right. I am a plain woman, no longer young, who has, I am afraid, known very little of men."

"Oh, no, ma'am!" Hannibal Brown said. "Why, you'd not be a day over thirty—over twenty-six, that is. And you're real pretty. Any man would be proud to have you for his wife."

She was thirty-two and looked it. Yet how her lower lip quivered, how her heart spasmed at his absurd statement! The privacy of her confusion, threatening to overflow from wide, blue eyes, was spared only because some heavy object, at that moment, crashed against the door.

"They've brought a log for a battering ram," Hannibal Brown said quietly.

"Will it take them very long to break down the door?" she said.

"Not long, ma'am. They've got all the men they need."

"Then you'll not let them take me, alive," she said, drawing close to him, "but hold me tightly against you, and let it be at the last moment—with the knife."

Convulsively he drew her to him, and she shut her eyes and buried her face in the damp fringe of his jacket.

Once again the log slammed thunderously against the door.

"Hold on, ma'am," said Hannibal Brown suddenly. "Did any of these horse soldiers see you come here?"

Uncomprehending she shook her head.

"Then it's only *one* they're after—me. None of them knows that you exist, and I've an idea where you'll be safe and sound until they've gone."

He dragged her forward to the altar. "Under *him*, ma'am. It may not be homelike in there, but it's the one place they'd never look. These *ginetes* are mainly Yaquis, but *muy católico*. They'd not dream of desecrating the Christian dead."

"Nor must we!" she shuddered. "Let me die with you."

"No," he said. "You've no right to ask of any man what you've asked of me, not when there's a way out, and you'll do as I say for once in your life."

She could see that he really meant it.

Seeing her long face, he smiled for the first time in her presence and was suddenly rather less homely than she had thought. "I'll fight a lot better, knowing you're safe, ma'am," he said.

But we ought to fight for our own, she found herself thinking. And as she numbly watched him lift Mr. Dupre out onto the floor, a design formed in her brain, at once so desperate and diabolical that she wondered that she was not struck down instantly by divine lightning.

"All ready," Hannibal Brown said.

"You must lean over and remove the quilted bottom lining to place over me," she said.

"You're dallying, ma'am," he said. "We can use the pall for that."

"But I shall need more room," Judith said. "Trust me to do my part."

"Yes, ma'am, I trust you," he muttered. And as he bent over the casket to rip out the lining, she brought the heavy pistol down hard upon the back of his head.

She removed only his hat and blood-stained jacket and put them upon Mr. Dupre, having neither time nor inclination to exchange their trousers.

Mr. Dupre was fairly stiff, unyielding in death as he had ever been in life, but she labored with a strength hitherto unknown, dragged him to the rear of the chapel, and propped him up behind his own mourners' bench.

She pulled the wide-brimmed hat well down over his eyes, though it was said that all *yanquis* looked alike to these people, and unlikely, besides, that any of them had had a close look at Hannibal Brown.

Under his right arm she tucked the muzzle-loader; within his left hand she placed the equally useless pistol. And now it seemed to her, as the front door began to splinter and she hurriedly left him there, that there was a chauvinistic sneer upon his face that she had not noticed before. A look of destiny.

It was now a simple matter to lift the feet of Hannibal Brown and tumble him the rest of the way into the bottom of the coffin. This she accomplished, and covered him. Still, of course, they might discover him, and so she did what had to be done, trying not to think about it. She clambered into the coffin, even as the front door burst in with a horrific rending sound, composed herself, and lowered the lid.

For an eternity she lay and listened to the trampling feet, and when she heard the scratching fingers at the lid of the coffin, she steeled herself for what might come. Now the light struck her eyelids. She managed to make no movement as they stood looking down at her, trusting that she was pale enough to pass in her somber brown dress.

When they moved away from her, many years later, she was faint from holding her breath, but dared not breathe until they had left the chapel. Even then she would not believe that they had escaped so easily, but continued to lie motionless, listening and dying with every sound.

Fortunate it was that she did not move, for one of the horse soldiers had remained behind as the others rode off, making a great show of tightening his saddle girth. Watching carefully until the others were out of sight, he entered the chapel once more, making straight for the coffin this time.

Judith was sure that it was the end, and when he reached out and seized the small gold locket about her throat which had earlier taken his eye, cruelly twisting the chain to break it, she uttered a low moan.

The lower recesses of the casket exploded, and she was hurled up and out as Hannibal Brown came up, wide awake and fighting mad. Of his great strength, there was no need, for the battle-scarred veteran of Guerrero and of Santa Anna had fainted.

And now that a horse providentially awaited them, it might have been thought that they would ride out of there as fast as possible. But Judith, seeing Mr. Dupre lying there all alone, fell upon her knees and prayed harder and more earnestly than she had ever prayed in her life for the redemption of her soul and for Hannibal Brown's, with whose hers must inevitably be entwined hereafter. Seeing her penitence, her confederate lugged Mr. Dupre back to his rightful resting place and helped her, not very gently, to her feet.

Only then they fled the valley of the Guadalupe, soon finding themselves high above the river and well out of danger.

Hannibal Brown was still not speaking to her, but Judith had observed that his arm was unnecessarily tight about her waist—had, in fact, become tighter and tighter as they rode along.

No longer wholly respectable, she let it pass. Now it mattered only that they were alive; that the buffalo clover rippled fetlock deep all about them. That it was spring, and all of nature knew it.

THE END

... ...

Lines for a Warm Afternoon in February

By Sandra Schor

I might have rinsed
The dogwood trees
Or mended clouds
Or spoon-fed bees
Or tidied grass
Or simmered flowers
So welcome were
These April hours.

... ...

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Arguments I Lose (Continued from Page 37)

"There isn't any Jimmy Martin either."

"You just said there was!" I still am not graceful about losing arguments to children.

"I made him up."

I picked up the paper again and began to look at the words. *Kid can't even read,* I scoffed silently.

Looking at him, one would never realize that beneath the towheaded mop of hair lurks the mind of a junior Philadelphia lawyer. Certainly there is nothing extraordinary about a boy who likes to consume great quantities of chocolate milk—which he insists upon preparing himself—along with white-sugar sandwiches, even if he does prefer them without butter. Nothing startling there, I say; a bit big for his age, keeps in shape, will eat anything which he considers will develop his muscles, likes cowboy pictures, bugs, animals and nearly everything else except spinach, onions and peas. The extraordinary thing is that he's a child. And he has a child's extraordinary mind. For instance:

"Why isn't a pound of feathers as heavy as a pound of iron?"

"They are."

"Then, if you dropped a pound of feathers on your head from a high building would they kill you?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because they're not very dense."

"What's dense?"

"The pound of iron is dense."

"I know. You said that."

"What?"

"That the feathers are not very dense."

"Oh." He was silent for a moment, while I went back over the conversation to try and find the question. But I was too slow.

"Sometimes mom says that I am dense."

"Your mother is a very wise woman."

"If you dropped me on your head from a high building would I kill you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you're dense." *I got you there,* I thought.

"I would not kill you!"

"Yes you would."

"I wouldn't because I couldn't."

"Yes you would."

"I would not. Because if you were standing on the ground, how could you drop me from a high building so I would fall on you?"

"I would be standing on the ground, and you would jump."

"Why would I jump?"

"I don't know," I said.

"I wouldn't kill you."

"I'm glad."

Sometimes we go on walks, my antagonist and I, and one of the favorite places we visit is a muddy water hole some distance from our house. What this mudhole is, really, is a place where the resident farmer has bulldozed a depression out of the ground, allowing any rain water and so on to conglomerate in this spot. It is, superficially, a dirty-looking place, our mudhole, and not one which you could describe as the normal kind of tourist attraction. But nonetheless it does have certain charms. For one thing, it is secluded, and there are rocks on one side where you can sit, and there is shade there, too, so that it is no hardship to remain for some time, once you arrive.

Another thing this place has is frogs. There are frogs in this pond—frogs of all sizes, from tadpoles up. This colony is presided over by a large bullfrog, who always is to be seen beside the same log, lying very still with his nose just above the water line and the rest of him spread out in spraddle-legged magnificence just below the water line. Frogs are very interesting creatures, and at this point there is a temptation to write the rest of my story about them, because it would be easier and less painful. But I started out to write of my son, and I will selflessly remain true to purpose, as I am a great believer in truth and fairness and the good thing for humanity.

Although for me it is pleasant just to sit and watch these frogs, my son takes a more direct and active interest than I. It appears that it is his intention to determine what makes them tick, or if perchance it occurs that they do not tick after all, it naturally follows that he will require to know the reason for this miraculous phenomenon.

Bob's interest, however—direct and all as it is—had never led to any new biological revelations, mainly because the young upshoot had never managed to catch anything.

Sooner or later, however, the law of averages always rewards persistence. And so it was that on this particular day, my young man found himself with a bullfrog by the hind leg. I do not know how to explain what happened then, because my son, although unsuccessful at this pond, has at other times had considerable personal contact with frogs. Perhaps it was the formidable size of this specimen or maybe it was the heady excitement of the unexpected triumph. Whatever the reason, the results were catastrophic. The frog, on realizing his predicament, emitted a noise such as would occur if a bull moose with a head cold decided to blow his nose. I may not have mentioned that surrounding this water hole is the kind of mud into which, on a hot summer day, it is pleasant to put your feet and then wriggle your toes. This is a very slippery type of mud and, since the banks of the pool incline sharply, a precarious footing is afforded, even under ideal conditions.

The conditions prevailing upon capture of the frog were not ideal. What happened was that the young scion's center of gravity swung too far away from the point of balance. There was a big splash, and Bob, still clutching the frog, became, for the most part, submerged, while I scrambled to render assistance. There ensued such a struggle as is hard to describe outside of the medium of television. For instance, if you take Mike Nelson—or some such stalwart of the scuba set—wrestling an alligator in the Florida Everglades and scale the whole thing down far enough, you have a small boy wrestling a bullfrog in a mudhole. However, the bullfrog escaped before much more time had elapsed, and there was no further reason to delay the rescue.

"You should never try to capture bullfrogs if you've got your feet in mud," I advised as I sluiced away the worst of the mud. Bob did not reply to this, and I smiled with satisfaction at the soundness of my instruction. *There is not much to be argued with advice like that,* I thought.

But there are several ways to win a debate.

Everything dried off after a time as we sat on the rocks. Laddie, our dog, lay panting on the rock beside us. He had taken the whole thing very calmly. It was extremely hot now but, in the shade of the tree, two of us at least didn't notice.

"Laddie looks hot," said Bob.

"Yes," said I.

"We should throw him in the water," said Bob.

"Why?"

"Well, it's not very nice for him to be hot."

"He is not complaining," I said.

"It would be fun to see what he'd do."

"In this family we do not cause our animals distress just for fun." But in a moment I found myself looking at the dog. *He does not seem very lively at that,* I thought.

"Here, Laddie," I called. "Nice dog." I blush to think of it.

I lifted his panting, face-licking, trusting bulk into my arms, and then, accompanied by the urging of my son, I thrust him into the pool. The dog swam to the bank, climbed out, shook himself and fixed me with the accusing eye.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Bob.

"Ha," I laughed also, looking at them. "You are both kind of funny."

When we were home again, inquiries were made. "What have you been doing?" asked the mother of the boy. She seemed curious.

"Oh, Bob just got outwrestled by a bullfrog," I smiled.

"And dad," said my young companion, "threw poor Laddie into the pond."

"Shame!" said my wife, and she was looking at me. The whole thing was a frame.

Later, when we were alone, I reproved him. "You framed me," I accused.

"What does frame mean?" he asked.

"It means that you are a backstabber."

"I am not."

"You are. You got me to dunk the dog. You were in a huff because I laughed. You were frightened by a little frog. Who wouldn't laugh?"

He said nothing for a moment.

"How many legs are on a flea?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Sooner or later it was bound to come to that."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why not?"

"I have never been interested in the legs of a flea."

"Why?"

"Up until now it has never seemed important."

"It is important."

"To whom?"

"To the flea."

"I am not a flea."

"Then you can't know how a flea feels, can you?"

"No, I suppose not," I allowed. "What has this to do with the bullfrog and your subsequent conduct?" I asked. He did not answer.

"How many warts has a toad?" he asked.

"This, also, is beyond my knowledge," I replied.

"But a toad would know if you took one away from him, wouldn't he?"

"It is quite likely," I said.

"And why would he know?" There was a quality of waiting patience in the voice now, and I felt like a boy who confronts his teacher with his homework poorly done.

"Because he is a toad?"

"Yes."

It appeared then that this was the end of the discussion. It seemed that he had proved a point to himself. I felt vaguely uneasy about admitting it, but I did not see the point.

"What has this to do with the frog?" I asked again.

Bob looked at me. "Why did you laugh when I was frightened by the frog?"

"I thought it was funny," I said.

"Did you catch the frog?"

"No, of course not."

"Are you a boy?"

"No," I said.

No, I am not a boy who caught a frog, or a flea whose legs are important to him or a toad in danger of losing a wart. And since I am none of these, how could I know how it feels? Why should I laugh at what I don't understand?

Besides winning arguments, children are especially adept at turning the comparative phrases.

"Plain as a weasel in a barnyard," is a recent one and plainer by far than the nose on your face.

"Fat as an egg," is another, used in reference to my beltline and with more frequency than is strictly necessary. And besides, it isn't true either, not strictly.

Children are serious sometimes, too, and it is not always necessary to refute their wisdom. I said that Bob appears sometimes to be younger than six and sometimes perhaps fifteen or sixteen. This is true of all children, and periodically it is evident that their range of wisdom is wider even than this.

The television was on, and an old newsreel was showing. It showed, in some detail, scenes from the start of Hitler's war. There were tanks and guns and soldiers moving toward the Polish border, and there were planes flying over Warsaw. And in the streets people heard them come, and we again saw people running, children in arms or with their children clutching their hands. The people ran for safety, and the roar of planes was loud before the bombs. And afterward people returning; and in the crowds sometimes children alone, crying. Bob looked intently for a while and said nothing, and I watched him.

"Why do we have wars?" he asked afterward.

"I don't know," I said. "It is difficult to explain."

"If people would love each other there would be no wars, would there?"

"No," I said.

There is not much to argue with advice like that. THE END

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The Helpless Role (Continued from Page 21)

"I am," he said. *Yes, madly Scotch, or more properly: Scottish.*

She looked him over, the tired jacket, baggy trousers, old-fashioned boots; and then she gave attention to his skis. "Those boards are from the ark," she said. "Can't you afford some new equipment?" She took off dark glasses to inspect him. "At least you could stick yourself to a pair of edges."

"I will," he said. *A decent comfortable lassie*, he recalled, *was the doctor's order.* She seemed to be decent, not comfortable quite somehow. "Who are you yourself?" he asked politely.

"I myself am Charlotte Spens," she said, "of New York City, at your service. Well not exactly," she explained, "because I'm all engaged to Cyprian Crump." Now she blushed. How bewitchingly the blush spread on, about and round and through that well-oiled tan. "What do you do?" she asked. "Your job, I mean."

"I'm a sheep farmer," he replied.

"You look like one," she said. "I might have guessed." She chuckled. "You look like one with lambing troubles."

"That's it," he said. "That's just exactly it. What do you do?" he asked. "Your job, I mean."

"No job. I was in the TV racket for a stretch, but now I'm a social parasite with mummy, and with Cyprian until we're married."

"What does he do?" MacArbuthnott asked.

"He's one of your English diplomats," she said.

"British." Pedantry was one symptom of his mental sickness.

"Well, British. What's the difference? Well, anyway, Sippy is as smart as a whip and crazy handsome. He's a counselor or something at the United Nations. He's the brains behind it. The trouble is that Sippy skis a bit too well for me. I don't mean that's a bad thing, because the more things that a man does better than his better half the better—it's the one sure way to a perfect adjustment, so my mother says. And it isn't as if I'm not quite a hot performer on the boards myself." Her eyes flickered over him. "But anyway, if we ski together, Sippy has to hang around; so he sends me on with my little knapsack and my *hellesbier* to keep me company, and then he waits, and then he joins me like the bats of hell. I can sort of feel him coming in my bones right now." Sippy's fiancée watched the Devil's Dive in rapt expectancy. "Roll on, Cyprian," she muttered.

But Gavin heard a sound. It came from the valley far below, a tremulous cry for mum. Some small Swiss lamb was bleating. And he was transported—not to that steeply alien glen, but nine hundred miles to lambing fields at home. "Och, my lambs!" he said, in terrible nostalgia, he who owned so many thousand lambs. Two tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Poor you," she said and touched his hand and took her hand away quite quickly. "Such a softy sop, and rather sweet. I never knew Scotchmen cried."

"Scotsmen," he corrected. He wiped his "softy" tears away. Gavin MacArbuthnott crying on a mountainside? He, *der fliegende Schotte*, the Flying Scotsman of this very hill? Yes, that was what they called him in his heyday. Gavin MacArbuthnott, youngest company commander in Korea. "I beg your pardon?" he said, a polyglot grace and clumsiness of skiers hissing past this sunny waiting place.

"I just said, You must love your baa-lambs very much. It's like daddy says to mummy: 'Annabel,' he says, 'I would not love thee dear so much, loved I not dollars more.' Only you love baa-lambs. Oh, daddy is terrific. Daddy's simply Superman for me."

"What does daddy do?" he asked. The lamb was quiet.

"Daddy is a terrific sort of ringer-in tycoon. He clobbers one of those washed-up old corporations, and it falls into his hands for peanuts. Then daddy gives it a darned-good personnel upheaval, puts in some know-how and oh, the grizzled heads do roll! Then he sells, and another few million after capital gains land clear and cool right in his pocket. That's his line of business—daddy is terrific. We have a huge ranch in Wyoming too. It was one of daddy's profitable hobbies, but he made it over to me as a legitimate sort of tax finagle."

"Sheep?" asked MacArbuthnott.

"Herefords," Miss Spens said tartly. "We don't dig those little squares and robbers of the range, not in Wyoming, no we don't."

"Oh," he said. "Don't dig" sounded less than love for sheep.

"You seem so sort of woebegone and tearful-prone. Money troubles, I suppose. You need a bit more of my daddy in you. Next to Cyprian, daddy is the most terrific thing that ever wore a pair of pants; but I suppose you're a kilted man. Where is your kilt?"

"At home," he said.

"You should have brought it," she reproached him. "Kilts couldn't look worse than what you've got on. Oh, well." Miss Spens blushed most becomingly again. "I tell you what," she said rapidly. "Would it cheer you up if I gave you skiing lessons? I can teach, I really can. And it wouldn't cost you a single nickel. I know Cyprian won't mind. He can ski his head off while I teach you. But you'll have to get some edges on that ski. Can you afford it? Because——"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I could afford a pair of edges."

"I do wish Sip would come," she said. "Where are you staying?"

"At the Teufelskrone," Gavin said. "I arrived this morning."

"That's where we are," she said. "But it's terribly expensive." She looked at him with some quick sympathy.

"The travel people sent me there," he said. "And so I went."

"Poor you," she said. "All the world's a sheepdog to your sheep—but never mind. You sort of send the mother ewe in me, and so I'll teach you. O.K.?"

"Thank you very much," he said. He did not know where he sent the mother ewe in her, but he knew that there was a kindly feeling in her heart for him, to tell him what to do, to teach him.

"Here comes Sip at last!" she cried. She sprang to her feet to watch with burning eyes a rakish figure in racing green come rocketing down the devilish steepness of the Devil's Dive. He was good, no doubt of that, locked skis, the swaying rhythm of the body. He drew up in a long graceful slide, devilish handsome and debonair, a flash of silk handkerchief at the neck, a worldly smile. "Here I am, my poppet," he said. His glance idled over Gavin MacArbuthnott and again to more important things—to Miss Spens, now putting on her skis.

MacArbuthnott did not speak. He stared. He simply stared from one of these Olympians to the other; and she said, "Sippy, honey, this is Gavin MacArbuthnott, who loves sheep."

"An Oviphile," said Crump. He nodded greeting. "So quaint, so egregious are the sheeplike loves of men."

Charlotte Spens laughed heartily. "My, you're funny," she said. "Come on then, funny lover boy, let's *schuss*. Be seeing you, perhaps," she said to the lover of sheep. "And do cheer up."

"That's a lugubrious farmer oaf," came floating up from Crump.

Thus, left with his faulty equipment from the ark, the "lugubrious farmer oaf" made such adjustments as he could and skied on slowly, sadly to the bottom. *I hate your guts*, he thought, reflecting on Cyprian Crump, which may have been what made him feel a little better.

He descended in the Teufelskrone elevator (vintage 1912), and went by lofty rooms containing bound copies of the *Illustrated London News*, antimacassars, ferns, to the quite modern cocktail bar and dance room. His doctor had enjoined him to look upon the wine when red; and, having by no means always been a lugubrious farmer oaf, he took wine to include Martinis, with which he now hoped to load his dismal self. There were parties round the walls, but perched at the bar one person only. She was not a smoky-red brunette like that other one, his potential ski instructress. She was a blonde with hair the color of an autumn birch. She looked at him at ease and leisure through sweeping eyelash thickets until she said, "Hullo."

"Hullo," he said. *My boy*—remembering the words of the old laird—*a true Highlander is Sir Galahad to every woman, be she wall-grown peach or pikestaff plain.* "May I offer you a drink?"

"Sure and you may," she said, "and I'm accepting a very dry Martini. I was lonely," she said. "I got lonely on my lonesome by myself, and then you came. I'm Judy O'Hara, christened Lucibel, but I took Judy for my public name to be a model."

"A model?" he said. "You mean you sort of show dresses off?"

"I sort of do," she said, "or the foundations for them. It was my own foundation did that for me."

"Do you like it, being a model?"

"It's a job," she said, "and one that I'm equipped for. But some things I don't like—for instance, all those females everywhere, and the men are not quite men exactly, not what I call men like you."

His spirits rose an inch. "What do I do?" he answered. "I'm a sheep farmer in the Highlands and my name is Gavin MacArbuthnott."

"My dad has sheep in County Wicklow," Judy said. "Oh, I do love a real raw man who loves his sheep. Do you know that nice, kind, father feeling?"

"I think I do," he said. "Shall we have another?"

"I can manage lots more easily," she said. "Are you here alone?"

"I am," he said. "Are you?"

"I was, for my sins since yesterday, and lying on my lonesome all day long by that skating rink; but I wasn't lonely in the sun—I'm like a pussycat about the sun—and I'll tell you something, Gavin, dear, the sun is getting too hot to wear too much, and a penthouse is what I'll soon be after needing. But now you've come, so let's be a team together—will we start with dinner?"

"By all means, yes," he said.

So after dinner tête-à-tête, a bottle of champagne, half a decanter of vintage port, *crème de menthe* frappé for the model, kümmel for the farmer, they returned to dance.

"You don't smile ever," Judy said to him. "You're so stern and silent, absolutely all a man."

"And you a woman," he said sincerely.

Cyprian Crump and Charlotte Spens were dancing too. Now all of them joined up, and Charlotte said on the floor: "Who is this dumb stack of dishes? Did she pick you up?"

"She was lonely at the bar," he said. "She is Judy O'Hara, an Irish model or mannequin, you know; her own foundation did that for her; and her father has sheep in Ireland. That is all I know."

"That's all a sheep farmer needs to know," said Charlotte Spens, who was a very good waltzer; but then Cyprian Crump asked the band leader for a tango, which few Scotsmen dance, and so they sat to watch the diplomat and the model perform a stealthy slumber-gliding tango with grave care, until Miss O'Hara tilted up her beautiful blank face and said a word or two to him, and Crump neighed with laughter. "Sippy is the tops," said Charlotte Spens. (*Continued on Page 59*)

"One more thing—in case of emergency, what's the phone number of your grocer?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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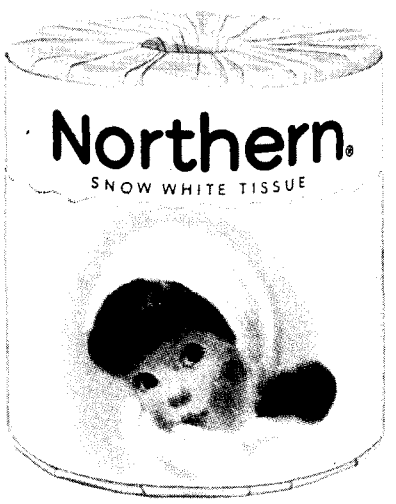

Softness is Northern

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(*Continued from Page 56*) "He suffers fools so gladly; diplomats, they have to."

"What time do you want me for my lesson?" Gavin asked. "Just tell me where and when, and what to do about that ski."

"And tell you what to eat for midnight supper," said Miss Spens. "Lambs' tails and lollipops." She seemed less kindly at this time. "Go to the ski shop in the morning," Charlotte ordered. "Meet me at the Teufelsubüngplatz—that's the best nursery slope—at half past two."

"Do you ski?" asked Cyprian of Judy, the tango over.

"I'm in training for the big spring show," she said, "and so it wouldn't do to be all bruises everywhere, and so I just lie soaking up the sun all day and thinking."

"What do you think about?" he asked.

Judy O'Hara turned her innocent soft eyes of Irish blue upon the too-knowing eyes of Cyprian. "I'm a colleen," she said, "from top to bottom. So I think about the little people dancing by the bogs and round the fairy circles in the summer moon. But they just keep dancing in and out of all my thoughts. Mostly I soak up sun and think of special things."

"What special things?" asked Cyprian.

"Love is my most absolutely special thing," she said to Cyprian. "That was what Jockie Leekie used to say to me—he was a broth of a Scotch boy too," she said to Gavin, "but a naughty broth, not a solid stand-the-spoon-up solemn broth like you. Well, Jockie used to say to me, 'Judy,' he used to say, 'love is your most absolutely brawest special thing.' Oh, Jock was terrible! I had the hardest times with him. . . . But love *is* absolutely special, don't you think?" she asked Charlotte Spens from New York City.

That young lady grunted; then allowed as how love, like anything, could be absolutely special to a specialist, and said, "I'm going to bed to dream about the little people in the bogs and then go skiing in the morning. . . . Come on, Sip."

"I don't think that nice Charlotte likes me very much," said Judy. "It's a funny thing, but girls don't seem to."

They danced again. "Be aisy now," she said. "Dancin's not a route march but a kind of absolutely special thing like love. That's better." And Judy was the comfortable lassie that his doctor ordered, but he thought about the skiing lesson. "I'm glad I found you for us to be a team together," Judy said much later, "and not a single silly thing to do until tomorrow lunchtime."

Next afternoon and every afternoon he had a lesson from Charlotte Spens. Next night and every night he made a team with Judy O'Hara. The latter gave no trouble. She was the most sympathetic boon companion that a mentally sick man could hope for, did not bark at him and she loved sheep.

His ski instructress was another matter. "You have the world's worst style," she said. "Lean out. Can you never learn?"

He tried again and kept on trying to be the worst skier in the world. It took much concentration. Let him forget for one instant, and he would be betrayed, and she would hate him. Sometimes he had a thoroughly sane impulse to turn his ski points down and go like the bats of hell like Cyprian, run straight from this discipline, so exquisite, so strict. But then, even if she could forgive him for deceiving her, he would be in the Cyprian skiing boat—too good to ski with; and yet, alas, not dear to her as that fiancé. He avoided that fiancé, double-faced cynic that he was. *But look at me*, thought MacArbuthnott. *Who is double-faced? Who wants one currant bun and eats the other?*

"I know what the trouble is," said Charlotte, her back to him. "How can you ski when you booze and whoop it up around and spend what you can't afford with that dumb lollipop all night?"

"But it's what the doctor ordered," Gavin said. He did a *stemmbogen*, snowplow, weight far out, too far, and fell again.

"You're hopeless," she said, and stamped an angry ski. And yet she was kind to him, a decent hot-blooded lassie, only not comfortable, and she hated sheep. He stood and fell, in awe of her. "You're hopeless," she said again. "Ten days and you haven't improved one little tiny bit. I'm going to give you up this very minute." She turned to leave him flat on the nursery slope.

"Please wait!" he said; and then he made two perfect turns, one left, one right. "Was that better?" he asked. *Far too better*, he thought, but it had simply happened.

"Better?" she said. "You were like a different person altogether." She stared at him. "Sometimes you are," she said. "Sometimes I seem to catch a glimpse of a man in you, a skier even, in behind the cautious elephant and Scotchy glump."

"You won't believe me, but they used to call me Gay Gavin in the regiment. And once people called me The Flying Scotsman too."

"*The Flying Scotsman*," Charlotte said. "Isn't that a train or something to the land of haggis?"

"It is the most famous train of all," he said. "It goes like the bats of hell when it isn't late, which is usually nowadays. Like me," he added sadly. "I also seem to suffer from a lack of private enterprise."

Charlotte stared across the alpine valley. "Darned tame," she grumbled. "I do wish my daddy was here to pep things up."

"What would your daddy do?" asked Gavin. He had come to live in awe of that intrepid man.

"Corner the ski lifts and the cable cars, would be first, I guess; and then the hotels, give them the personnel hotfoot shake-up, and from there on out. Oh, mummy is nice to be with, and I do love her; but she's not the same as daddy. 'Mummy sweats it out as daddy's conscience,' is what daddy says. My daddy is good and bold and sometimes downright bad. He's a buccaneer—that's why I love him. Daddy isn't afraid of anything, not of ski slopes, nothing. He doesn't mope and groan and be had for a pie-eyed sucker by any stacked-up female moron." Charlotte stared now at MacArbuthnott in some contemptuous warmth. "My daddy ain't no sheepdog-harried sheep," she continued. "He's more like Cyprian. Sippy wants everything the best. He won't ski in the afternoons any more—too slow, he says, not good enough for him. I wonder where darling Cyprian is."

As if in answer, there came from down near the skating rink a loud neighing laugh, a cacophony of amusement, horselike. "He has such an infectious laugh," she said. "So gay. Sippy can find amusement almost anywhere. Well, I've had this lesson for today, and except for the fluke of those two turns just now, you've learned nothing. Tomorrow is the end, and I'm not sorry. Let's go down."

He followed his instructress. *There is much of her wonderful daddy in her*, he thought.

They danced that night, as every night before. "Oh, but I do love skiing," Judy said when they were sitting at the table. "It doesn't love me is half the trouble."

"And the other half?" asked Charlotte.

"The other half makes all of me," said Judy O'Hara, "all black and blue. But I read somewhere—" she said to Charlotte "—somewhere I read about training that it wouldn't be training unless you broke it sometimes, and that's very true—like who would be good if we all were good?—and so I think I will tomorrow, just one last and only time—go skiing. But be very very careful not to spoil me for the show, not risk any worse than soft slow tumbles—could you bear to have me, Charlotte, dear?"

"You can ski with Gavin," Charlotte said. She was barely civil, whereas any dim remark of Judy's made the sophisticated Cyprian snicker horsily. "By all means tumble down together."

"In that case," Judy said, "it's pop out of one frying pan into another kind of training—beddy-byes for the working girl. . . . You won't mind, will you, Gavin, dear?"

"Oh, no," he said, and, ever mindful of the late laird's precepts for Sir Galahad, he escorted his indolently strolling teammate Judy through familiar halls to a bedroom door, where she embraced him fondly and firmly in all her plenitude. "Sad broth of a solid boy," she said. "Now sleep you tight tonight for once."

The next morning they took a cable car and swayed and hummed, and swooped at occasional pylons to the Devil's Pub, that lofty grogshop where they were warmed by *glühwein*. "I do hate cable cars," said Judy. "They give me collywobbles more than any ship at sea. It's my tummy is my worse offender. . . . Yours too, Charlotte?"

"Yes," she said. "And Italians and garlic only make it worse." Thus the dynamic Miss Spens was in agreement with the more static Miss O'Hara this morning, quite surprising. Then she said, "Why don't you two ski on the easy way and wait for us above the Devil's Dive? You must see Sippy run through that. . . . O.K., Cyprian darling?"

"Indeed, my pet," he said. "I shall miss the cautious falls that Scotland and Ireland take together; but one can't have everything."

MacArbuthnott did what he was told and went with Judy, nice, kind Irish girl. His mood against that facetious diplomat was black, so black that an extraordinary thing occurred—his nerve came partway back to him. He let Judy go ahead and saw that she had spoken truth about her skiing—so lovely a creature, but her lovely sit-upon stuck out; but she did not fall. Then he looked above him. He was unobserved. He took the middle course, quite steep, and ran it straight—a wonderful grim release from the tumbles of the worst skier in the world.

"But, Gavin, dear," she said down there. "You ski like a broth of a champion boy. It was the opposite I was after hearing was your kind of duffer."

"I know," he said. "I had to pretend so that I could get those lessons. And besides, I'd lost my nerve, but now I've almost got that back. Och, dammit!" he cursed.

She might not have an I.Q. at the genius level, but she was soft of heart, this child of Irish nature, as he well knew. And now her soft blue Irish eyes grew moist, and she leaned to kiss his cheek. "You're like me—too decent a dumbcluck crature altogether." They skied sedately to the top of the Devil's Dive; and there they waited for Cyprian Crump, smooth-neighing diplomat, and his fiancée Charlotte Spens, the daughter of her daddy.

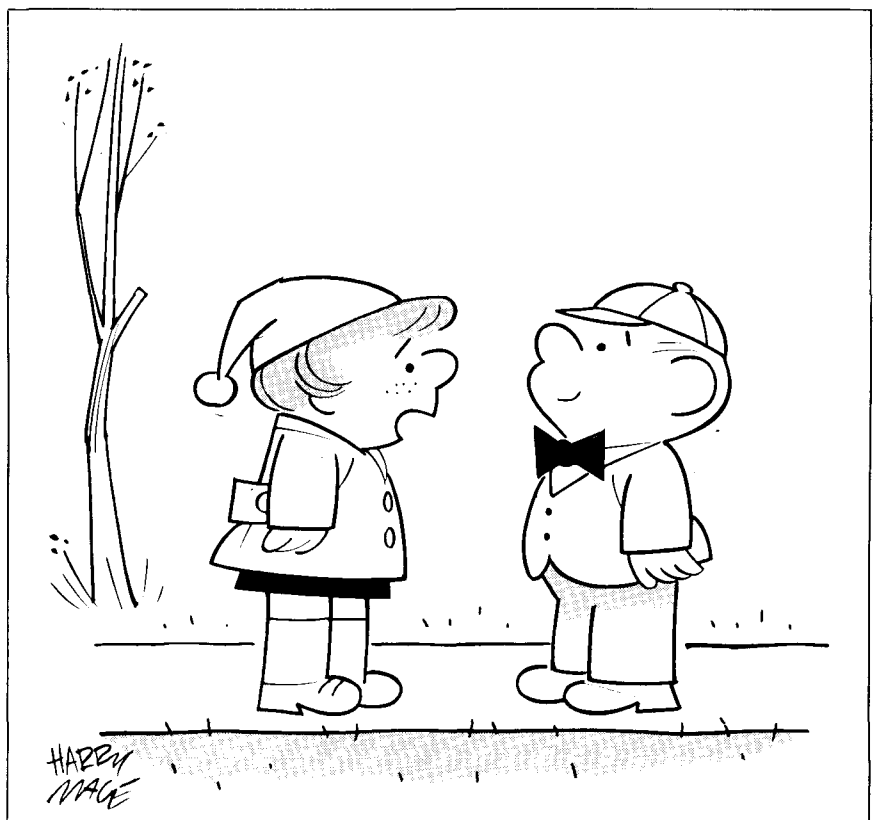
The sun had not yet struck in upon this snowfield just above the near-vertical chute or funnel. "I'm cold," she said. "Could you give me a private lesson, Gavin dear, to warm me up?"

He began that lesson, standing below, for he did not wish to betray his skill to his own instructress when she came. He spoke to Judy of her skiing posture, which left much to be desired. And then Miss Charlotte Spens arrived in a flash of blue and lavender and tossing hair with burgundian afterthoughts. "The halt lead the blind, I see," she said, with more than a touch of sarcasm. And now it was the maestro himself, swooping past Judy, who was turning, and he said, "Spring fashions at the duckpond," in typical insouciance of mockery.

Judy stood up straight again before him. She was a girl of noble design and Junoesque proportion, meeting the elegant Crump almost eye to eye; but there was a change about the soft Irish eye of Judy O'Hara. "What was that you were after saying?"

"Oh, well, I mean—you know, Judy, old girl ——" he began.

"Don't you 'Judy old girl' me; don't you dare! And (*Continued on Page 62*)



"Yes, it does make you look taller."

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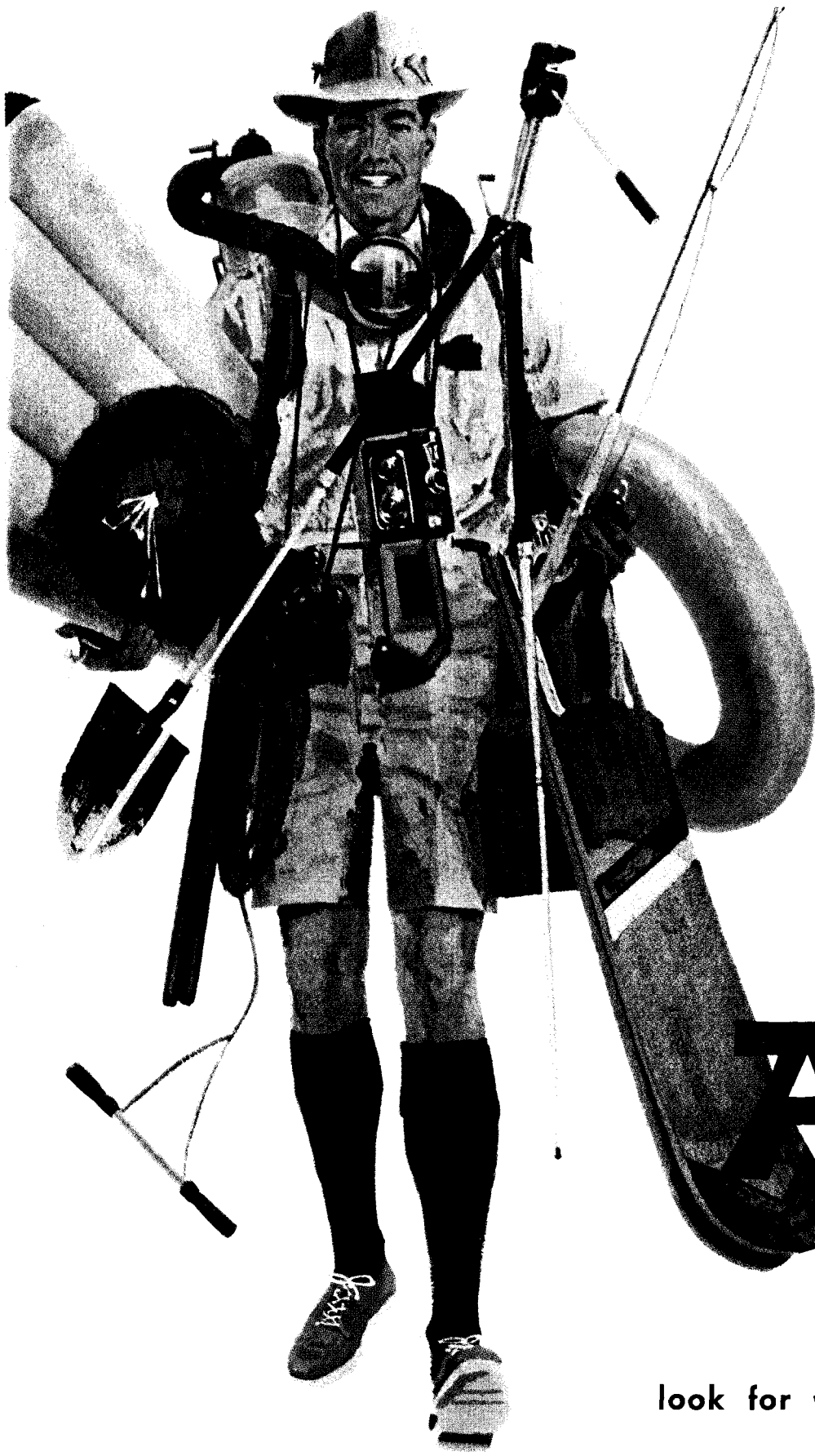

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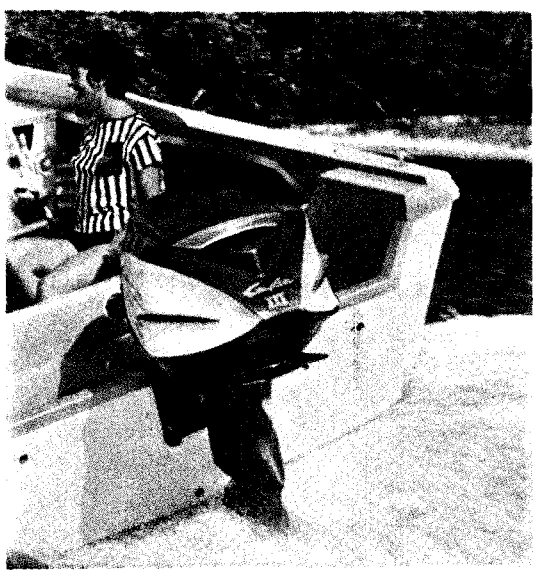

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(Continued from Page 59)

don't you dare say those smart-alecky things to me. If there's one thing I hate it's clever people who think they're funny, and you're the worst, and I hate you most." Judy O'Hara's right hand moved at ultravisible speed. It turned out to be a kind of open-handed hook to Cyprian's cheek to rock the man. Then the bestower emitted a strangulated sound, that might have been a sob, and fled from her victim.

"No, Judy, no!" cried Crump. But Judy O'Hara had plunged over the lip of the Devil's Dive. It was a fearsome place for even a one-time downhill champion to consider in cold blood—too narrow for anything but high-speed turns. Miss O'Hara was equipped for other skills than this. Halfway down she sat, but her speed was too great and the steepness far too acute for sitzmarks. It was no soft slow tumble but an epic fall, and awful to behold—a windmill of skis and legs and arms and poles and flying snow. Judy O'Hara thrashed on through the Devil's Dive and out to gentler slopes—to what seemed death below.

"Dear God!" groaned Cyprian Crump. There might be a true decent inner side to him, as to any suave diplomat. He ran the Devil's Dive. "Judy!" his voice echoed up. "Oh, Judy!"

"That'll teach her!" snapped the female from New York City across the way from County Wicklow. "That'll teach that duck-tailed platypus to sock my Sippy."

Cyprian Crump knelt beside the wreckage to untangle it, and there was life. By a miracle, bruised life still throbbed in Judy O'Hara, whom he tested for broken members. "My Irish Rose," and so on, sickening sentimentalist, it all came floating up the Devil's Dive, and he embraced his Irish Rose.

"Just wait till my daddy gets his hands on you to tear you limb from limb ——" Charlotte moved, but even in her righteous wrath she did not dare the Devil's Dive. She turned left to take the safer way round—no daddy here in Switzerland.

"No!" said Gavin MacArbuthnott, shifting both ski poles to the left, hooking his right hand into the exquisitely waisted top of Charlotte's elastic skiing trousers. "You come with me."

"But I—you can't—we can't!"

"Oh, yes, I can," he said. *I can.* Where was his melancholia now, where the cautious elephant, the Scotchy glump? He ran Charlotte Spens through the Devil's Dive.

It would have been no mean woman-handling feat even for a downhill champion in top condition, which he was not, having looked upon much recent wine when red, and his skiing was none the better for ten years of disuse and ten days of trying to be the worst skier in the world. But he did it, true and strong, the Flying Scotsman; and his firm hand guided her away and on past Cyprian and his Irish Rose. He laughed, the exultant laughter of a champion at the needle point of speed.

As they slowed to some fifty miles an hour, Miss Spens was finding herself again. "You great big double-crosser," she accused him. "Just wait till my daddy gets his hands on you!"

"Turn to the left," he said. She was not willing, but so powerful was his farmer's hand, so rocklike his master skier's balance, that Charlotte had to yield, and they slid to a halt at that sheltered place where a short eternity ago he first had met his true and only ladylove. "Now listen," he said. "I want no more talk of daddy. Is that clear?"

She muttered rebellion, thought better of it, nodded.

"Say: 'Yes, Gavin, darling.'"

"Yes, Gavin, darling."

"That's the first thing. Next, take off that ring, put it in your pocket, return it to Crump for future use."

She took off the diamond ring, one central beauty and two smaller gems. "It was a lovely one," she said. "What next?"

"Next back to the hotel to pack, part from your mother, take the train to Bern, where I shall buy you a ring to end all rings."

"But Gavin, darling, you're just a poor sheep farmer."

"I am the biggest sheep farmer in all Scotland," MacArbuthnott said. "Not that I wish to boast."

"But why ——" she began, and her eyes flitted over his nondescript apparel. She shrugged. "You are a mystery to me."

"And you to me," he said, "and I am cured." He was so completely cured of all but love that he yodeled loud and clear and he embraced his love. "Ski on," he said. "Ski on, my bonny Charlotte."

"You show me how," she said, and so he led her fast and safely, and paused again to let his bonny Charlotte rest. "No more sitting around alone with *hellesbier*. Skiing with you is purest heaven."

"I'm glad," he said, and he was very glad. "Here come the others now." Cyprian Crump was leading at a tortoise pace, pursued doggedly by Miss O'Hara, whom he encouraged with fond care.

"And after Bern?" asked Charlotte, ignoring them.

"After Bern to London town, get married somewhere, go on home."

"With the Flying Scotsman to the land of haggis?"

"Correct," he said. "High time I was with my black-faced sheep."

"And what about my white-faced cattle in Wyoming?"

"All in due course," he said. "But first things first."

"Judy, do you know what Gavin says? He says his sheep come first before my Herefords."

"Ach, Charlotte dear, don't you be worrying. It's like Cyprian's United Nations and my job—he says the two won't jell together; but I was saying what my granny used to say to me: she used to say that the best thing in the world is when two opposites can come together, like a lady cattle rancher and a sheepman, or like me setting the shapes and Cyprian the nations all to rights through our example—I mean, I know that thing about only God can make a tree, but it takes two opposites to make a family tree, so what I say is, Charlotte, dear, we're going to live happily ever after, so don't let's be after worrying about what little things come first before."

And now chosen opposites led one another down the Teufelsschuss en route to happiness forever after. THE END

... ...

How I Stay So Cheerful

"Be a good loser"—that is the thought
I have practiced whenever defeat was my lot.
The secret that keeps me an undaunted grinner?
I plan to be someday a real nasty winner.

Catherine E. McSweeney

... ...

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Royal Elk (Continued from Page 31)

climbed into the saddle of the strong, good-natured animal. He wore his deer-hunting outfit—red plaid cap, lumber jacket, wool pants and eight-inch boots with two pairs of socks, and glad to have them at this elevation. He didn't look dashing, but he was fairly comfortable—from the saddle up. They halted again, while Ace tested a ford, and David again dismounted, moving stiffly and gingerly, and his legs didn't feel right at all. Morton Sperling turned to give him a long considering look, but said nothing.

Confucius say, David reminded himself, *young man who court boss's daughter got lots more trouble than man who not court boss's daughter. But I didn't know Karen was Morton Sperling's daughter when I met her.*

Ignorance never excuse, said Confucius, or maybe Blackstone. Anyway, would it make any difference?

Yes, it would. I am twenty-six years old, and I have knocked around enough and she is The One. I wish she wasn't his daughter, because I am beginning not to like him very much. Now they are getting so far ahead I'm going to have to climb up on this big damned horse to catch up.

They rode into the camp in late afternoon. David dismounted without groaning. He even managed to keep the upper lip stiff as Morton Sperling swung athletically down, favoring him with another speculative look. David decided to die just a little bit before complaining.

Ace came to help unsaddle and said straight-faced, "Remember once I didn't ride any for about a year, an' when I went back to it I had to soak that damn saddle in whisky for a week 'fore it quit hurtin'." David groaned appropriately, and Ace grinned.

There were two small sleeping tents and a larger one which was cookhouse, dining hall and lounge. There was another guide, called Clint, and the cook, referred to only as Beargrease. Clint was twenty years older than Ace, who was David's age, and Beargrease was ageless, little bigger than a fourteen-year-old boy, brown and thin and leathery. He limped heavily on one leg, and a brown-paper cigarette jutted constantly from the corner of his mouth.

The coffee was hot and the dinner hearty, and David gratefully slid an ache exactly six feet and two inches long into his thick down sleeping bag, the ache precisely measurable because it extended from his head to his heels. He was nearly asleep when Morton Sperling jostled the cot, undressing in the narrow space. Too tired to be really irritated, David turned his head from the glare of the electric lantern Morton had switched on. Surely it was no more than ten minutes later that Beargrease dragged a stick on the canvas in a horrible ripping sound and called, "Grub's ready. Come an' eat it, or I throw it away!"

Breakfast was bacon and eggs and hash-brown potatoes and coffee as authoritative as a good shaking by the scruff of the neck. Then they were moving out on horseback in the darkness, Morton and Clint disappearing to one side, David's mount following Ace's through some means of its own; David feeling as if he had been dropped twenty feet and landed astraddle a log—a big, rough log.

He was glad to dismount. Ace took a battered lever-action rifle from his saddle sheath after picketing the horses, and said quietly, "It'll be about a mile. Make it as quiet as you can."

They moved through the dark loom of scattering timber, stopped where a rugged outcropping of rock overlooked one of the small meadows and there waited out the coming of day. Deep gray turned light gray, and then a touch of violet came, and they could see the fringing of timber across the glade. Somewhere a squirrel chattered, and a small bird went yeep-yeep-dee and something small skittered briskly among the rocks below them. Far across the basin a purple mountain's bleak shoulder blushed pink and then yellow, and they could see the meadow now, see the bleached grass (a bleached, gray windfall snag) dissolving into it as if in water. Somewhere, distantly to the left, a coarse, screeching yell went up, a wild and savage sound that brought David around, staring.

Ace grinned, his own eyes shining, and he whispered, "Big 'un. That's some old gran'pappy bull elk buglin'. Sit tight, now."

Ace scanned the opposite side of the meadow with a binocular. David checked his rifle's safety lock, then cheeked the weapon and used his telescopic sight to extend his vision. The four-power glass showed depth and detail in shadowed pockets impenetrable to the naked eye.

Then Ace said, in a soft exhalation of sound that didn't carry beyond six feet, "Yonder, through the break; no, a little more left; see it, there?"

Even at that range, through the scope they looked enormous; two cow elk, and then another, calf size; they moved across an arm of grass reaching back into the timber, crossed it in perhaps a dozen strides from shelter to shelter. Cream-bellied, dark-necked, brown-backed, enormous. The calf stopped in the clear area, sampled the meadow grass, tore up a mouthful and looked back. David lowered the rifle.

"No horns," he said, and then at Ace's quick grunt looked back just in time to see the bull cross at a swinging trot, high-shouldered, heavy-rumped, his great crest of antlers poised weightlessly. There wasn't time for anything, really—the bull took the crossing in half a dozen reaching strides, the calf, as he came abreast, capering with an odd, long-shanked, knobby-kneed springing gait alongside. David didn't even get the safety off.

He glanced at Ace, feeling like a fool. Ace gave him a tight little grin and murmured, "That was fast," and lifted the binocular again, swinging past the projecting snag, watching intently.

He said tautly, not lowering the glasses from his eyes, "Get set. There's a little opening—see? Maybe they'll stop, maybe not. Be ready. I guess it maybe 250 to 275. Don't you shoot 'less he stops. Don't shoot 'less you're steady on."

David swung himself a bit to the right. He snugged the sling loop high on his left arm, leaned into the rifle, elbows on knees, the cross hairs showing broad and black. He took a breath, felt a tremor coming all through him, waiting with his thumb on the safety.

The first cow walked into his sights as calmly as her barnyard namesake. As she paused, the second one shouldered past, then raised her head to look across, seemingly right into the scope. David felt his whole body seize up in a spasm of non-movement, and then the scope wobbled the whole length of her—past her nose, back past her rump. She moved on, and the calf came shambling, not stopping, and David had to breathe or suffocate, and the air came out of his lungs in a sound like a steam whistle, he was sure.

He took a breath, and another, and the cross hairs wavered, and then the bull was there, standing, and Ace sighed, "Ah'h-h," almost soundlessly, and the scope wavered, wavered, but only across the broad shoulder, now, and he raised the horizontal hair a trifle and took up his squeeze while the scope wavered, wavered, and then the rifle shouted its jubilant roar and rammed his shoulder back.

He lost the bull and the whole sight picture, and he slammed the bolt back, forward, down, leaning into the butt plate, putting his weight against the steadying leather sling, and then he could see the bull, down and kicking. He heard Ace's jubilant whoop in his ear, and the bull made one last convulsive struggle upward and fell back, and suddenly the scope was sweeping in great uncontrollable arcs.

Ace ran like an eager hunting hound, toward a break in the rocky rim which gave rough access to the bowl of the meadow. David got up, feeling weak and shaky.

The closer he got, the bigger the bull became. The massive head was propped atilt by the great curved antlers, four points to the side, the mane thick and shaggy, black-coffee brown; he was big as a horse, lying there, rank as a goat; Ace walked clear around and came back and struck David a rough comradely blow on the shoulder.

"Man," he said, "that's a bull!"

David swallowed and nodded dumbly. Ace looked at him. "First one for you?"

"Yes."

Ace grinned widely and reached behind his hip and brought out a heavy, wickedly curved knife. "Turn around," he said. "This costs you your shirttail."

Not quite comprehending, David turned, and Ace went under his heavy jacket, yanked out his shirttail and haggled it off with the knife. David did not protest, though it was a fine wool shirt, his best heavy hunting shirt. And suddenly, the whole ridiculous ceremony was no more ridiculous than an ancient Sioux's murmured prayer, as he loosed his arrow at a buffalo, "My brother, I am sorry that you die." For the Sioux knew, in his dim pagan way, the unchanging affinity between hunter and quarry. The words perhaps were perfunctory, but the meaning was there, bone-deep—marrow-deep. Not much of a sacrifice, a shirttail, offered in an air more of rough horseplay than propitiation, but welling from the same deep secret and ancient spring.

Then, just as suddenly, Ace was again a lean and whang-tough sometime rancher-farmer-hunting guide, and he said, "Man, I guess we show 'em who brings in fresh liver for supper first!" And the shirttail impaled on an antler tine was just a tag end of hound's-tooth checked wool, and there was the rough and red-handed butcher's work of transforming the great wild carcass into manageable quarters of elk beef.

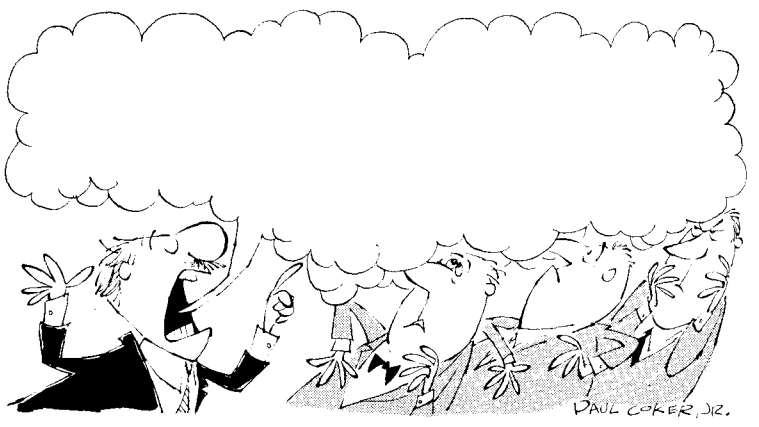
David put the rifle aside and unsheathed his knife.

The massive quarters hung on the meat pole, and the smell of frying liver and onions was heavy on the downwind side of the cook tent when Morton and Clint rode in just before dark. Morton dismounted and walked over to the head, propped at the foot of one of the trees supporting the meat pole.

"Won't make Boone and Crockett," he said.

Ace, who had been rather ostentatiously touching up the hide, turned, half grinning, then stopped grinning and said nothing. He cut a look at Clint, and at David, and then very carefully turned back to his rather pointless, careful scraping. Clint, stolid as an Indian, threw a stirrup across the saddle and started loosening latigos. He looked once at Ace, and David had a feeling that a silent comment passed between them, though neither moved a muscle of his tanned face. Beargrease stuck his head out the cook tent.

"If yer gonna warsh," he said, "y'd better warsh, 'cause the grub's ready to eat."



The Perfect Squelch

Millmoss was a few thousand words deep in his favorite subject. Having dealt at length with the Russian, African and Cuban situations, he talked along in his usual inane way about other world problems.

The fact that one of his audience was a recently returned foreign correspondent didn't faze Millmoss. He had an answer for all international ills and paused only for breath.

Finally, at the end of one especially long and vague statement, he turned to the correspondent to demand, "What do you think of that?"

"I'd rather not say," the correspondent answered in a serious tone. "You know," he added, "one intelligent remark could blow this whole conversation to pieces."

Warren Tarbert Jr.

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They ate, and no one spoke, beyond asking for something he couldn't reach. Morton Sperling seemed to be completely untouched by silence, oblivious to mood. He ate heartily, drank three cups of coffee and lighted one of his enormous cigars.

"Good meal," he said perfunctorily.

"Well, yeah," said Beargrease. "I kinda like a mess of fresh liver an' onions m'self."

Ace made a sound that almost wasn't a sound at all, and Morton turned his head slowly, but Ace had his face hidden behind his uptilted tin cup.

David got his rifle rod and cleaning dope and carefully swabbed out and oiled the bore of his rifle. He wiped down all the metal with an oily cloth and cased it. Morton Sperling said carelessly, "Run a rag through mine, will you, Davey? If it's not too much trouble."

"No trouble," said David evenly. He got up, put his own rifle away, walked around the table and got Morton's rifle, within Morton's reach, and took it back to his own seat. He swabbed out the bore—which didn't need cleaning—ran a final dry patch through it, wiped it down carefully with the oiled cloth and put it back where he had gotten it. He heard no thanks.

He did not consider himself entirely a fool. He had known from the moment of the invitation to this trip that Morton Sperling had more than a pleasant outing in mind. As yet he honestly had no inkling what. *So O.K. Confucius say—ah, the hell with it!* And just possibly with J. Morton Sperling and his eight million dollars, or whatever too. He went back to his chair and sat down.

As they finished breakfast, Morton Sperling said, "Saddle 'em all, Clint. We'll take Ace and Davey along."

David said, "I got my elk, remember?"

"Well, I didn't," said J. Morton Sperling. "With your dumb luck, you might just bird-dog one up for me."

David did not look around, but he felt the rest of them were watching him. "Maybe," he said, keeping it quiet. He finished his coffee. When he did look, no one was looking.

Outside, Morton said, "Where's your gun?"

"In the tent."

"Well, *get* it! You might fall down and break a leg and have to fire a signal shot or something."

"Now there's a thought," said David. He got the rifle and put it in the saddle sheath.

They rode longer this time; the blush-pink tip of the peak was visible before they pulled up. Clint and Morton conferred, low-voiced, to one side. The glory of another high-country sunrise unfolded about them, David absorbing it with only half his senses, resentfully aware of the irritation which he shouldn't really permit to spoil this experience, but still unable to dispel it.

Clint came over. "We're headin' up to the rockslide," he said to Ace. "Give us an hour. You cut on over to Stumphole Meadow and then come on through. You jump anythin' good, why, bring it past close an' slow."

Ace said straight-faced, "Sho. You want it crossin' right or left?" Clint looked at him and said a bad word and went back to lead off through the timber.

They crossed three or four of the small saddle-blanket meadows, the tawny-brown grass smelling like sweet, cured hay in the clean morning air, the aspen leaves riotously yellow and steadily ashimmer. They climbed a long open slope and rode onto a stony shoulder, where Clint pulled up and dismounted.

"I'll shinny on up to the ledge," he said. He took a powerful telescope from a saddlebag, and started up a steep narrow ravine that scarred the flank of the mountain like a cruel and crooked knife slash.

Morton Sperling made no conversation. He moved away, stopped with one foot propped on a stone while he scanned the basin below with a proprietary air. He looked lean, tough and brown; competent enough to be literally lord of all he surveyed here. His four-day beard was as thick and gray as a clipped steel-wire brush, but the assurance of his movements put the lie to the gray's being any sign of age.

David took his rifle and walked away at right angles, no more desiring Morton's company than the man did his apparently. He found a seat on a rock a couple of hundred yards from the horses, with another uptilted for a back rest, and he propped his elbows on his knees and used his rifle scope as a spyglass. Almost directly below, the slope shouldered upward, broke and then fell away; a natural pass lay close before him. There was no really clean approach, however; like the rest of the high basin, the little aspen meadows were interspersed, helter-skelter, all through the timber, thin or thick.

An hour passed. The sun was warm on his shoulders now, and the vista below him was breath-taking in its reach and color. He had sat silent so long that a small striped squirrel of some kind now paid him no more heed than the rock he sat on and went frisking about his business, passing and repassing within a yard.

Bright-eyed but not bushy-tailed, David was thinking, and then he was aware of motion at the corner of his eye, and he turned his head to see Morton Sperling running through the scattered boulders of the rocky shoulder like a halfback breaking into a broken field off left tackle, running for the horses in their little pocket perhaps two hundred yards distant. Then he saw David watching, and he plunged to a halt and gestured violently out and down, and as David followed the pointing arm he saw the bull elk standing, as if he had been there forever, just at the edge of the near timber, as still as an immense statue.

The first impression was of size. His own big four-point bull might have been plumper of body, for this bull was lean, and his great bulk was muscle and not fat; lean, scarred, brutally muscular, and his mane was shaggy and long and black, and his great crown of antlers was almost unbelievable. A royal bull he was, seven points to the side, main beams thick as a man's arm, great tines curved and pointed, shading from near black to yellowed ivory at the tips, the whole great burdensome weight poised on the thick muscular neck as easily, as weightless, as a bird's own feathers.

He was not afraid. Alert he was, with a wild alertness, but he had no fear in him, either of Ace, if it had been he who had driven him here, or of the others, whose scent he was apparently sampling as he raised that immense, breath-stopping head and tasted the air currents eddying over him.

Perhaps it was only seconds. It seemed longer. Then Morton Sperling roared imperiously, "Take him, damn it! Take him! That's a Boone bull if I ever saw one!"

David's boot scuffed slightly as he brought up his knee. His elbows slid into place, and the cross hairs were before his eye, and the great royal bull leaped at him, four times magnified. He could see the eye, brown and yellow, and the ringleted mane and the steel-cable muscles writhing under the scarred shoulder hide as it made its first lunge into motion; and even that was in dignity, more of sensible retreat than fearful flight. He took the trigger all the way back, and the rifle did not fire, for he had not chambered a cartridge; down deep, almost subconsciously, he had known that. He had known he wasn't going to kill that bull because it wasn't his bull; but Morton Sperling was watching, so he made a disgusted shake of the head and slapped the bolt up, and then was truly disgusted with himself and slapped the bolt down, not picking a cartridge out of the magazine with it, just cocking the firing pin with that up-and-down motion. Then he lifted the scope off the great bull and watched, unmoving, as the bull made his powerful lumbering run, across the opening below, over the crest of the little pass, into the straggling timber, past another opening, and then he was gone, as if he had never been, and David pointed the rifle up and pulled the trigger and let the firing pin fall on the empty chamber. He heard Morton Sperling coming, not running but in long, purposeful walking strides, and he stood and turned to face him.

He couldn't read Morton's expression. His face was bleak and tough and showed nothing at all. He looked at David with cold and impersonal eyes, and he reached out and took the rifle out of his hands without request or apology.

He flicked open the bolt and looked into the empty chamber, at the glinting brass-cased cartridges in the magazine. His lips pulled back from his teeth, and he looked at David, grinning that small, impersonal, unmirthful wolf's grin. He tossed the rifle back to him.

"Buck fever," he said.

"No," said David. "No, it wasn't buck fever."

"Then what the hell was it?" demanded Morton Sperling.

"He wasn't mine," said David.

"What the hell difference does that make? We've got two elk licenses—we get two bull elk to fill 'em—nobody knows the difference."

"I'd know," said David.

Morton Sperling stared at him. Clint came down out of the end of the slashed gully in a scramble and a rattling of rocks, half running, half breathless. "Didn't you get a shot at him?"

"No," said Morton Sperling. Then he wheeled away from David. He said to Clint, "What do you think?"

Clint's observant eye took in Morton's rifle still in its saddle scabbard, flicked to David and back and Clint said neutrally, "No tellin'. He might run half a mile—or twenty."

"O.K., let's go." Sperling swung away and said without looking around, "You can tell Ace to go on back to camp."

Ace came finally, riding the royal bull's track. He came to where it had stopped, read the lunge, the run—in its tracks as plain as print—and then he came on. "Nobody got a shot at him?"

"No," said David. "They went on after it. Said we could go on back to camp."

"Sho," said Ace without expression.

Beargrease came out, saw they carried nothing they hadn't carried out that morning and said, "Hell of a pair of hunters you are," and went back into his tent.

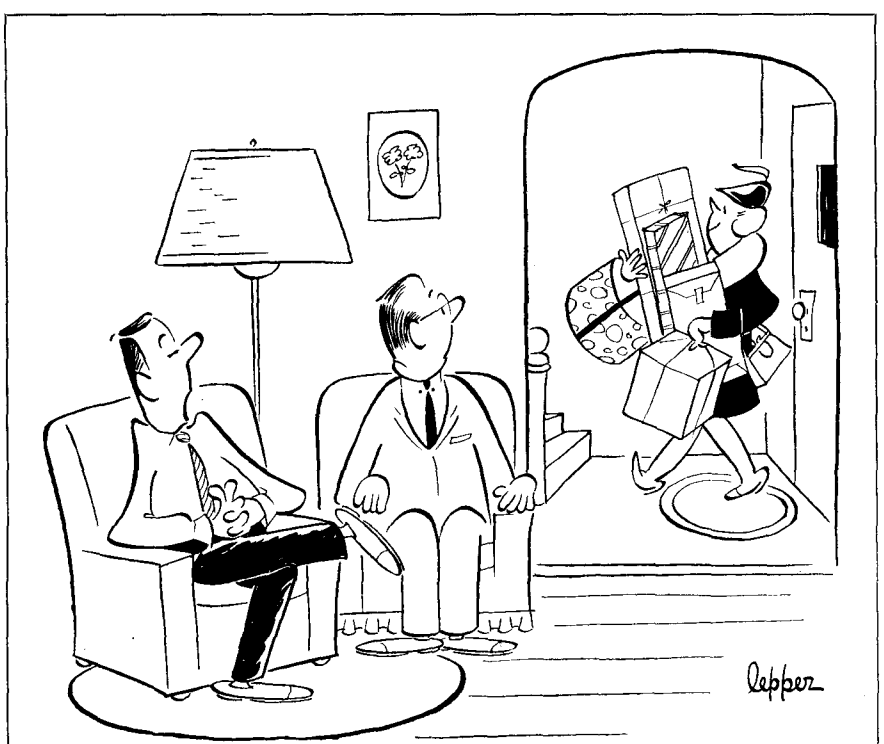
David helped Ace unsaddle. Once Ace said very casually, "You work for him?" and David, knowing who, said, "That's right."

"Hard man to work for?"

David considered only a moment. "No," he said honestly. "He hasn't been." He wondered, during a short silence, whether Ace was going to pursue the matter, then decided he wasn't.

Clint and Morton came in after dark, Morton grinning wolfishly around his cigar, the head and cape of the royal elk leaving Clint precious little saddle room. Morton, as expansive as a wealthy sardine in his own private can, broke out a bottle of top-notch whisky and bought everybody a drink; he sat at the table and savored his drink and his cigar and his triumph while Clint told of their long careful stalk and a masterful shot and a clean kill; even Beargrease pushed his pots and pans to the back of the stove to listen.

David went outside when the story was finished and the grub was being reheated. The great head was swung to the meat pole so that it seemed to look down at him, and he raised his tin cup and toasted it silently with the last of the excellent whisky. And maybe it was the whisky on an empty stomach, but he thought of untimely death—and decided that a physical death was no worse than the death of an ideal. He thought of the brutal shocking death by bullet—and thought it was no worse than the nibbling away, the sloughing off of strengths and wisdoms and powers. There is no place for the wild ones to grow old and die in ease and comfort and dignity. The bullet was



"Spending money is the only luxury Ethel allows herself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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more merciful than time. For he had died in strength, brought down only by greater strength. He had not died in weakness, one cruel winter soon, his proud antlers fallen, foundered in some drift, waiting weak and without pride while the circling coyote plucked up the courage to come near enough to tear at the faint life pulsing just under slack, starved hide.

And that was a neat bit of rationalizing, he told himself, as Morton Sperling came out of the tent and toward him. David started to turn away, and Morton said, "David," and he turned back. Morton came close in the darkness and said, "You think I'm the biggest slob in Christendom, don't you?"

"Since you brought it up," said David quietly, "yes."

"All right, then, I'll apologize for that."

"Don't bother."

Morton Sperling snapped on the electric lantern he was carrying, sent the strong beam up to spotlight the enormous head. He said quietly, "I've been after this old bull a good long while now. I think I've earned him."

"Fine," said David. "I'm glad you got him." Morton Sperling snapped off the light, and darkness swooped faintly. "You don't really think I'm such a stupid you-know-what as to leave my rifle on the saddle like that, do you?"

David said, "You went to a hell of a lot of trouble."

"It's worth a lot of trouble to find out some things." Morton stood, looking at him steadily. "So now I'll get down on my knees and bark like a fox if that's what it takes. But you are not getting away from me."

The mental picture of J. Morton Sperling down on his knees barking like a fox almost fractured David. Despite himself, he grinned.

Morton Sperling grinned back, and it was like a granite boulder cracking.

"O.K.," said David suddenly. "O.K. I didn't want to quit. But you made such an obnoxious you-know-what of yourself that I couldn't have lived with myself if I didn't."

Strangely Morton Sperling let out a long sighing breath. "Son," he said, "I think you and I will get along all right. Now let's get the hell out of this cold. It'll take me five years to get back in the good graces of Clint and Ace, likely. Come on, I don't dare go in there without you. Old Beargrease would likely poison me."

"Sure," said David. "Right with you."

Together they walked to the tent, glowing with light and warmth. THE END

One person who has a hard time staying in college is the coach of a losing team.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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back on them—stark blackness to their unadjusted eyes.

Out of that blackness Morton said, "I suppose you're thinking of quitting."

"I am quitting. My letter of resignation will be on your desk the first morning you get back."

"And how about Karen?"

"I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me. If she won't—because of you—well, that's just too bad." He was glad of the thick blackness then because he wasn't sure he could keep misery out of his face under Morton's close scrutiny.

There was a short silence, and then Morton Sperling said, "No. You're not quitting. Consider the letter torn up before I see it."

"That won't change it. I said it, and you heard it. That's all there is to it."

Morton snapped on the light, pointing it at the ground, so that its bounced light illuminated their faces. He looked tough, but there was another expression on his face too.

"No. I put you over the jumps. I didn't do it for fun. I had to know. I have no son, David. I've only the one daughter. And I'm just you-know-what enough to make sure that she gets the man she deserves, if I had to break my back or yours in the test. Maybe I came pretty close to doing both. But I beg you most humbly to give me a chance to prove that I'm not what you think I am. That's asking a lot, and I know it'll take time. But I won't accept your resignation, not until you've seen Karen, and not till you've had time to think it over."

David said carefully, "Suppose I'd shot that elk when you yelled at me?"

"Why," said Morton Sperling gently, "then I would very likely have accepted your resignation." He smiled

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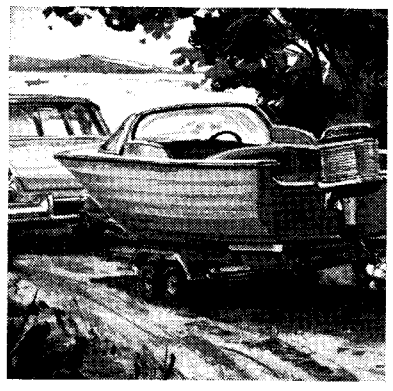

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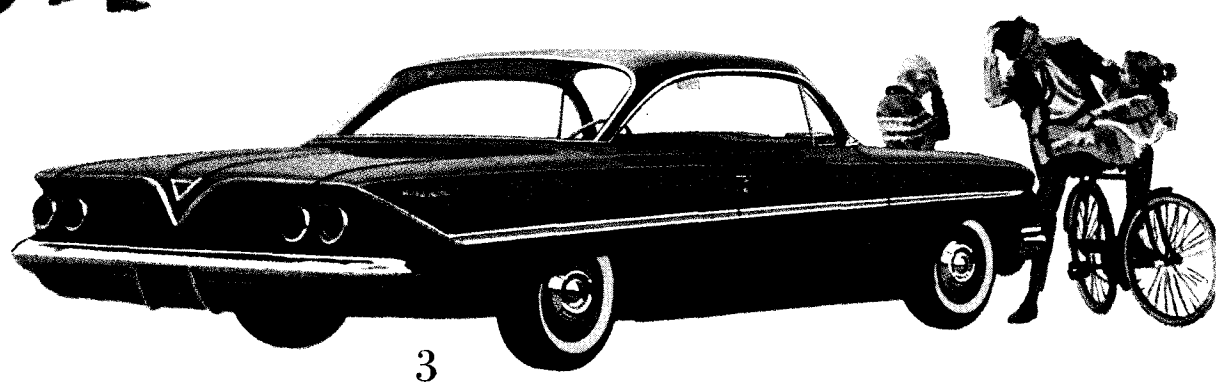

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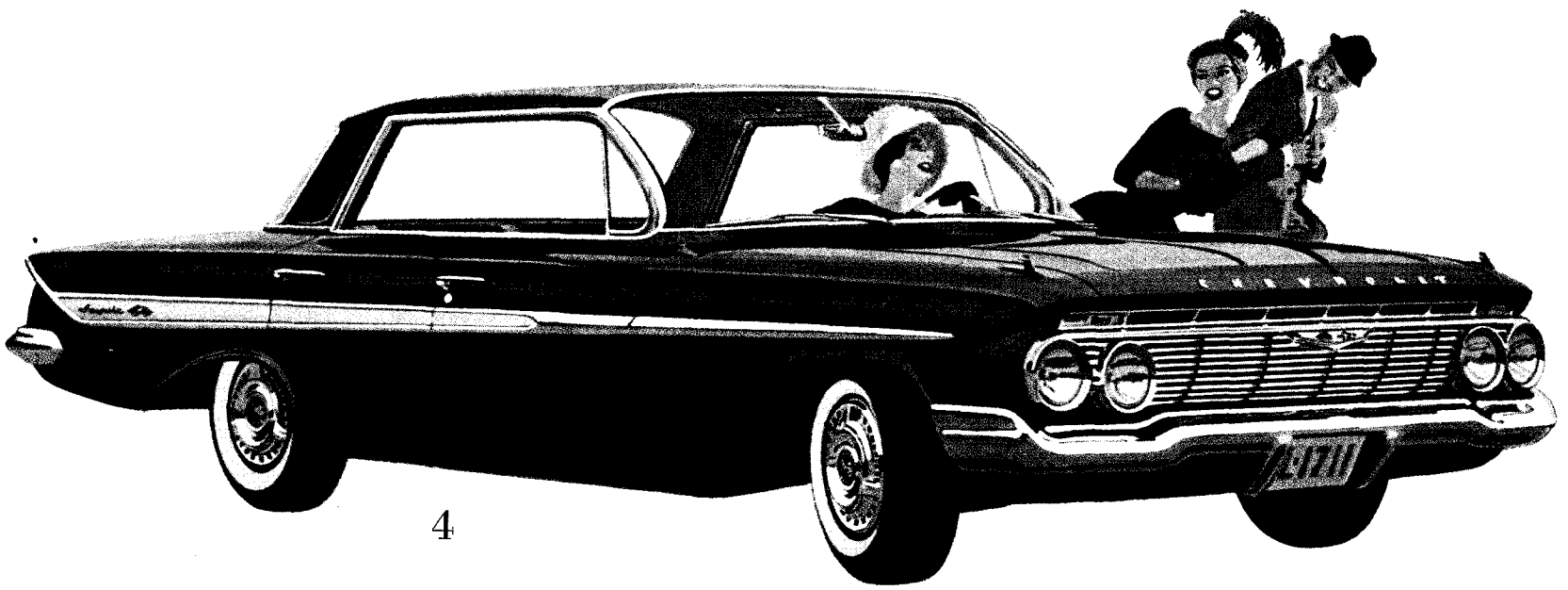

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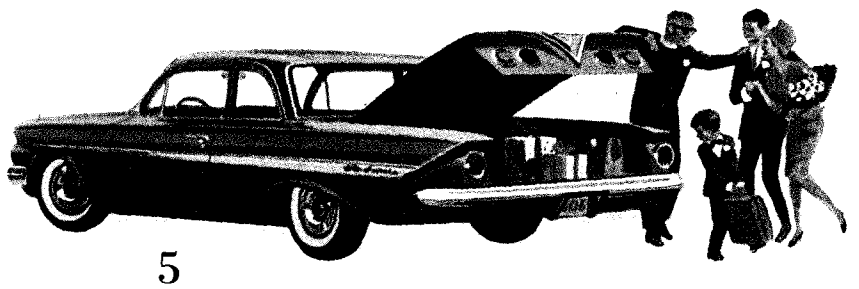

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JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

See what Chevy's Corvair has in store for you on the next page ➧

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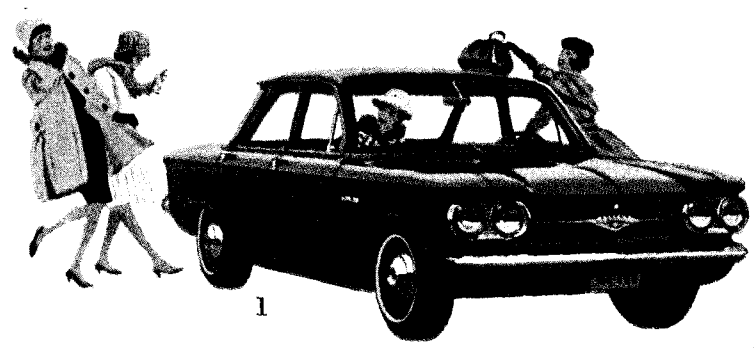

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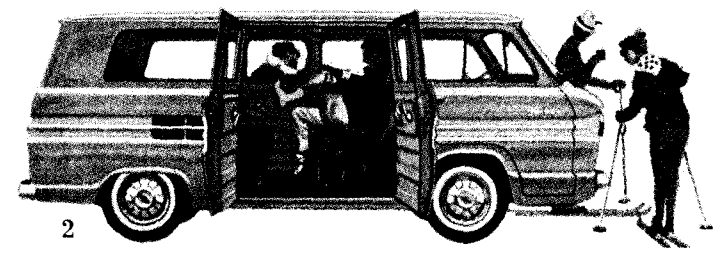

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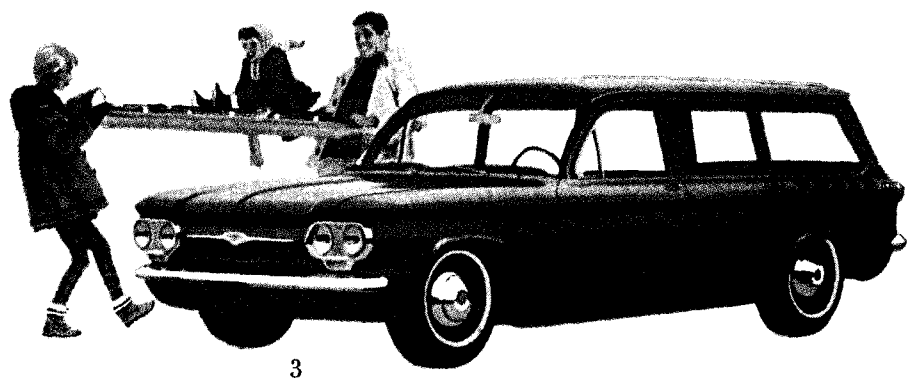

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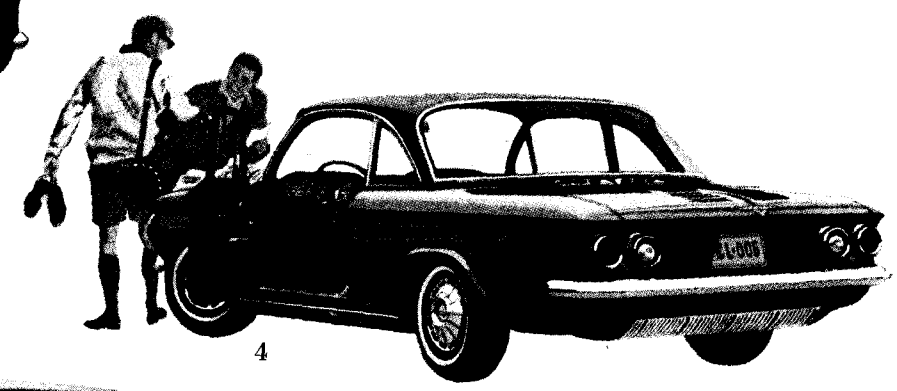

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

corvair

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James Stewart (Continued from Page 22)

so carried away that my tic became a massive twitch.

The story line was cuckoo too. Everyone in the melodrama chickened out on the mass-suicide deal except me. Since I still wanted to kill myself, the others shot me before I could shoot myself and crash the plane. The stage was so small that if I fell on it, there was no room for anyone else to act. We worked it out—when I was shot, I fell into the pilot's compartment with my legs sticking out. The others finished the play while I stayed there. If this was queer, it didn't worry us, because the whole play was queer.

We played through the last weeks of June and headed into July. Our timing was so good that the train screamed by between acts while the audience was taking a breather in a little patio in front of the theater. When the engineer whistled, *toot t-o-o-o-t, toot t-o-o-o-t*, everybody went back inside for the last act.

But we hadn't counted on the Fourth of July. To carry all the holiday traffic, the Long Island scheduled an extra section. Nobody warned us. The usual train came by, we called everybody back into the theater and we started flying our airplane again. At a crucial moment a much longer train rumbled by, and this time the whistle blast seemed endless. My death in the pilot's compartment wasn't the only one that took place that night. The play died too.

That fall I had a part in *Yellow Jack*, a play written by Sidney Howard from a book by Paul de Kruif, and produced by Guthrie McClintic. The cast was wonderful. It included Geoffrey Kerr, Sam Levene, Myron McCormick, John Miltern, Edward Acuff and Katherine Wilson. There was a great spirit backstage. Those who were off stage lingered in the wings to greet the next one off, instead of going back to the dressing rooms. It was like a baseball team talking it up for another run.

After that I went to Boston as the stage manager for Jane Cowl playing in *Camille*. It could have been excellent training, but she was a perfectionist, and I wasn't up to it. Miss Cowl had a gimmick for her death scene, involving a special electrician who passed a series of gelatin filters through a spotlight on Miss Cowl. When Miss Cowl stretched out on a chaise longue to die, that baby spotlighted her face. The first gelatins used were the pink ones that flatter any woman. Succeeding gelatins were paler and paler, until in the end Miss Cowl's face was a leaden gray. As the color drained away, you could see her die. Curtain.

I worked hard to keep that scene the way Miss Cowl wanted it, but one night, as the scene opened, I heard strange voices in the alley beyond the stage door. My first thought was to stop the racket before it became loud enough to disturb the audience. After that, everything I did brought me nearer the brink of disaster.

Hurrying to the rear wall of the stage, I tried to open a door so I could tell the men outside to pipe down. Most stages have huge rear doors, big enough to admit large sets, but there is usually a small door within the framework of the large door. At first I couldn't budge this small door. I tugged so hard that when it did open, the big door opened too. In blew a gale of wind. I stepped outside, closing the door behind me. Two skid-row bums were collecting wood to build a fire and arguing at the tops of their voices. I told them to be quiet, and they promised they would. Then I opened the door and came inside. To my horror, there was nobody on stage, and the curtain was down. Someone came up to me and said acidly, "Miss Cowl wants to see you, Buster, if you have time."

Her death scene was an eloquent one, but the scene she put on for me had better lines and a more vigorous delivery. She began, "I won't ask you what went on. I'll just tell you that you've shortened my life by five years." And so on. In closing, she fired me.

It seems that the wind I'd let in had blown down some of the chandeliers on the set. The electrician working the gelatins had figured that what with the gale blowing into the theater and the chandeliers falling on stage and my struggling with the door, it would be best to ring down the curtain and call the whole thing off. And he did, although Miss Cowl hadn't started to turn battleship gray—she was still in the pink.

My next play was *All Good Americans*, written by S. J. Perelman and his wife. I liked it, but it didn't catch on. When it folded, producer Courtney Burr threw a closing party in a basement under the 48th Street Theater. I brought my accordion. The party broke up at three-thirty, and I left with Henry Fonda. Ordinarily we headed for Times Square to board a subway—we were sharing a room at the Madison Square Hotel—but when we came out of the theater, Fonda said, "I wonder if anybody'd listen if you began to play your accordion."

"There's one way to find out," I said, "but I think I'd draw a better crowd if we went down to Times Square."

We walked down to the corner. At that hour there were not many people around, but I took my accordion out of its case and began to play. We weren't exactly drunk, nor were we sober. I don't know where they came from, but as I played, fifteen or twenty skid-row types gathered around me. I played a little more. They moved closer, calling out requests for popular numbers. I still remember one of the request numbers—*A Shanty in Old Shanty Town*. Fonda passed the hat and collected eight cents. While I counted the coins, I heard a shuffling sound. Looking up, I saw that our audience had melted away. A cop slapped me on the rear with a club. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"Nothing, officer," I said.

"Get out of here," he said. "Go away. I get these people all bedded down for the night, everybody is quiet, and now you've disturbed them. They'll be up until morning."

Hank and I started walking toward the subway. On the way we saw our bums beginning to come out of hiding. One of them whispered, "Meet you down at Thirty-second Street." I was willing, but Fonda said, "I'm going home before I get arrested."

Soon after my eight-cent concert in Times Square, Al Altman saw me in the play, *Divided by Three* and introduced himself. He was in charge of eastern screen tests for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Would I do a test for him? I would. The first test was photographic without sound. Altman had me sit on a stool and told me, "Now, Stewart, I want you to imagine a white horse. I have this white horse in my hand. I'm going to tell him to go toward you. Then the white horse is going to go up the wall, across the ceiling and down the other wall. After that, it's going to come back and get into my hand again."

I didn't ask why he made it a horse—and why white. But I did wonder, *What is a guy supposed to do when he sees a white horse going up the wall?* I thought, *Maybe it's a trick to see if I'm an idiot, or maybe it's his way of seeing my profile.*

Later Altman asked me to do another test using a sound track as well as a movie camera. The dialogue was snappy.

Altman: "Well, Stewart, what's your name?"

Stewart: "James Stewart."

Altman: "How long have you been on Broadway?"

There were more silly questions and answers, but I felt it was a good test. Time passed; I heard nothing from him, so I took a job with the Shuberts in an Austrian play, *Journey at Night*.

The Shuberts had had this play in production for a long time, but it had never made New York. Its last try had stalled in Pittsburgh, but the Shuberts were dogged. They were also thrifty. Having invested in scenery and a revolving stage, they cast it once more. This time they brought in Albert Dekker, Eduardo Ciannelli, and a redheaded Austrian girl, Greta Marin. My part was that of a well-born Austrian—not a hussar with a frogged jacket and skintight pants, just a civilian Austrian. Nevertheless, I worried about what an Austrian did that ordinary people didn't. Armed with a small savings account, I consulted Frances Robinson Duff, a dramatic coach. In what is probably the clumsiest sentence ever uttered, I told her, "What I would like to do is for you to coach me in a certain way of speaking that will give me the feeling of being an Austrian."

At the end of my fourth lesson Miss Duff said, "I think we'd better call this off." I asked why. She said, "Any time you'd like to be coached in English, I think I can help you."

The play opened in Boston. In the plot I was the younger brother of Albert Dekker. He owned an Austrian bank, where I worked. Greta Marin was his wife. Greta and I fell in love, and I stole money from the bank to run away with her. My brother found out about our plans and came to fetch Greta back. She decided she didn't want to run away after all. As the police closed in to arrest me for stealing, I killed Greta and threw her body into the Danube. That was the end of the play, and high time too.

We had rough going in Boston, but the Shuberts were determined to make it to New York this time, and they did, opening at their theater at 44th Street and Broadway. On opening night, in the middle of the second act, our play fell apart. I'd stolen the money from the bank, Greta and I were ready to leave, and I was waiting for a travel agent to bring me tickets. The stage-set had two doors, one opening into a bedroom, and one into a hotel hall. There came a knock at the hall door; I tried to open it, but it wouldn't budge. Every time I yanked on the knob, chandeliers jangled, and the audience snickered. I knew that waiting on the other side of that door was a fellow with whom I had my next scene. I couldn't keep the scene going without him, and walking off stage saying, "The hell with it," wouldn't solve the problem. Panic swept me.

I know it sounds as if all theatrical doors balked for me, but in my frenzy I tugged so violently that I lifted up the entire scenery wall. A startled audience could see stagehands walking around, actors waiting for cues. Suddenly the door opened, revealing the poor actor who'd been waiting to come through it, and the wall crashed down on my head.

I said feebly, "Come in." Somehow I lifted the scenery back into position and closed the door. Just as I opened my mouth to utter my next line, that door opened again with a slow, creaking noise. Most audiences are inherently polite, but that one had taken all it could. When that door opened, it drew the loudest belly laugh I've ever heard in all my twenty-five years as an actor.

Now everything had gone smash, and I was reacting like a sleepwalker. I closed the creaking door. When I walked away from it, it creaked open again, and the telephone rang. The phone wasn't supposed to ring, but things had gone haywire backstage too. Now I was really confused. I picked up the phone and said, "I'll call you later," and as I did, the door creaked again, and I rushed back to shut it once more with rivers of perspiration cascading down my face. I slammed that door shut; but as I did, the door next to it opened. As I reached the second door, a mysterious off-stage hand appeared and closed it.

To the audience that was the end. A man in the front row had nonstop hysterics, laughing and weeping the rest of the play. The next night the doors worked, but the play had its death blow. It ran only those two nights. That was my last appearance on Broadway for years. I went home to Indiana, Pennsylvania, to lick my wounds. If the man who'd given me my screen test had seen this debacle, he would have called the whole thing off, but my test was already in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pipelines. Not that I cared very much. I had been home two months when Billy Grady, the casting head at M-G-M, summoned me West for a part in a film.

That was in 1935, and it was the second time I'd been "discovered" by Hollywood. In my senior year at college, Max Arnow, who was casting for Warner Brothers came backstage after a Princeton Triangle show. "If you have an open weekend," he said, "drop in and see me in New York." For this interview I carried my accordion, believing that he was interested in my possibilities as a music man. If he had ever had anything in mind for me, he had forgotten it. To break the ice, I finally said, "I play the accordion, you know. It's parked in your outer office." He said, "Leave it there." So back to Princeton.

It may be that Arnow, taking a second look, decided (*Continued on Page 73*)

• •

A Question for a Modern Artist

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

Paint for me then, my
modern mystic,
Be cubist, abstract,
surrealistic;
Suggested form is quite
enough,
My mind can see the
graphic stuff,

But when you show a
great, dense swirl
And call it *Meadow, Tree
and Girl*,
I want to ask, as I do now,
Why not enhance them,
add a cow
Without so much as one
more stroke
And so intensify the joke?

• •

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60 SERIES MIDDLEWEIGHT

FLEETSIDE PICKUI

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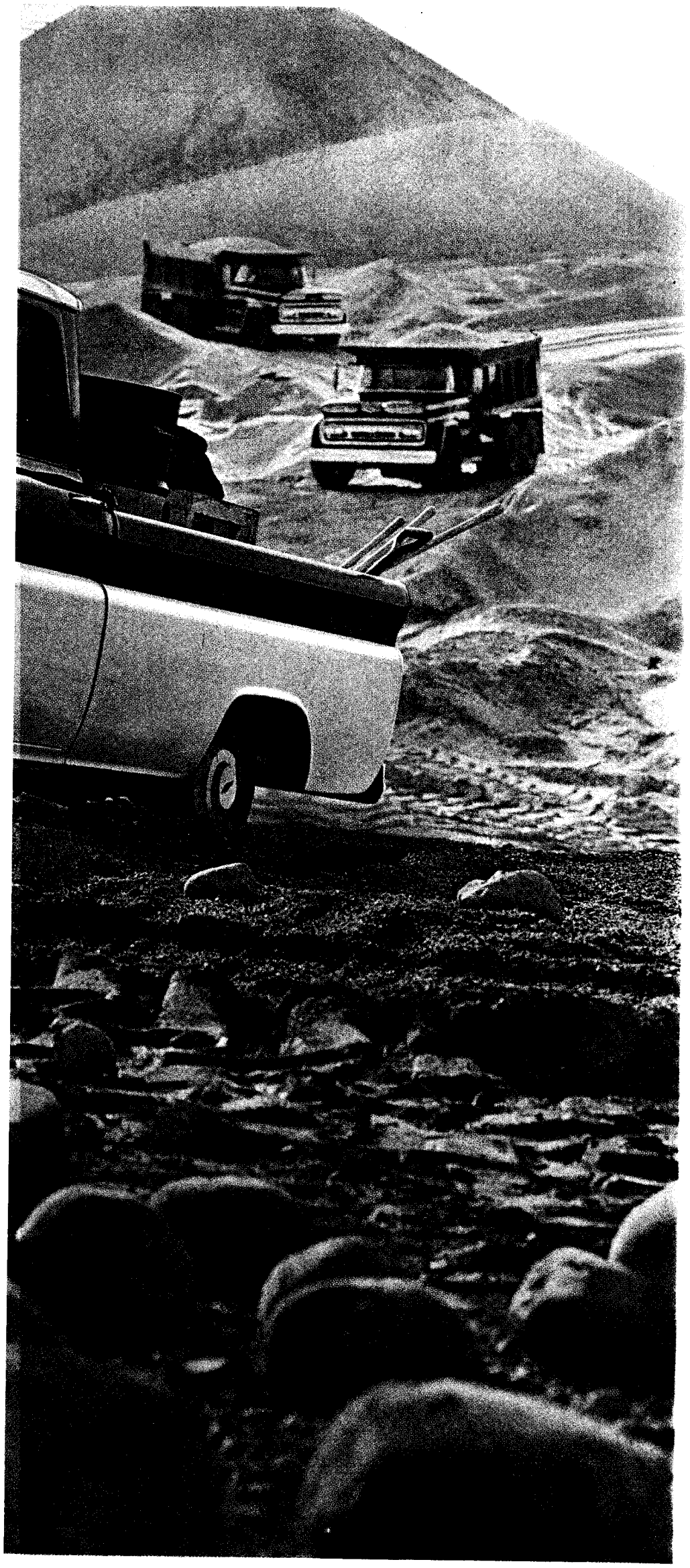


TWO HEAVY-DUTY TANDEMS

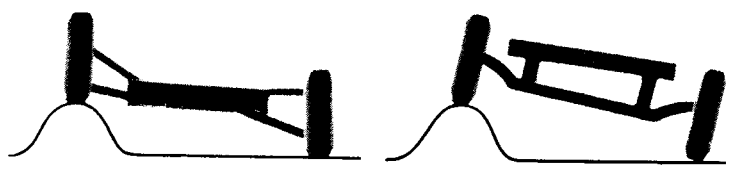
THEY STAY YOUNG ON TRUCK-KILLING JOBS

There's a gravel hauler in Virginia who claims you don't wear out a Chevy. "You just get tired of looking at it and buy a new one."

We like to think most people don't even get tired of looking at them. But the main point is that with I.F.S. (Independent Front Suspension), they stand up to poundings that make you proud to be their owner. They move faster over rough roads to get more done in a day. And they make life a far sight easier for the driver . . . for the load, too, if it's the fragile kind. There's a hauler out in Idaho, for example, who loads on 110 five-gallon water bottles; goes 55 over roads that used to hold him to 30; and hasn't broken one bottle since his pre-I.F.S. Chevy days when he used to break 10 and 12 a month.

That's a string of claims to lay to a suspension system, but who can argue with success? There are well over 300,000 I.F.S. Chevrolets out there right now working as no I-beam truck ever worked before.

We're talking about a major truck advance, not just a gimmick or a new-fangled idea. I.F.S. can mean the difference between putting money in the bank and paying high maintenance bills. Wouldn't you say that was reason enough to have it? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



With Chevy's INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION design (at left) each wheel flexes independently, keeps the truck and the load virtually level with the road; minimizes tire abuse as well as stress and strain on chassis, body and sheet metal. The ordinary I-BEAM FRONT AXLE (at right) is the type most other trucks still have—a stiff-beam design that can't help but transmit road shock and vibration from one wheel to the other and right up through the chassis, the cab and the load.

CHEVY I F S TRUCKS

INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION

THEY WORK HARDER BECAUSE THEY RIDE EASIER

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(*Continued from Page 69*) that I was too skinny for the movies. In any case, when I did reach California, I was too tall and thin for my new bosses, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio heads. For them I ate ice-cream milk shakes so thick they had to be spooned up—and bananas, bananas, bananas.

Being too thin was a nagging problem for me until I decided after many years that I was just naturally a skinny fellow, supposed to be that way and not obliged to fight it. It took time to face the facts. When I was trying to crash Broadway, I worried about my bones showing. I had a tailor wad two pounds of padding into the shoulders of the suit I wore for auditions. The camouflage didn't fool anybody, but it made me feel bulkier and gave me confidence.

During my New York theatrical days I was always dropping in at the Astor drugstore to drink huge glasses of soda water and cream. It was a horrible mixture, but somebody said it would add pounds to a bony frame. A glass of the stuff cost only five cents, and in the early 1930's five cents was important to me. Later, when I had more money, I promoted my stomach to half milk and half cream.

My fattening efforts grew frenzied when I reached Hollywood. After I checked in, Billy Grady took me to see the producer, Harry Rapf, to be interviewed for the part of a newspaperman in his forthcoming picture, *Murder Man*. We walked into Rapf's office, and Billy said, "Here's the kid from New York I told you could play the part of—" he paused, remembering the name of the character; a horrified look came over his face, and he gulped,"—the part of Shorty."

Harry stared at me. "What do you mean, Shorty?" He kicked his desk. "Look at him!"

"Maybe we could change the name," Billy said.

Harry looked at the ceiling as if seeking help and spoke bitterly to no one in particular. "He wants us to rewrite the script because he's found a human giraffe." Fortunately for me, Rapf's sense of humor came to his rescue. Once he got over the rush of blood to his neck, it struck him as a usefully funny twist to have an actor built like a derrick play the part of a character named Shorty.

Harry Rapf was a good picture maker, and I honor him for that. I also remember his gift for offbeat remarks that often topped Sam Goldwyn's best. A random example: He was tucking into a wedge of apple pie one day when he stopped eating long enough to say, "This is the best piece of apple pie I've ever had in my whole mouth."

Before letting me play Shorty, Harry made one desperate effort to change me into a muscle man. "Go down to Don Loomis," he said, "and have him put thirty pounds on you." Loomis was M-G-M's body builder. I found him in the building which housed the stars' dressing rooms. He looked at me, poked me and felt me. I was almost six feet four inches tall and at that point I weighed a skimpy hundred and thirty pounds. "So they want me to put some weight on you," he said. "We're really starting from scratch, aren't we! See that bar bell? Pick it up." I heaved and grunted a few times. It was too heavy. "I have a nine-year-old boy who puts it above his head every morning," said Loomis.

I said, "I don't care about your juvenile monster; all I know is I can't pick it up, and ruptures are hard to get rid of."

But Loomis was strong-minded. He wouldn't take no for an answer. I worked out with him four times a week while he threw gallons of health food into me—blackstrap molasses, yoghurt, wheat germ, cream soups and custards. Finally I gained twenty pounds and could lift that weight forty times without stopping. I had to buy new suits in a larger size and new shirts—the old neckbands choked me. I can remember Loomis bringing out heavier weights, saying, "All right, Jim, let's put your whole life's blood into this." I'd lift until my eyes popped, expecting a double hernia or worse.

When I got to the point where I could no longer stand his "All right, let's put your whole life's blood into this, Jim," I made my decision. The way to lick a problem like being skinny was to give in to it. One day I said to Loomis, "That's the last damned time I'm ever going to lift that weight." And I stalked out. In a few weeks I was down to 130 pounds again. I had to buy a new supply of shirts with smaller neckbands; I'd given my old ones away.

Hank Fonda, with whom I shared a house, was a part of my weight-gaining ordeal. Hank was skinny too. Somebody told us to whip a little brandy and milk together and drink it in the morning—"It'll help." We started with a half-and-half mixture, but as the days went by, the color of our liquid breakfasts got darker and darker. By ten A. M. we were half-stoned. So we gave up the recipe.

At this point the studio was casting *The Good Earth*, and Grady tried to get me aboard as a Chinese character named Chang. Jack Dawn, the studio's make-up man, had developed a rubber mask that gave Occidental eyes a Chinese tilt. Putting on the mask took three and a half hours. With Dawn's make-up and in a Chinese costume, I felt as inscrutable as Fu Manchu. My first thought was to stroll around the lot fooling people with my disguise. Everybody I met said, "Hello, Jim." The part of Chang was given to a real Chinese.

I found out later that I had been considered for the Chang role because the script said he had survived a famine, and the thought was that I looked as if I'd survived a famine too, but not by much.

Never mind, I got roles in other pictures. One was *Next Time We Love*, with Margaret Sullavan. Then I did *Wife vs. Secretary*, with Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow.

I was in fast company there. Jean Harlow had the kind of high-voltage appeal that evoked exclamations like "How about that!" or better. In the film I was the boy she left to marry her boss. Her role was that of an "ambitious" secretary—at least, that's what she was called in the picture. I had only one scene with her—we sat in an automobile while I told her my plans. The scene ended with a kiss. The lines weren't much, and neither of us paid much attention to them, but in the first rehearsal she took charge of the kissing. It was then I knew that I'd never really been kissed before.

There were six rehearsals, thank you, and the kissing gained each time in interest and enthusiasm. By the time we shot the scene, my psychology was all wrinkled. I'll always remember Jean Harlow as being warm, lively and wonderfully constructed. If you see her nowadays in a late, late movie, you might guess that they didn't wear any bras in those days—and you'd be right. All of Jean's dresses were tight, and she wore nothing under them. Apart from her figure and her platinum hair and her beautiful face, Jean seemed to slouch. Actually she slunk, because slinking was fashionable then. She moved in her own version of what was called the "debutante slouch."

After playing opposite Jean, I appeared with Ginger Rogers in *Vivacious Lady*. This too was almost too much for my undernourished physique. While I'm at it, I might as well mention two roles which had strong physiological overtones as well as psychological ones. Although the physiological overtones were real change-ups from appearing with Jean and Ginger. They had to do with aiming for a different kind of realism.

In 1939 I was aiming at realism for my portrayal of Mr. Smith in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. In that movie the script called for me to fight crooked interests with a lengthy speech in Congress, opposing passage of a bill to grab public resources. During the course of that filibuster I was supposed to lose my voice.

Listening to the sound track about the first day's shooting, I decided that the whispering tone I had used sounded false. To get the effect of true hoarseness, I persuaded the studio doctor to refer me to an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. I had a question for the specialist—"Can you give me a sore throat?"

The throat healer rewarded me with a cold stare. "I've heard about you actors, but you're the first direct contact I've had with one," he said. "I've been curing sore throats for eighteen years. Now you want me to give you one. Why?"

So I told him. After giving it some thought, he painted my throat with Novocain and said, "Try it now." My voice was thick, but it still didn't sound hoarse. He asked me to come back in an hour, after the Novocain had worn off. When I returned, he said, "I think I've got it."

On the end of a long wire he put a drop of bichloride of mercury. He thrust the wire down my throat and dabbed my vocal cords. After that I had plenty of trouble talking.

The doctor seemed fascinated by my case. "When are you going to shoot the scene?" he asked. I told him, "We'll be shooting it for days." He was on the set the next five days, listening to me. Every once in a while he'd say, "I'm afraid you're getting better," and stick his wire down my throat again.

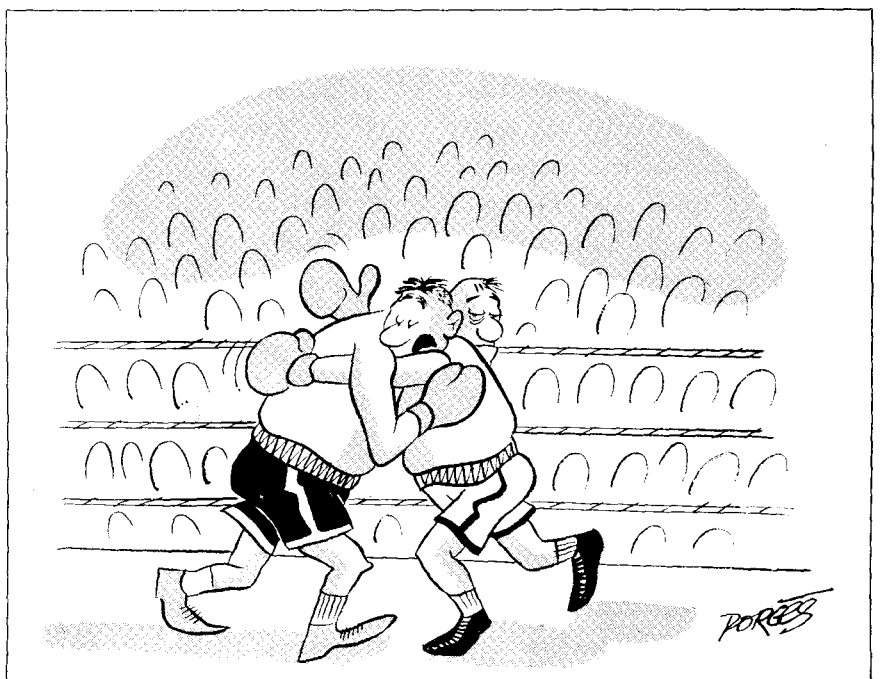
So-called "method" actors may sneer at my sore throat on the ground that all such effects should be achieved by imaginative artistry. I won't argue the point.

Somewhat later I was given the title role in *The Stratton Story*. Monty Stratton was a young, promising Chicago White Sox pitcher. His "win" record each of the last two years he pitched for the Sox was fifteen games a year. In the winter of 1938–39 he suffered a hunting accident. A shotgun charge in one of his legs ended in amputation. Most people would have called it a day. Not Monty. With the aid of an artificial leg, he started all over again and worked up to pitching semipro ball. He had to bat for himself, but if he hit the ball, he didn't have to run it out. The other teams conceded that much.

To perfect my portrayal of a big-league ballplayer, I spent the better part of three months learning to pitch. Stratton himself was my teacher. After my first stiffness and soreness wore off, I worked out four or five hours a day. And I kept on working while the picture was being shot, like a pitcher tuning up to a peak performance. Those who saw that picture agreed that my training paid off, and Stratton himself gave me an approving nod. Very nice—but the fact is I had a heck of a time pitching to Bill Dickey in front of the 3000 extras who gathered at the ball park when the cameras rolled.

The script said it was the big game, and Dickey was up at bat. He was supposed to say, "Come on, Monty, give me a good one," and it was then that I got buck fever. Bill seemed so big and powerful standing there that I was afraid he'd blast the ball straight at my head. He looked serious, as if he weren't acting at all. I thought, *This could be good-by, Stewart*, and threw for the plate. Ball one! I threw wide twelve times, so wide that Dickey couldn't get his bat on leather. By then he was begging, "Put one somewhere near me, Jim. I'll hit it." I shut my eyes and cut loose. I was told afterward that I served one smoking hot over the center of the plate. All I know is that Bill belted it far over my head. The serious look left his face, and he grinned. I grinned back at him. My grin was one of relief. Twelve balls and a home run had ended my big-league career.

The intensity of my dedication to the role of Mr. Smith came back to haunt me. A couple of years after the throat "treatments," I was still suppressing a slight tickling in my throat to avoid alarming the medical examiners when I tried to get into the Army Air Forces. They never caught on. "You're too thin, Buddy," the man said. "Out." So it was all right to cough. And in the end I managed to get in anyway.



"Cha-cha-cha!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Next week Jimmy tells about his service as a combat flier during World War II. He also gives his formula for making a Hollywood marriage work. —THE EDITORS

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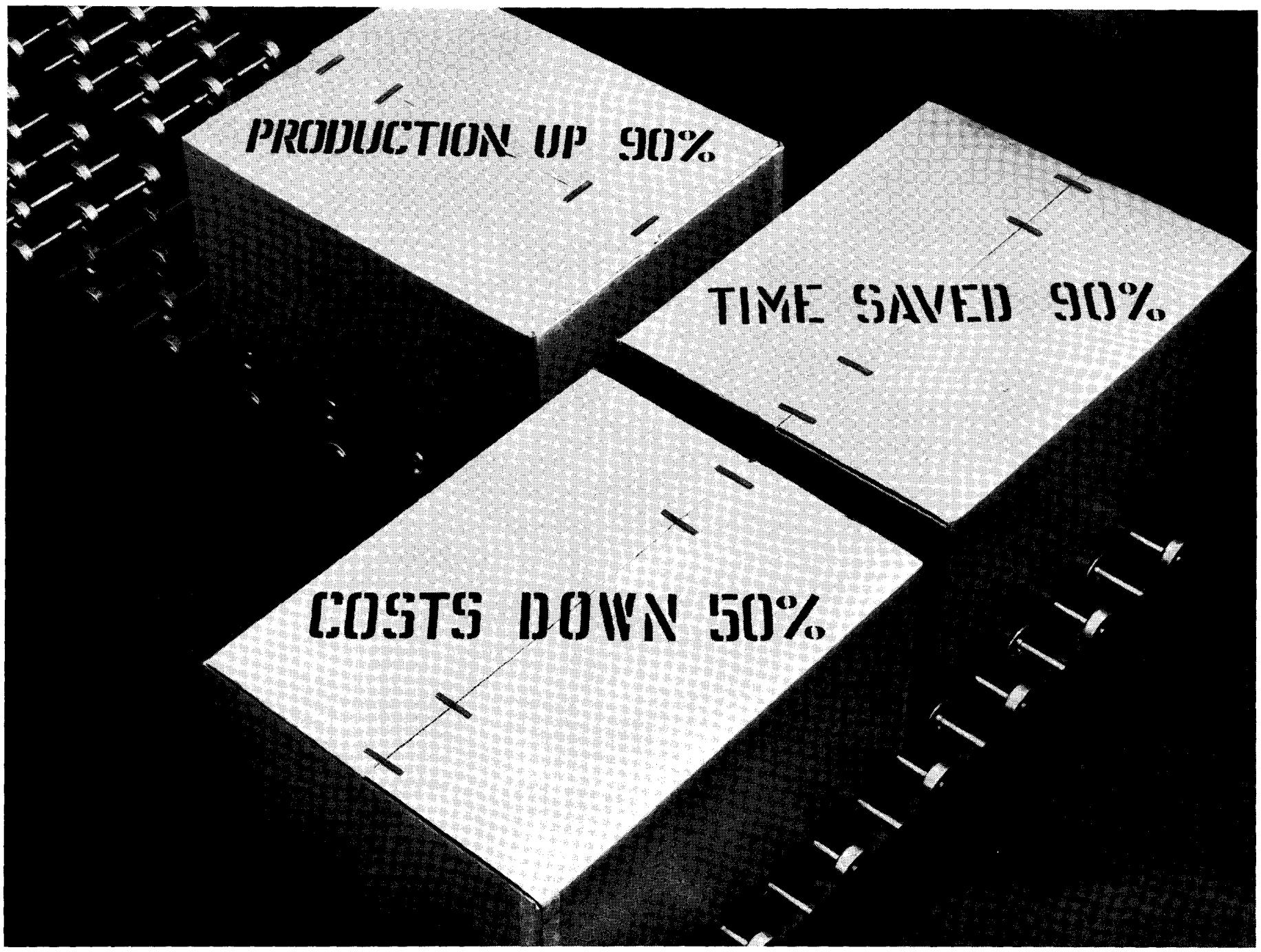

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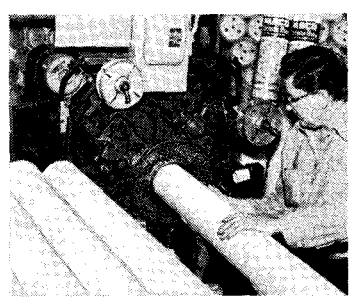

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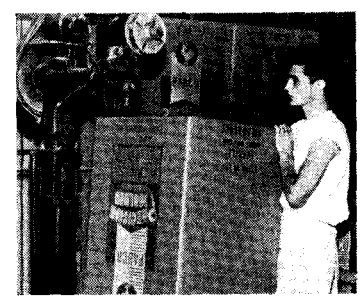

Box bottoming with a Bostitch stitcher speeds carton forming in Pabco's shipping department. Bostitch furnishes stapling machines for every shipping room need.

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Why Do They Knock Themselves Out?

(Continued from Page 30)

ground before the toe; (2) it must touch before the other foot leaves the ground; and (3) the leg must be straightened at the knee during every stride.

In a sense it's like harness racing, where horses are disqualified if they break their prescribed gait. In a walking race a judge gives a warning to a man he finds in violation of the rules; a second offense brings disqualification. As in other sports, the officiating can set off wrangles. Sometimes there are complaints that the judges allowed certain contestants to get away with murder; other times officials are accused of having been unjustifiably quick to order men off the course.

Anyway, it is no easy thing for a man to develop a walking style that will give him speed in conformity with the rules. He also needs a great deal of conditioning—including about 100 miles of walking each week—to keep going strong over a long period of time. Phil Jachelski, a Baltimore policeman who serves with single-minded zeal as the Amateur Athletic Union's national walking chairman, was both a walker and a marathon runner in his competitive days. He says that a lengthy walking race is much more tiring than a marathon run because of the restrictions imposed on the heel-and-toe boys.

There are only about fifty topflight race walkers in the land, and perhaps another seventy-five who compete in local meets. Each year there is a series of ten national-championship races, at distances varying from one mile to fifty kilometers (about thirty-one and a quarter miles).

In Providence, Rhode Island, last Columbus Day thirty-two walkers turned out for the final event on the 1960 championship calendar—the national twenty-five-kilometer walk. About half the entrants were from nearby New England localities; others were drawn from New York, the Philadelphia area, Ohio and Canada. Everyone had come at his own expense, and most had traveled as economically as possible, sharing automobile expenses, and—if the length of their trips made an overnight stay necessary—lodging themselves at the local Y.M.C.A.

Heading the list were four of the six men who had represented the United States in the two Olympic walking events at Rome the month before—where they finished in the middle of their fields. All are pleasant-mannered, poised individuals of slender to medium build—sturdy John Allen, whose case has already been discussed; open-faced Ronald Laird, twenty-two, a map-room clerk living in Norristown, Pennsylvania, who aspires to a college scholarship; rugged Bruce MacDonald, thirty-three, a high-school teacher and track coach in Port Washington, New York: square-jawed Robert Mimm, thirty-six, of Levittown, Pennsylvania, also a qualified schoolteacher, but recently a letter carrier. Mimm is the father of five.

The race was part of Providence's traditional Columbus Day celebration. It by no means had top billing. The starting point was Columbus Square, where about 300 citizens had assembled to hear speeches by local dignitaries. The walkers stood around in their track shorts and jerseys, waiting for the speaking program to end. It was shortly after noon when they took off.

As they proceeded along a hilly course of approximately fifteen and six tenths miles—elbows pumping vigorously in the peculiar high-arm action walkers employ for rhythm and balance—their audience consisted chiefly of people who just happened to be on the sidewalks. A few of the onlookers took a respectful interest in the proceedings, but a majority simply stared. Some smiled or laughed. Unsympathetic urchins gibed at the walkers and mimicked their styles.

The leaders had a motorcycle-police escort in front of them over the entire course, but those who fell behind had to force their own way through traffic and across crowded intersections. However, nobody got hit by an automobile—which has been known to occur at walking races. Thanks in part to bright October weather, there was a minimum of such other race-walking hazards as nausea and blistered feet. There were no disqualifications. All but one of the contestants were able to complete the race.

The Olympians, headed by John Allen, took first, second, third and fifth places. Fourth place went to William Omeltcheniko of the New York Pioneer Club. Allen's winning time was two hours, three minutes and twenty-eight seconds—a pace of better than seven and a half miles per hour. The last man to finish, O. Gardner Spooner, was clocked in three hours, eleven minutes and ten seconds—

The girl who wears nothing to speak of often causes a great deal of talk.

HELEN D. MORTENSEN

---

slightly under five miles an hour. But this was a remarkable performance, too, for Mr. Spooner's age is seventy-three.

Winner John Allen said afterward, "Usually I try to pace myself, but this time I gambled on going all out from the start. I was just about out of gas when I reached that finish line."

Hardly anybody other than race officials saw him break the tape in front of City Hall. There were huge throngs only half a block away, but they were watching the parade which was the big feature of the day.

Having followed the race from the ease of a judge's car, and having been impressed by the speed and stamina of the walkers, I was sorry they had received so little applause and attention. I imagined they must be feeling disappointed.

At a beef-stew supper the city put on for them after the race, I found that I was completely mistaken. Spirits were high. The prevailing attitude was that it had been a fine outing and a fine day's sport.

Trophies were handed out; there was some sort of medal for everybody who had finished. But the real reward for most of them seemed to be the satisfaction of having made the race. They knew they had passed a challenging test that the ordinary man wouldn't have the physical toughness and determination to meet.

An inner conviction that their sport is as difficult as they come is common among athletes who compete in spheres that offer neither fortune nor fame. Bicycle racers, for instance, believe that no other form of athletics takes a greater combination of strength, durability, skill and daring.

Bicycle racing—also known as cycling—is not quite as small scale a proposition as race walking. However, it is only a vestige of what it used to be in the old days before the automobile—or even in the period between the two World Wars, when the professional six-day bike races often packed New York's Madison Square Garden. Now only amateur competition remains. Although there are more bicycles in the United States today than ever before, a total of only 1500 to 2000 men, women and youngsters are riding in races.

Cycling is divided into two broad categories. There is road racing, in which the emphasis is on endurance and pacing—the road races in the 1960 Olympic program were 62.5 miles and 112.5 miles respectively. Then there is track racing, in which sprinting speed and maneuvering skill make the difference.

Both forms of cycling suffer grievously in this country from lack of facilities. Motor traffic has crowded the road racers off the highways, and their competition is largely confined to parks or outlying areas in the early hours of the morning. In track racing, where the ideal setup is a high-banked board track, there once was a regular circuit of wooden velodromes on the East Coast, with others in the Middle West and Far West. Today there are none. About the best the cyclists can do for a sprint meet nowadays is to get the use of a stock-car or harness-racing track.

I attended such a meet on a mild Sunday afternoon last fall at the Weequahic Park Trotting Track, a half-mile dirt oval outside Newark, New Jersey. I can testify that while American cycling may be down, it is by no means dead.

About seventy contestants were on hand, many of them children and some of them girls. Competition extended from the cub class—under ten years of age—on up to the adult division. Several hundred spectators were in the grandstand, with other hundreds watching from parked cars that rimmed the field. The atmosphere was much like that at a Little League baseball game, with most of the onlookers being relatives or friends of the participants.

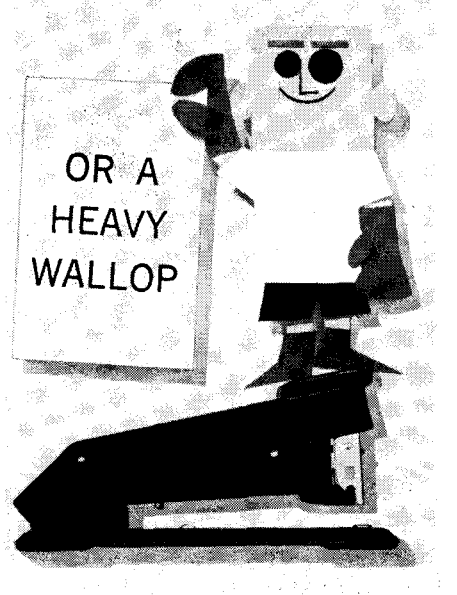
Many of the people in this gathering were no more than a generation or two removed from European countries in which cycling is a major sport. Some of the cyclists themselves were foreign-born, such as lean François Mertens, twenty-eight, a cab driver in Little Neck, Long Island, who came here from Belgium at thirteen. He has been racing since he was fifteen and has won some major events.

How did he get into it and why does he stay with it, now that he is a family man with three children? "I was born to it, I guess," he told me with a shrug. "In Belgium, cycling is a big thing. Kids look up to the champion riders the way they do to Mickey Mantle here."

Mertens's weekly training schedule includes three or four road workouts of seventy-five to 100 miles. He prefers road racing, but there is so little of this that he enters track races too. He spends considerable money on equipment. Racing bikes are custom-built—the demand is so small that the big American bicycle manufacturers are not interested in making them—and they cost from $125 to $150.

The bikes are lightweight, streamline affairs. Road-racing models generally weigh between twenty-two and twenty-five pounds. They are equipped with hand brakes and have from eight to ten different gears—the riders keep shifting as the terrain changes from uphill to downhill to flat.

Track-racing bikes are two or three pounds lighter. They have no brakes and only a single gear—each man sets it at the rate he finds most effective.



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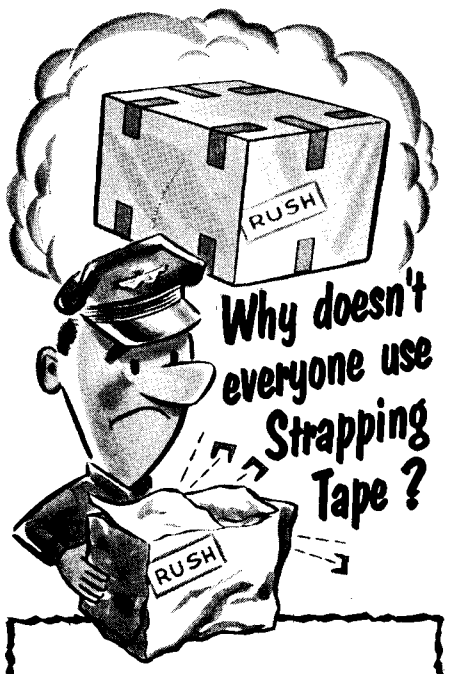

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The best sprinter at the Weequahic Park meet was dark-haired, good-looking Allen Bell. A 1960 Olympic cyclist who placed thirteenth in a large international field in the 1000-meter event at Rome, he is capable of hitting forty-five miles an hour down the stretch. Now twenty-seven, with a wife and two youngsters, Bell works as a public-utility lineman.

He has been exposed to the sport since boyhood in his home town of Somerville, New Jersey, where cycling veteran Fred (Pop) Kugler puts on an annual fifty-mile road race. Bell has encouraged various Somerville youngsters to follow him into cycling, but the results often have been frustrating. "They don't want to work hard enough," he says wistfully. "I came up the hard way myself and I insist on their doing the same."

Along with the sweat and exertion, cycling also has a definite element of danger. I was told before my visit to Weequahic Park that I was likely to see some spills as the riders pedaled around the oval in closely bunched packs. "But they wear those protective helmets, and nobody ever seems to get badly hurt," added John Auerbach, director of the Bicycle Institute of America, a trade association which gives promotional and financial help to the sport. "When a man goes down, he generally brings down riders behind him. In the national championships at Newark several years ago eighteen men went down in one long chain reaction. Yet the only medical treatment that was needed was an adhesive strip for a scratch on one fellow's forehead."

In the races at Weequahic Park I saw three spills involving a total of six riders. They all fell heavily—and painfully—but only one case appeared to be really serious. On the last lap of the junior five-mile race—for boys under seventeen—a lad trying to sprint up from the rear of the pack went down extremely hard. He lay motionless until he was loaded into the ambulance which had stood by throughout the afternoon. It was reported later that he had sustained a broken arm.

The possibility of injury—broken collarbones are the most frequent—is an accepted part of this rugged competition. If a fellow is too worried about getting hurt, he is never going to make much of a cyclist. The same principle holds true in gymnastics, another very demanding sport that few of us know much about.

The agility and gracefulness of the expert gymnasts are the qualities that register with the casual observer. Almost forgotten is the underlying fact that when a gymnast goes into a dazzling routine of flips and twists and change of grip in mid-air, he is literally risking his neck.

Fear is something that even the masters of the sport have to overcome every time they learn new stunts. So I was told by a pair of masters from our 1960 Olympic men's gym team, which made out much better at Rome than the American public realized. On a team basis the United States men wound up fifth among twenty nations. In the individual standings, one of my informants, Don Tonry, placed twenty-seventh among 130 competitors; the other, Gar O'Quinn, was fifty-third. The top American was Larry Banner, of VanNuys, California, who finished twenty-first.

I saw Tonry and O'Quinn at the United States Military Academy in West Point, New York, where they have been assigned to duty in the physical-education department under their Olympic gym coach, Tom Maloney. O'Quinn is a West Point graduate and a 1st lieutenant; Tonry, an aspiring commercial artist, is an Army draftee and a private. Each is a smallish, lithe young man of twenty-five—and an eager, articulate booster for his sport.

They explained that the object in gymnastics is to perform the most difficult possible "tricks" and make them look easy. "We're not like the circus acrobats who try to make things look harder than they are. In gymnastics if you show any sign of strain—a pained expression, a quivering of the muscles when you're holding a position—points are taken off your score."

Until about a generation ago most American gymnasts came from families that had grown up with the sport in Germany and other European countries. Says Jerry Hardy, a vice chairman of the National A.A.U. Gymnastic Committee, who is of Czechoslovakian extraction, "When I was five years old, my parents entered me in school and then in the Sokol Club to learn gymnastics, all in the same day."

Lately the pattern has changed. Most current gymnasts acquired their interest outside the home, often from a school gym teacher with a gift for arousing enthusiasm. At present nearly 5000 men—and about half as many women—are competing in A.A.U. gym meets. A few colleges and a growing number of high schools also have gym competition.

... ...

Full Lives and Empty Mailboxes

It's true of college boys and
girls,
Or any youths who roam:
The more they have to write
home about,
The less is written home.

E. B. de Vito

... ...

Gar O'Quinn didn't get exposed to gymnastics until he was an eighteen-year-old cadet at West Point—an exceptionally late start for a top performer. His sidekick, Don Tonry, began at the age of fourteen.

Recently Tonry related how his father had ordered him to go to a nearby Y.M.C.A. in Brooklyn and take up a sport—any sport. "I looked around for a long time, and all I saw were games like basketball that never had interested me very much. Then I opened a door, and there was a roomful of gymnasts working out. I was stunned. I'd never seen anything like it before. I was scared stiff at some of the things they were doing, but I wanted to be able to do those things too."

Tonry is just as enthusiastic today. He and Gar O'Quinn laid off for a week after they returned from Rome last September and then went right back to work in the West Point gym.

They practice four or five nights a week and occasionally more. Tonry declares, "And then you go to the championship meet at the end of the season, and if you mess up on one movement, three hundred days' work can go out the window in ten seconds."

The scoring in gym meets is like that in figure skating and fancy diving, with the judges grading the contestants on how close they come to perfection in executing their routines. Men's international competition requires both compulsory and optional exercises in each of six different events—(1) calisthenics, or floor exercises; (2) horizontal bar; (3) side horse; (4) rings; (5) parallel bars; (6) long horse. The pay-off is on artistry and finesse, rather than on the display of strength. However, certain events—notably the rings—do require exceptional strength. And a gym meet also takes stamina. Some say that the performance of all these routines over a two-day period is as much of an endurance test as the decathlon.

When it comes to physical strain, there is another athletic brotherhood whose members feel they don't have to take a back seat to anybody. These are the canoe racers. They believe their competition is even more punishing than rowing—a highly publicized sport by comparison.

The American Canoe Association counts between 40,000 and 50,000 canoeists who paddle for recreation, but only a couple of hundred who engage in serious racing. Says Roger Wilkinson, a New York research scientist who currently heads the association, "What's needed to bring back canoe racing is to sink all the outboard motors—and all the automobiles."

Today's racing canoes are mostly built of laminated plywood. They are imported from Sweden and Denmark and cost a minimum of $175 to $200. They are completely different from the conventional "cruisers" in which people take relaxed camping trips—much narrower, much lighter and much tippier. Anybody who wants to master the racing canoe must expect to undergo a few baths while learning.

There are two classes of competition. One is in the Canadian canoe, or C boat, which is derived from the conventional canoe. In a C boat a paddler plants himself amidship on one knee and propels his craft with a single-bladed paddle. The other is the kayak, or K boat, which evolved from the decked-over Eskimo kayaks. Here the racer sits with his legs underneath the deck, and uses a double-bladed paddle. There are both one-man and two-man C boats, while the K boats are variously designed to seat one, two or four men.

There is much technique to be mastered in both forms of canoe racing. The paddler must perfect a balanced, rhythmic style of stroking, so that the boat won't sway or veer off course—adjusting to changes in wind and current to keep his boat moving in a straight line. But above all the successful paddler must have the muscles and the wind to keep churning his blade through the water long past the normal point of exhaustion.

The Babe Ruth of American canoe racing probably is thirty-six-year-old Frank Havens, of the Washington (D.C.) Canoe Club, who made the Olympics for the fourth time last year. Havens took the medal in the 10,000-meter Canadian singles in 1952, but failed to reach the finals in his event in 1960—as did our entries in the other men's classes and two women's divisions.

"When I was single, I used to train every night and race most every weekend," Havens says. "In recent years, due to family and business commitments"—a wife, three small sons and a job as an auto-damage appraiser in Vienna, Virginia—"I have trained only three times a week. In Olympic years I train three times a week during the winter months and then in March start a program of morning workouts, usually from six A.M. to seven-thirty A.M. In the evening I work out again from six P.M. to seven-thirty P.M. This amounts to approximately fifteen miles of paddling a day."

At the Inwood Canoe Club on the Hudson River in upper New York City I became acquainted a while ago with three young bachelor members of our

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1960 Olympic canoeing team—Ken Wilson, twenty-two, and John Wolters, twenty, our 1000-meter kayak tandem pair, and Bob O'Brien, twenty-seven, who was in the 2000-meter kayak singles relay. All had put in about as much work as Frank Havens; Wilson, who temporarily quit his factory job, had done even more.

What kept them at this grind? O'Brien indicated that the trip to Rome had been the major incentive for him, but Wilson and Wolters both said they got a deep satisfaction out of the sport for its own sake. Wolters reflected, "Sometimes when I was out on the water punishing myself, I'd think, *What am I doing out here when I could be playing basketball?* But there's something about it that keeps you at it."

Canoe racing is centered along the East Coast. There is something of a counterpart to it on the West Coast. This is paddleboard racing, a sport few people in other sections have ever heard of. It originated in Hawaii many years ago. now has about 700 devotees in California and shows signs of spreading to some other parts of the country.

Paddleboard racing is an offshoot of surfing. The business of paddling a surfboard out so as to meet a wave at just the right time is an art in itself. Eventually paddling competition developed. It grew into a separate sport, with boards designed specifically for racing.

Like the canoeists, the paddleboard racers must propel themselves by main strength up to the limit of their physical capacities. The bulk of the California events are sprint affairs, but there are some longer races. The most spectacular is a thirty-two-mile ocean marathon from the isthmus of Catalina Island to Manhattan Beach in California.

The hardy citizens who enter the Manhattan Beach race start fitting themselves for it many months ahead. To negotiate this course on a paddleboard a man must keep his arms moving continuously through choppy water for six to eight hours. He must endure cold and hunger. He risks encountering sharks, or even drowning, although he has an escort boat standing by for emergencies.

The race is a feature of a three-day festival which brings large crowds to Manhattan Beach. There were an estimated 75,000 people on the pier and the shore to see the finish of last summer's race. Only fourteen of twenty contestants managed to go all the way. Winner of the open division was thirty-five-year-old Tom Zahn, a lieutenant of lifeguards at Newport Beach, California. The stockboard division was won by Kemp Aaberg, twenty, a college student and summertime lifeguard.

Aaberg says, "After four hours or so, every stroke is an effort. You wonder why any sensible person would want to torture himself this way. By the time you reach shore, first place or a trophy is not important. All you want is rest. But the next year everybody seems to go right back in it again."

There is one form of aquatic competition in which the athletes are in no doubt about why they do it. The outgoing fellows who play water polo are convinced that it is the best game there is. "It has all the forcefulness of football and the speed of basketball," says Dick Newman of St. Louis, a former water-polo All-American.

In each of the little-known sports I explored for this article, I found the people consistently pleasant and likable, but the water poloists were the most entertaining of all. They had many anecdotes to tell about the tricks that are pulled underwater out of sight of the referee.

This is a body-contact game in which broken noses, punctured eardrums and facial cuts are far from rare. However, modern water polo does not have the uninhibited violence of the "old game" that won the name of Drownings, Unlimited. Then a standard tactic was to take the man with the ball under the water and hold him down until he let go of it. Now a man must get rid of the ball if he goes beneath the surface, or else the referee awards possession to the opposing team.

The old game was played with a soft ball which could be held by the slack. The modern ball is hard—about the size of a volleyball, but somewhat heavier. The ideal playing area—not available in many indoor pools—is twenty by thirty yards with a minimum depth of five feet. There are seven players on a team—three forwards, three backs and a goalie. Each side tries to get the ball in the other team's goal—a ten-foot-wide net above the water. The ball may be advanced by "dribbling" or passing. When a well-drilled team sends the ball whipping down the pool in a series of rapid-fire passes, with the ball never touching the water, it is beautiful to watch.

A game is divided into two ten-minute halves. With frequent whistle-blowing, as in basketball, it generally takes thirty minutes to complete a half. A player must keep himself afloat the entire time. So a man must have both finesse—in passing and shooting—and strength. To achieve this, water poloists go through the same endless hours of practice and body building as the athletes in the other sports that have been described here.

Water polo is widely played in some European countries, but it has only about 2000 participants in the United States. The biggest concentration is in California, which supplied all the members of our 1960 Olympic squad (they placed seventh in Rome). The New York Athletic Club and Chicago's Illinois Athletic Club are traditional strongholds of water polo. Another area with a healthy amount of activity is St. Louis, where a driving force behind the sport for forty-three years has been Carl Bauer, the still-vigorous director of athletics at the Missouri Athletic Club.

A while ago I visited the club for an evening's program of exhibition games. Among those present were a number of former All-Americans, most of whom still play water polo two or three nights a week—Harry Queensen, Don Clooney, Wally Lundt, Dick Newman and John Carson. Afterward they sat around telling stories. My favorite was Don Clooney's tale of how, as goalie four years ago in a game against Hungary's 1956 Olympic champions, he and a back bulled a Hungarian forward away from the goal to break up a potential scoring play. "Was he mad!" Clooney exclaimed. "The next four times he got a shot he didn't even try to score a goal. He just threw the ball right in my face!"

And there you have a cross section of seldom-publicized American sports in which athletes knock themselves out for little more than love of the game and the desire to excel at it. There are many other worthy sports which might equally well have been used as examples. Nothing is faster or more tiring, for instance, than such racket games as badminton and squash. Handball is in the same class. Volleyball is lightning-fast too. There is the art of fencing, the bruising game of lacrosse, the grueling sport of weight lifting, the all-but-unknown world of Greco-Roman wrestling. Then there are the assorted athletes who race on ice skates, roller skates, snowshoes. This still is not a complete list.

Are the competitors and the volunteer officials who labor in these fields foolish to do it? They don't think so. They think the rest of the country is out of step. They believe the reason their games aren't more popular is that Americans as a whole have become too soft to go in for the hard, body-building sports. They could be right.

We're Cultured Too (Continued from Page 27)

or another. In Italy, for example, the government puts up about $5,000,000 a year just to support opera, and this includes a fat subsidy to La Scala, the world-famous Milan opera house, which is usually sold out at every performance. In France almost $3,000,000 of tax money goes to support the opera and the *opéra comique* alone. In Germany the city of Hamburg provides about $1,000,000 a year for the support of the local opera and theater. Even in the United States such outstanding organizations as the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the New York Metropolitan Opera Association for years have managed to keep on performing before sell-out houses only because contributions from the public made up deficits that approached $500,000 annually.

My community and numerous others have been able to provide strong support for the arts—not because we depend on wealthy patrons to make up deficits—because we have learned how to unify and synchronize the efforts of the people as a whole. We have accomplished this by forming arts councils and by raising money for all of the arts in a single united public solicitation. And, as I will explain later, we businessmen in America's smaller cities long ago discovered that community cultural progress is just as important as technical progress in the success of our commercial enterprises.

So, while New York may be our showcase of the arts, I believe that the cultural revolution in America will draw its greatest strength from the smaller communities of the land where the arts-council system already has demonstrated its effectiveness.

Consider what is happening in various parts of our country. At Quincy, Illinois, a remarkable businessman named George M. Irwin and a few friends founded the Society of Fine Arts a dozen years ago; in addition to serving as president of the society, Irwin is the able conductor of the Quincy Symphony Orchestra. An art club, a little theater and a historical society are affiliated with the Society of Fine Arts which, with a few donations and a healthy ticket sale, maintains an Arts Center and provides an excellently co-ordinated program in a community of 50,000. The finest young professional musicians from all over the country perform regularly at Quincy.

Since 1955 the Fort Wayne Fine Arts Foundation in Indiana, which now raises around $90,000 annually in a United Arts Fund campaign, has financed a successful program of quality music and theater for a bustling industrial town of 157,000. Its annual nine-day Fine Arts Festival of concerts, plays, art, ballet and exhibits, staged in a city park without admission charge, attracts more than 50,000 visitors.

In Canada the city of Calgary has had an Allied Arts Council in operation for almost fifteen years, furnishing housing, programing and promotion for everything from Shakespeare-study groups to a camera club, a writers' workshop and a free public art gallery. Now they are in a new $180,000 arts center provided by public subscription.

In Kentucky the Louisville Fund, Inc., raises more than $125,000 a year by conducting a unified campaign for ten collaborating organizations, including the Opera Association, the Louisville Orchestra, the Little Theatre, the Children's Theatre, the Dance Council and the Art Center Association.

There are many examples, some large and some small, but all significant of what is happening in America. At Morristown, New Jersey, the Masterwork Chorus is made up of 200 housewives, bankers, day laborers, schoolteachers, butchers and bakers—just people who love to sing—in a community that manages to scrape up enough money each year to hire a professional director. They undertake difficult classical works such as Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*; in 1959 they won the praise of Eugene Ormandy when they performed with his Philadelphia Orchestra. In 1960 they were given excellent reviews by New York critics when they performed Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* at famous Carnegie Hall. At the little town of Statesville, North Carolina, a retired businessman, Eugene S. Gregg, has been one of the leaders in developing a flourishing arts center for a community of 19,000. It took some ingenious shoestring financing, the gift of an old pumping house by the city and many hours of work by volunteers to get started, but Statesville is an example of what can be done on a budget of only $6000 a year.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, on the other hand, the Council of Arts and Sciences raised about $150,000 in 1959 to support local cultural programs. A bond issue and private donations have made available around $2,000,000 for a Civic Arts Center that will provide housing for the city's musical, theatrical and artistic organizations. I could name a hundred cities and towns—Mobile, Alabama; Binghamton, New York; Monterey, California; Cincinnati, Ohio—where public-spirited citizens have taken similar action.

For all these reasons I believe that culture is breaking out all over the country, and we are just getting started. The explanations for this revolutionary trend are obvious. Vastly improved communications since World War II and the daily impact of radio and television in our homes have created an interest and desire on the part of the public to participate directly in the things they see and hear about. Furthermore, the increasing decentralization of industry has required big companies to station more and more able young men in regional and branch factories. This has made it necessary for corporations to encourage cultural development of small-town life so that able executives and their families will be content to forgo the traditional educational and entertainment facilities of our large cities. In fact, the presence or absence of cultural opportunities may often be a decisive factor to a company when it is trying to decide where to build a new plant. Southern communities are catching on to the industry-luring importance of the arts at such a rate that there are more

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arts councils and arts programs in the Southeast than in any other region.

Forty to fifty cities in the United States today have full-blown arts councils, and more than 100 others have some kind of federated arts movements or are now setting up such organizations. This led in 1960 to the formation of a national nonprofit association called Community Arts Councils, Inc., for the purpose of fostering, promoting and encouraging the arts. Before long we believe that Community Arts Councils, Inc., will be a strong association able to meet America's growing demand for education in the arts solely through private community support.

This brings up a couple of important questions. Exactly what is an arts council? And why does any town need one?

The term "arts council" came into use in England. During World War II the government, recognizing the fact that artistic endeavor was good for public morale, provided funds to support the privately financed Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts. In 1945 this organization was transformed into the Arts Council of Great Britain, which became an agency for channeling government grants into the field of the arts.

Shortly after the war the Association of Junior Leagues of America sent its art consultant, Virginia Comer, all over the United States for the purpose of studying and encouraging support of local artistic activities. Using the British arts council as a reference point, she was largely responsible for introducing the idea in this country, although her focus was that they should be privately supported organizations rather than Government-financed councils.

Arts councils in the United States have developed in a variety of ways, but basically they can be described as organized co-operative efforts to aid all the arts in a given community. My own definition of a fully organized arts council is a private organization of citizens whose purposes are: raising funds for all arts groups through a single community campaign; providing housing for member groups ranging from the little theater to children's classes in pottery; co-ordinating the programing and promotion of community cultural activities; and representing the cultural interests of the community as well as, usually, sponsoring an annual arts festival.

I hope I've made it clear that I am interested in the arts. But I am also a businessman with a natural interest in budgets and deficits and bank balances, if any. I know that in the past too many small cities have been mired in the financial difficulties created by community efforts to support a symphony orchestra or a Little Theater or an art museum and have finally thrown up their hands in despair. Every so often there is a cry in America in favor of some kind of Government subsidy for the arts. I don't believe that is necessary. I firmly believe that the arts in this country can be fully supported on a co-operative basis, such as is provided by the arts-council system, and I offer the example of my home town to prove it.

Winston-Salem, with a population of 114,000, is an industrial town—its main industries are tobacco, textiles, furniture and electronics—but Old Salem was founded in 1766 by Moravians who were wonderful craftsmen and lovers of good music. The Salem Moravian Brass Band, started as a trombone choir in the 1760's, is one of the oldest of its kind in the United States. John Frederick Peter wrote the first American chamber music in Salem in 1789. In recent years copies of various works by such composers as J. C. F. Bach, as well as a "lost" part of Haydn's *Symphony No. 17*, have been found in the ancient attics of our town. But that is really incidental to my story.

Starting in 1942, we had sponsored a week-long, annual arts celebration known as the Piedmont Festival. It featured an opera, an oratorio, a symphony concert, a play and an arts exhibit, mostly by local talent. The townspeople loyally showed up at performances, but this was not the answer to our cultural needs because of lack of co-ordination and professional direction. After a few years interest dwindled.

Then, our local Junior League asked their national arts consultant, Miss Comer, to make a survey of our community and suggest what, if anything, might be done. She found there was little organized activity, but was impressed by the interest of the people in cultural activities. Although she suggested forming an arts council, nothing was done until after the end of World War II, when various organizations again became active. Efforts were not co-ordinated, however, and in 1947 we had separate groups sponsoring our orchestra, theater and arts-and-crafts classes. Unhappily, all of them were in almost constant financial difficulties. As a result of this crisis, a few courageous citizens took the lead in urging the various organizations to sacrifice some sovereignty for the greater good of all. Miss Comer's original recommendation for an arts council was dusted off, the various groups joined forces, and in 1949 we established the first permanent arts council in the United States.

From the beginning the arts-council approach meant progress for all. The harmonizing of culture's small voices into an articulate chorus attracted attention all over the country but, most importantly, it won for us strong support in the community. When a city-owned building was sold from under us, we found enough money to buy a Victorian mansion and continue in business. When that house became inadequate, we took the plunge and raised the money for an arts center. When the separate maintenance campaign for the arts group proved inadequate, we organized a united arts fund. When one art enterprise fell on evil days, The Arts Council helped get it back on its feet. When a group of citizens became interested in organizing a gallery or a films society, The Arts Council helped them bring their idea to a reality. In short The Arts Council became a professional town elder available to everyone anxious to further the arts.

The Arts Council's influence is not just local. More than fifty other communities have sought the help of the Winston-Salem council in getting organized and our executive secretary, Charles C. Mark, has visited and consulted with interested groups all over the country.

Since I'm talking here in a prideful manner about what "we" did, perhaps I should make clear that by "we" I mean our community. Actually, I didn't have a hand in it until I got out of the Navy in 1952 and went into my family's textile business.

At that time many of the young men in our community were devoting a lot of spare time to civic activities. After making a few inquiries, I learned that raising funds for the arts was regarded as perhaps the toughest job in this field. I decided that I might as well go "whole hog," so I volunteered for that job with The Arts Council. I'm glad I did. I have had a chance to see from the inside the operations that have made a success of the Winston-Salem Arts Council, and I've learned to appreciate the importance of hard-working, enthusiastic volunteers. It was volunteers, of course, who campaigned a few years ago to raise the money for our new $1,000,000 Community Center; it now houses the local Chamber of Commerce and the United Fund, as well as The Arts Council.

Excellent housekeeping, however, doesn't solve all our financial problems. The 1960–61 budget for our 22 arts organizations—ranging from the Sweet Adelines (a female barbershop chorus) to our symphony—totaled $142,670. Most of these organizations are, to a large degree, self-supporting through the sale of tickets to performances or through membership dues. For example, the Little Theatre has a budget of $17,444; it realizes about $13,000 from sales of $7.50 memberships, which cover admission to five plays or musical productions a year. This means it has a deficit of about $4000 which The Arts Council undertakes to supply. The Symphony Orchestra needs $29,800 to operate for a year and has a deficit of $17,000; we are able to keep the budget low because of the support we get from The Arts Council. Additionally, our part-time manager and the Symphony Board are budget-minded and efficient. The Arts and Crafts Association spends $20,000 and has a deficit of $9700. All of the groups together faced a total deficit of $52,500 for 1960-61, or 36 per cent of their expenditures. In addition, The Arts Council needs about $4500 a year for its theater-maintenance fund and the expenses of a united-arts-fund-raising campaign.

So we asked the people of Winston-Salem to contribute $57,000 to the fund campaign, which was headed by Charles Frank Benbow, a young tobacco-company executive. More than fifty companies chipped in $20,000, and about 1700 individuals came through with another $43,000 in gifts. When we finished counting up we had $63,000, or about $6000 above our goal. I thought that spoke pretty well—not just for the campaign workers, but for the value the community places on The Arts Council's member groups. This was the fourth year we conducted our united campaign on a community-wide basis. When I remember the struggle we had to raise $35,000 only five years ago, I am astounded by our progress.

Why does the community give us such fine support? I've been talking a lot in terms of dollars and cents but, of course, the really important thing is the benefits achieved in terms of people—the thousands who make up our audiences and the hundreds who gain the opportunity of expressing themselves. Really to understand this you would have to meet some of our local people, like A. L. Byrd, a big, cigar-smoking professional stage rigger who, you might imagine, never thought about anything but business. Yet he has volunteered countless hours of time and a great wealth of inventive skill to provide our new theater with stage equipment that is uniquely adapted to our needs. Similar equipment now is being installed in other little theaters in several other cities.

You should also meet some of our participants who are refugees from the strains and pressures of big cities. Our symphony conductor, John Iuele, was a trumpet player and, between 1945 and 1948, an assistant conductor when Leonard Bernstein was conductor of the New York City (*Continued on Page 80*)

NEXT WEEK

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(*Continued from Page 78*) Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Iuele has found far greater satisfaction in music now that he can combine his work with country living and an occasional lunch hour at home with his family. The same is true of our first oboist, Dr. Leonard Nanzetta, who has combined medicine and music since he came to the North Carolina countryside after playing with the National Symphony Orchestra. His wife and son also play in our symphony. Hans Heidemann, who was praised for his performances at New York's Town Hall and on concert stages in many cities, now is a piano instructor at Salem College. The mere thought of returning to the concert circuit turns him pale under his gardener's tan.

Older people play an important part in our organization. There is, for example, L. M. Nolen, a seventy-six-year-old barber from the town of Crouse, who began "messing around" with picture painting after he had retired. His primitive studies of life on the farm, done with barn paint and enamel, are now prize items at the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts and sell for as much as $200.

Most important, to my mind, are the many men and women, neither performers nor artists, who have contributed so much and got so much out of our activities. Typical, perhaps, is Mrs. Velma Jean Clary, whose husband is assistant superintendent at the Children's Home. Mrs. Clary has four children and a house to tend, but still finds time to play a large role in church activities and has twice been president of our Arts Council.

"When I read that some of our best brains are worrying about how Americans are going to spend their leisure time," Mrs. Clary remarks wryly, "I want to tell them that in Winston-Salem the answer to that is a hollow laugh. Leisure time? Hah!"

A visit to our center, which is a busy spot almost any afternoon or evening, illustrates Mrs. Clary's comment. Our well-equipped arts-and-crafts workrooms have attracted many visitors from other cities who want to see how we did it. We have, incidentally, not only new looms but also some wonderful old hand-made looms that were once in cabins in the North Carolina mountains. Some 2200 persons, including 600 school children, attend a series of 160 different classes each year in drawing, painting, carving, pottery making, sculpting, interior decoration, weaving and a few other subjects. Almost every afternoon and evening the various workshops are swarming with children and young people who get professional instruction. We also have an arts-and-crafts shop that sells approximately $15,000 worth of distinctive products a year, serving as an outlet for craftsmen from all over the southeast.

For example, Joseph Godfrey of Hildebran, North Carolina, was a highway engineer until a heart attack forced him to retire. Now he and his wife make enamel-on-copper ash trays, bowls and other articles; their work is in such demand that their income is greater than when Joe worked as an engineer. Marcia Jones had such a good outlet for her woven ties and place mats that she continued to send her products to our store after she moved to Nebraska. Vester Lowe, a tobacco worker, was always a good whittler. After a little encouragement he began carving exquisite wooden bird and animal figures that bring good prices in our store. Mrs. O. K. LaRoque, a housewife who cross-stitches old maxims on monk's-cloth pillows, had 1000 orders for Christmas of 1959 but could turn out only 250 pillows. In 1960 she began in January to prepare for the Christmas trade.

Our Little Theatre, of which Doris Pardington is full-time director, has 2000 members, about eighty amateur actors and a 420-seat theater with the most modern equipment. Our local theatrical talent includes Elizabeth Trotman, a former actress now a newspaperwoman, and quite a few up-and-coming amateurs like fourteen-year-old Sally Froeber. The theater also attracts volunteer workers like the late Paul Newman, owner of an ice company who became a self-taught expert on stage lighting, and Stuart Bellin, a biochemist, who has developed great skill as a set designer. There is room and a need for every talent in an arts council.

A whole corps of volunteer electronics experts from our local industries spent hundreds of hours designing the acoustically perfect rehearsal hall that will accommodate anything from a soloist to a string quartet or an orchestra. An arts council can't afford to pay for this kind of expert assistance; the experts do it without charge because this community project represents a challenge to them.

I've hardly touched on all the things our member groups bring to the community. The Winston-Salem Symphony, for instance, gives forty-two concerts a year, if you count its thirty-three excellent performances for school children; about 29,000 persons attend its performances every year. Then there are the programs of the American Guild of Organists; the exhibitions of the Associated Artists of Winston-Salem; the Film Friends, which sponsors a season of memorable foreign and American motion pictures; the Dance Forum, which brings us a workshop as well as the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo; and the Singers Guild, which provided the chorus for the symphony's performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and co-operated with the Little Theatre in producing a musical comedy. And that's an abbreviated listing.

The Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts came into existence in 1956 only because a group of volunteers put in some 2000 hours converting an old warehouse into a smart, well-lighted sales gallery that handles the work of several hundred artists in five states. The gallery has 300 dues-paying members, changes its exhibits every three weeks and twice a year has major competitive shows. The jurors at these shows are nationally prominent artists, curators, collectors and educators.

That, in very sketchy fashion, is the story of the Winston-Salem Arts Council and what it means to our community. It is a story that is being repeated and will be repeated in hundreds of communities all over America as our new Community Arts Councils, Inc., gains strength in the next few years. If we have vision and enthusiasm—and I'm sure there will be plenty of both—we will witness a flowering of the arts such as no other country has ever known.

The Case of the Spurious Spinster (Continued from Page 41)

road where there were marks of tires in the soft soil.

The questing beam of Mason's flashlight moved around through the brush. "Precisely what are you looking for?" Della Street asked.

Abruptly the beam of the flashlight answered her question as it came to rest on a red one-gallon can which had been thrown over into the brush. "The gasoline can," Della Street said. "It must be empty!"

Mason nodded.

"Do we pick it up and ——"

"We touch nothing," Mason said. "This way, Della."

Automobiles which had been driven through the low brush out toward the steep slope had made a roadway which was little more than two parallel lines of broken brush.

Mason led the way to a point where there was a cleared space right at the edge of the steep slope. Petting parties had parked here, then had turned their cars and gone back to the highway so that there had been left a circular space virtually devoid of vegetation.

"What a beautiful, beautiful spot," Della Street said. "Wouldn't this make an ideal ——" She broke off abruptly with a half scream.

Mason's flashlight came to rest on a sprawled shape lying on its back in the unmistakably grotesque posture of death.

Mason moved closer. The odor of gasoline permeated the atmosphere.

The lawyer's flashlight came to rest on the features. "Chief," Della Street said, half hysterically, "it's Lowry—Ken Lowry, the manager of the mine."

Mason nodded. The beam of the flashlight continued to move. "And here are account books," Della Street said, "all soaked in gasoline."

Mason nodded and approached the body of Ken Lowry. The lawyer bent over him and felt for a pulse.

"All right, Della," he said, "let's go."

"Chief, what happened? What ——"

"We were too late to prevent a murder," Mason said. "We may have been early enough to have prevented the destruction of evidence."

"You mean fire?"

Mason nodded. "Let's be careful, Della. There's probably a cold-blooded murderer watching everything we do."

He retraced his steps to Mulholland Drive, took Della Street's hand in his and ran down to where he had left his car. He jumped in the car, drove it to the service station.

"Got a phone?" he asked the attendant.

The man nodded and motioned to a telephone. Mason hurried inside and dialed police headquarters. "Homicide," he said.

A moment later, when he had the connection completed, he inquired, "Lieutenant Tragg there? Tell him it's Perry Mason. Tell him it's important."

Several seconds later Mason could hear the sound of footsteps approaching the telephone and Tragg's voice saying, "Yes, hello—Tragg talking."

Mason said, "You aren't going to like this any more than I do, lieutenant. I've found a body."

"I see," Tragg said dryly. "And you are quite correct."

"In what?"

"In that I don't like it any more than you do, probably not as much. Now, where are you, and what's it all about?"

Mason said, "The body is soaked in gasoline, and I believe the murderer intended to set fire not only to the body but to some documentary evidence that is nearby. I'm going back and try to prevent it. Get officers up on Mulholland Drive just as fast as you can. I'm going back to try and stand guard. I'll put Della Street on the telephone. She'll tell you where I am and how to get here."

Mason handed the phone to Della.

"You talk with him, give him directions," he said. "I'm going back."

"No, no," she cried. "It's dangerous. You can't—you're unarmed."

"Once this evidence gets destroyed," Mason said, "our client goes to the gas chamber. I don't think the murderer will start the fire if he knows there's a witness."

"He'll kill the witness," Della said.

"You tell Tragg how to get here," Mason said. "That's the best you can do. Tell him to rush up a radio prowl car first and then get up here himself."

The lawyer gave Della Street no more time to argue, but dashed past the startled attendant at the station, jumped into his car, drove back to the wide place in the road, turned his car so that the headlights were shining down the road which had been made by petting parties, shut off the motor and rolled down the windows. He sat there watching the roadway which was outlined in the beam of the headlights, listening intently.

Mason had waited some ten minutes when he heard the distant sound of a wailing siren. The wailing rapidly grew to a scream. The rays of a blood-red spotlight tinged the brush with a sinister glow, then etched Mason's car into brilliance.

The siren died to a throaty gurgle. An officer, leaving the car, came hurrying over to Mason's car, his hand on his gun. "All right," he said, "what is it?"

Mason said, "I'm Perry Mason, the attorney. I telephoned Homicide and asked Lieutenant Tragg to get out here as soon as he could and to send a radio car out here at the first opportunity. There's a body over there about a hundred yards from the road, and it's soaked with gasoline. I think the murderer intended to set fire to the body, but was interrupted by my arrival."

"Who's the person who was murdered, do you know?"

"To the best of my belief," Mason said, "the body is that of Kenneth Lowry, who was employed as manager of a mine operated by the Mojave Monarch Mining Company."

The officer hesitated a moment, then said, "You wait right here. Don't move. Don't go away. Don't get out of the car."

The officer went back and conferred with the other officer, then took a powerful flashlight and started walking down the road, being careful to keep to one side in the brush so as not to obliterate any tracks.

Another ten or twelve minutes passed, and a second siren screamed in the distance. A short time later another police car pulled to a stop. Lieutenant Tragg alighted and crossed over to Mason's car.

"What's the idea, Mason?"

"I was reporting a body, that's all."

"Murder?"

"I would gather as much."

"Weapon?"

"I didn't see any."

"Identity?"

"I believe it is Kenneth Lowry, the manager of the Mojave Monarch mine."

"When did you last see him?"

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"Late this afternoon. I saw him then for the first and last time."

"Where?"

"In Mojave."

"Then he must have followed you over here."

"He may have preceded me," Mason said.

"All right, what's your interest in the Mojave Monarch?"

"I was checking some of the financial affairs."

"Who for?"

"A client."

"Who's the client?"

"At the moment," Mason said, "I am not at liberty to divulge the client. However, I am going to make one suggestion, lieutenant."

"What's that?"

"Amelia Corning was staying at the Arthenium Hotel. She seems to have left the hotel rather mysteriously. She had an appointment with me at seven-thirty and she wasn't there to keep it. I have every reason to believe that prompt action on the part of the police may prevent her murder."

Tragg asked, "Where's the body?"

"Right down this little road," Mason said. "I've kept my headlights on the road, and one of the officers from the radio car has gone down there."

Tragg walked over to the radio car, conferred with the officer who was in that car, gave him some orders in a low voice, then returned to Mason's car. "Come on," Tragg said to the lawyer, "let's go. Leave your headlights on."

Tragg walked over to the car in which he had arrived and said a few words. A photographer with a strobe light and a technician with a fingerprint case emerged from the car.

Tragg said to Mason, "Lead the way, Perry. Keep off to the side of the road. Don't obliterate any tracks."

Mason, picking his way through the knee-high brush to the side of the road, led the way down toward the clearing. The flashlight of the officer from the radio car winked a signal. "Over this way," the officer called.

Tragg and the group skirted the clearing and came to where the officer was standing. "Lieutenant Tragg," Tragg announced. "What do you have, officer?"

"Evidently a murder," the officer said. "The body is soaked in gasoline, and some books there are soaked in gasoline. There's a stiletto-type letter opener—evidently the murder weapon. I felt perhaps someone might be around here waiting to toss a match and set fire to the whole business so I was keeping guard."

"Good work," Tragg said. He turned to Mason. "All right, Mason, we'll furnish you with an escort back to your car. Don't leave until I question you."

"I'm going down as far as the service station," Mason said. "Della's there."

"All right. Go that far, no farther. Stay there." Tragg then said to the officer, "Take him back to the car. See he gets in the car and drives down to the service station."

One of the men bending over the body said, "Lieutenant, this man hasn't been dead any time at all."

"But he's dead?" Tragg asked.

"He's dead."

"O.K.," Tragg said. "Set up your photographic outfit and start getting some pictures. . . . All right, Mason, this is where you came in."

The officer, holding Mason's arm, led the way through the brush, keeping well to one side of the road. When the lawyer had returned to his car, the officer said, "Now, you're driving down to the service station."

"That's right."

The lawyer started his car, swung out onto Mulholland Drive and drove back to the service station. The police car followed him. After Mason had swung in at the service station, the police car made a U-turn and went back.

The service-station attendant came over eagerly. "Say, what's this all about?" he asked Mason and Della.

"A murder down the road," Mason said.

"Gosh, how did it all happen?"

"No one knows exactly," Mason said. "There's a gasoline can down there. You didn't sell anybody a gallon can of gasoline recently, did you?"

"Say, I sure did," the man said, "about an hour and a half ago, and I've been wondering what the heck happened."

... ...

Elbow Room

By Herbert Merrill

There was a golden age, I
have been told,
When earth had space
enough and more to hold
Each Tom and Dick and
Harry and their dreams
Without the slightest
straining of her seams,
A time when every land
from sea to sea
Had elbow room for men
like you and me
To shake opinions in. Well,
I confess
I'm not a one for this
togetherness
That cans us like sardines
from pole to pole
And packs us willy-nilly,
cheek by jowl,
Until today a man may
scarcely sneeze
Without offending the
antipodes,
Or yawn and stretch as
widely as he can
For fear of poking ribs in
Pakistan.

... ...

"To whom did you sell it?"

"A young woman who was wearing a man's hat and a long raincoat. She kept the hat pulled down over her eyes."

"Blonde?" Mason asked, glancing significantly at Della Street.

"I don't know."

"A blonde, blue eyes, about five feet two and a half, about twenty-seven years old?"

"Well, I don't know. She may have been twenty-seven."

"Blue eyes," Mason said positively.

The attendant frowned. "Well, I don't know," he said. "I'm not entirely certain as to that."

"Then you didn't get a very good look at her?"

"No, I didn't get a very good look at her. She came in and wanted a gallon of gas. I remember wondering why she was wearing a man's hat and—well, I wondered just what was going on down there. A girl being out alone that way, running out of gasoline—I wanted to drive her back down to her car, but I was here all alone."

"Rather a brassy individual?" Mason asked. "The kind who would be wandering around at night dressed in men's clothes?"

"I'm not so certain she was dressed in men's clothes. She had this raincoat and the hat."

"It was a man's hat."

"It was a man's hat, all right."

"Rather wide brim?"

"Wide-brimmed, and she kept the brim sort of pulled down."

"But you could see her eyes were blue?"

"Now, wait a minute. I'm not so certain about her eyes."

"You can't swear they were blue?"

The attendant hesitated and said, "No, I can't swear they were blue."

"Then you can't swear what color they were?"

"I—no, I guess I couldn't."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Della, you talk with him, will you, and make notes on what he says? Try and get a description of this young woman."

Mason lowered his right eyelid in a swift wink. "I'm going to use the phone," he said to the attendant.

The attendant seemed only too willing to talk with Della Street. Mason went over to the telephone and called Paul Drake's office. When he had the detective on the line, he said, "What's new with Endicott Campbell, Paul?"

"We haven't been able to pick up his trail," Drake said. "He isn't at home, and we can't find him."

"Keep trying," Mason said. "When you do find him, don't let him out of your sight—that's important. Now, here's something else, Paul."

"What?"

"We've simply got to find Carleton Campbell—that's the seven-year-old boy who's in the custody of this English governess, Elizabeth Dow."

"Have a heart," Drake said. "We're doing all we can on that, Perry."

"Do even better than that," Mason said. "There's been a murder. Ken Lowry, the manager of the Mojave Monarch, has been killed. I was talking with him this afternoon. He must have got to thinking things over after we left and decided perhaps he'd told me too much, or else he put two and two together from things I had told him.

"Now, he may have started for Los Angeles to see Endicott Campbell or he may have started for Los Angeles to see Amelia Corning at the Arthenium Hotel. My best guess is that he went to see Miss Corning.

"Miss Corning has disappeared. She had an appointment with me at seven-thirty and didn't keep it. She's a stickler for keeping appointments right on the dot. I want to know everything you can find out for me and I want it fast."

"Where are you sitting in this thing?" Drake asked.

"More or less in the middle," Mason said. "I seem to have been playing tag with a murderer somewhere and I'm not sure who the murderer is."

"But you have a suspicion?"

"I have a suspicion," Mason said. "I'm going to need proof. Now, here's something else that bothers me, Paul. I don't think that Amelia Corning was too eager to have her sister and Alfredo Gomez, the business agent, show up. I think they showed up on their own initiative, and there may be some friction, some adverse interest somewhere. It's just a hunch I have.

"I've given the police a tip to try and locate Amelia Corning. I told them that she was in danger of being murdered. That will spur them along."

"Do you think she is in danger?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "I just don't like the

(*Continued on Page 83*)

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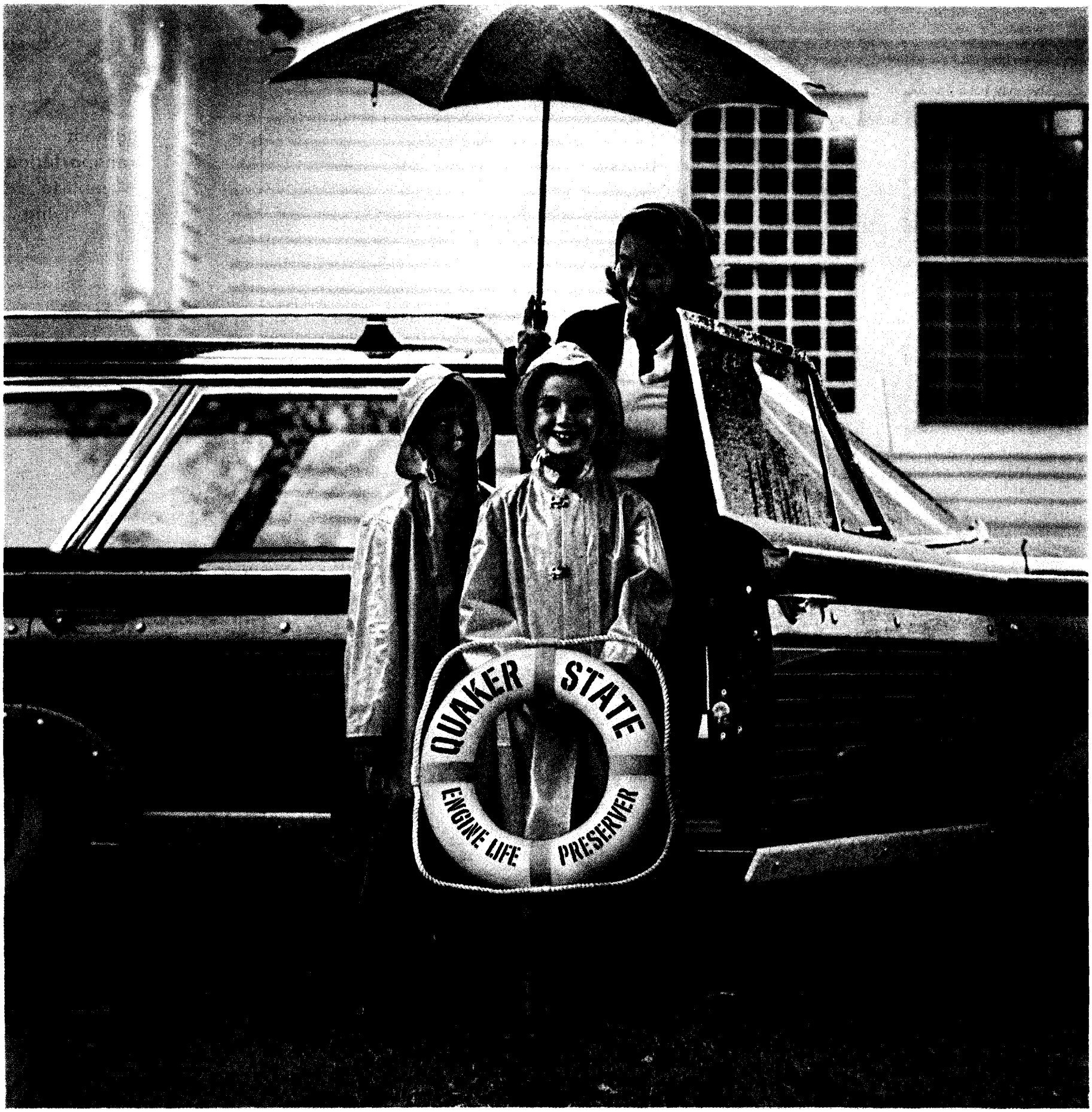

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(*Continued from Page 81*) way these other people showed up and I have a hunch Amelia Corning didn't either. When I talked with her over the phone and she told me that she'd received a wire from them saying they were coming, she didn't seem too happy about it."

"If you have the police working on the thing," Drake said, "there's not much I can do. The police will run circles around me."

"That's right," Mason said. "But you just might happen to stumble on something. I'll tell you one thing, Paul, that you can do."

"What?"

"Be so ostentatious about looking for her, and so apprehensive, that you build up the background of apprehension on the part of all concerned."

"This is going to turn into quite a job," Drake said.

"It has turned into quite a job," Mason told him. "Get busy on it."

The lawyer hung up, noting as he did so that Della Street, with her wide and unmistakably beautiful eyes, had hypnotized the service-station attendant so that he had hardly noticed that Mason had had a telephone conversation, let alone trying to eavesdrop on it.

Mason telephoned for a taxicab to come out to the service station, then joined Della Street. After a moment, he was able to get her off to one side where he could talk without being overheard.

"Della," he said, "I'm under orders from the police not to leave here. No one thought to give you any such orders. I've telephoned for a taxicab. It will wait here. You take my car and beat it."

"Where do I go?"

Mason said, "Della, this is important. I don't want the police to get on Sue Fisher's trail any sooner than they have to. On the other hand, I don't dare to have her resort to flight, because that would be taken as an indication of guilt. Now, just suppose that you were told by me to go out and try and locate Miss Corning. Where would you go?"

"I don't know."

"It is quite a question," Mason said, "but we must bear in mind that she had some very involved mining interests out in the vicinity of Mojave. We must bear in mind that the murder of Ken Lowry has some rather deep significance. Now, if you should stop by Sue Fisher's apartment and take her with you so that she could brief you on the various things you wanted to know about, and if you should start to Mojave—well, of course, you're rather tired tonight. I shouldn't ask you to work day and night. You've been going at a high rate of speed all day. You two girls could stop somewhere along the road at a motel. Of course, you'd have to be careful to use your own names. And then you could go out and look around Mojave tomorrow. There's just a chance—just a chance, that you could find something."

"You want delay, is that it?" Della Street asked.

Mason said, "Tut-tut, Della. You mustn't jump to conclusions. I am merely asking you to get evidence. I think you could get out there in Mojave, skirmish around and do a pretty good job."

"Do you want me to report to you?"

"From time to time," Mason said. "There's no use reporting to me tonight. Do you have plenty of money?"

"Not too much."

Mason reached for his billfold, took out two one-hundred-dollar bills.

"All right," he said, "this should keep you going for a while."

"How will you get along without your car?"

"Oh, I'll get along," Mason said. "I'll rent a car. You just take this and don't be in a hurry, Della. Telephone me from time to time."

"And if the police should catch up with us?"

"If the police should catch up with you," Mason said, "you might tell Sue Fisher that an attorney generally doesn't want his client to make any statement unless he is present, and he likes to talk with his client and know the facts before she makes any statements to the police."

"I think I understand," Della said. "Wish me luck."

"On your way," Mason said.

Della Street went to Mason's car, jumped in with a swirl of skirt and drove away.

The taxi meter had nine dollars and eighty cents on it when Tragg somewhat reluctantly gave Perry Mason permission to go on about his business.

"I'm not very happy about this thing, Mason," Tragg said.

"One shouldn't ever be happy about a murder," Mason said.

"That isn't what I meant," Tragg said. "Let's say I'm not happy about your part in this one."

"I have no part in the murder," Mason said.

Tragg jerked his thumb. "On your way," he said. "Personally, I think you've worked this professional-privilege thing to death. I'm going to tell you something, Perry Mason. Sooner or later the facts in this case are going to come out. We're going to know how it happened that you went up there looking around for a body."

"I tell you I wasn't looking around for a body," Mason said.

"All right, we don't need to go over it again. On your way."

Mason climbed into the cab and nodded to the driver. "Back down to Hollywood," he said.

After they reached Hollywood, Mason gave the driver the address of Susan Fisher's apartment and said, "There's a car-rental agency within three or four blocks of that apartment. Do you know where it is?"

The cab driver thought for a minute, then nodded. "There's a branch of the We Rent M Car Company in a service station about three and a half blocks from there."

"Let's try that place," Mason said.

The driver drew up in front of the place. Mason got out and said, "How about renting a car?"

"It depends on how long you want it," the man said. "We're just closing up, and business has been rushing today. This is a branch of the main office, and we've been floored. I have one car which has just come in. It hasn't been serviced. I'll have time to fill the tank and that's all. If you want to turn it in before nine o'clock tomorrow morning, you'll have to turn it in at one of the other offices. I'll give you their addresses on a card."

"O.K. by me," Mason said. "I need a car."

"You got your driving license?"

Mason brought it out and exhibited it, used an air-travel card to establish credit and went out to pay off the cab.

"I was just closing up," the man explained. "We've had quite a day, and I was fifteen or twenty minutes overtime getting books posted."

"Did a lot of rental business?"

"Quite a lot."

"You don't have too many cars?"

"Not here; this is a branch. Actually we try to keep one here all the time and then we telephone to one of the other offices to send out replacements. They can have a car here within ten minutes any time I phone, sometimes sooner."

"Just keep the one car here in the place."

"That's right. Of course, it isn't always the same car."

"I see," Mason said. "I was just wondering how you ran the business."

While the man filled the gas tank, Mason crossed over to the telephone booth and called Paul Drake. "Paul," he said, "I've got a car I want examined very, very carefully by an expert. I want someone who knows his way around to look it over with a magnifying glass."

"For what?"

"Bloodstains, fingerprints, everything."

"Well," Drake said somewhat wearily, "there's a technician who works in the police laboratory who occasionally does some work for me. He'll probably be in bed at this time of the night. I'll have to get him up if you want him."

"He'll keep his mouth shut?"

"He'll keep his mouth shut."

"He'll get up for you?"

"Not for me—for about fifty bucks."

"And work a large part of the night?"

"And work a large part of the night."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Call him and then be waiting down on the sidewalk for me. I'll pick you up, and we'll drive out there."

"How soon?"

"Fifteen minutes."

"O.K., I'll try and get things lined up," Drake said. "I'll be on the sidewalk. Anybody going to get any sleep tonight?"

"Not that I know of," Mason said. "Found anything on Amelia Corning yet?"

"Yes, we've got a lead. A fellow from the porter's office was paid twenty dollars to take Miss Corning down in the freight elevator and put her out on the sidewalk in her wheel chair. She said she wanted to get out without anyone knowing it, said she had a little checking up to do."

"What time, Paul?"

"Six-thirty."

"That figures," Mason said.

"What does?"

"She had an appointment with me at seven-thirty and she's very punctual. She could have figured on getting back by seven-thirty."

"That's right. She did. She made arrangements with this chap who operates the freight elevator so that he would be standing by in the alley, near the freight entrance, at exactly seven-twenty so he could pick her up and take her back up to her floor and she could get into her room."

"And she didn't show up?"

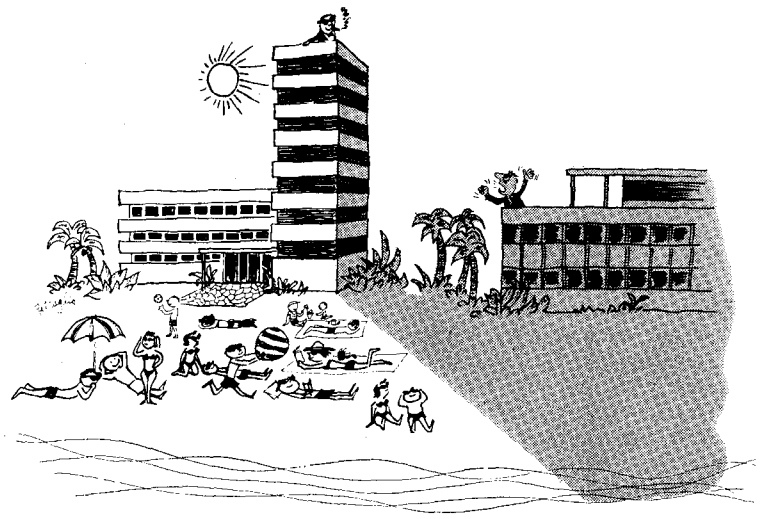
"That's right."

"And she left at six-thirty?"

"Right about that time. It could have been a few minutes earlier."

"Has he told his story to the police?"

"The police haven't asked him yet. They don't seem at all concerned—as yet. Our men saw no sign of police interest. Miss Corning's sister seems to be holding down the fort and clamping a lid on any undue interest in Miss Corning's comings and goings."



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Max, owner of a supercolossal de luxe hotel on a choice Miami Beach site, was undisturbed at first by a project to expand the rival, next-door hotel by a fourteen-story addition. Then he realized with horror that the addition would cast a shadow over his beach for fully half a day each winter season. Foreseeing ruin, Max rushed into court.

"Don't let them put my hotel in the shade, judge," Max wailed. "My guests expect to bask in sunshine all day. The law requires a person to use his property so as not to interfere with the rights of others. If this addition is made at all, it should be in such a way that it doesn't cut the afternoon sun off my beach."

"We're entitled to build what we please on our own property," counsel for the other hotel replied, "as long as it doesn't interfere with Max's legal rights. As for sunshine, Max doesn't own the sun."

If you were the judge, would you permit the hotel addition?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Max lost. The court ruled that a property owner cannot require his neighbors to build in such a way as to avoid casting shadows on his land.

Based upon a 1959 Florida decision.

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"That's good," Mason said. "We're evidently one jump ahead of the police. See what you can do about checking the taxicabs that usually stand there at the Arthenium Hotel and ——"

"That's already been done," Drake said. "All of the taxicabs that stand there come in and take their position in line. They pull in to the rear of the line, and then the fellow in front answers the doorman's signal. If the doorman isn't there, they'll pick up a passenger at the hotel; and, of course, if the passenger walks up to the head of the line and gets in a cab, the cabby has no alternative but to take him. Ordinarily, however, the drivers work with the doorman. In that way the doorman gets a tip for calling the cab and he's nice to the cab drivers, and everything works out O.K."

"And how about a cab being called around to the alleyway?"

"It would have had to be on a telephone call," Drake said. "I've checked all the cab companies, and there wasn't any call to have a cab there at that time. Therefore, it must have been a private car."

"It could hardly have been a private car," Mason said.

"It must have been."

"All right," the lawyer told him. "I'll come down there. I want this car checked for fingerprints and I want it checked for any and all kinds of evidence—a regular police check."

"That's going to take time."

"We've got time."

"I was afraid of that," Drake said and yawned into the telephone.

"Get your man up," Mason said. "I'll be there, and be wearing gloves when I pick you up."

The lawyer drove the rented car around to his office building; he picked up Paul Drake, who was standing on the curb. Drake gave directions, and they drove out to the residential section, turned into a driveway and into an open garage.

"Meet Myrton Abert," Drake said. "He's an expert connected with the police laboratory."

"I want a check on this car," Mason said, "and I don't want anybody to know about it."

"You don't want anybody not to know about it any more than I do," Abert said. "It isn't hot, is it?"

"Not in the sense you mean. It's a rented car. I just want to know who's been driving it before all of the fingerprints are erased."

"Now, suppose the police want the same thing?" Abert asked.

"Then you give them the information," Mason said.

"If I do that, I'll have to use cellophane tape and lift the fingerprints."

"Go ahead and lift them."

Abert closed the garage door, turned on bright lights and went to work.

It was breaking daylight when Abert said, "All right, Mr. Mason, there aren't any bloodstains in the car. There are quite a few smudged fingerprints. There are twenty-three legible fingerprints on the doors, the back of the rearview mirror and the side mirror. I've lifted those with tape. Now what do we do?"

Mason said, "I want duplicates of those prints."

"Then I'll have to photograph the lifted prints."

"How long will that take?"

"Not too long to make the photographs, but to get them developed and printed is going to be something else."

"All right," Mason said. "You want to protect yourself. You take the photographs and give me the original lifts. You can develop the photographs at your leisure. They'll give you protection."

Abert thought it over for a while, then said, "That would be worth a little more money, Mr. Mason. It's a little more work than I'd figured on."

Mason handed him a twenty-dollar bill. "Will that cover the added costs?"

"That will cover it."

"Let's go," Mason said.

Abert walked over to a locker, took out a fingerprint camera, put the lifts on a dark surface, fitted the fingerprint camera over the lifts and, within a few minutes, had all of the prints photographed.

"That's all there is to it?" Mason asked.

"That's all."

"O.K.," the lawyer told him. "I'm on my way."

"Say, this is a rented car, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"You understand I've got to protect myself in this thing," Abert said. "So far, this is only a private deal. But I've got the license of the car and all that, and ——"

"Sure," Mason said. "I don't want you to do anything that's going to get you in bad. You have a right to do outside work on your own time."

"Thanks. I just wanted to be sure we had it straight," Abert said.

"We've got it straight," Mason said.

Abert looked at his watch and yawned. "Just about two hours shut-eye before I have to go to work," he said.

"You're fortunate," Drake told him.

Mason grinned, opened the door of the car and slid in behind the steering wheel. "Come on, Paul," he said, "we're going places."

"Where?" Drake asked as they backed out of the garage.

"Bed," Mason told him.

"Those," Drake said, "are welcome words."

"We stop by your office," Mason told him, "and see if they have anything more on any of the characters involved."

"Why not phone?"

"All right," Mason told him, "we'll phone."

They stopped at a telephone booth, Drake put through a call, came back and shook his head. "Nothing doing," he said. "They haven't found Endicott Campbell yet; there's no trace of the seven-year-old son or the governess; the police are turning Mojave upside down trying to get some dope on Ken Lowry and, so far, the police haven't taken any interest in Amelia Corning. We're ahead of them on that information."

"O.K.," Mason said. "It gives us about two hours and a half. We don't have to get up quite as early as your expert."

Perry Mason was up at seven-forty-five. He shaved, showered, dressed and, without breakfast, stopped at a supermarket, bought two dozen large, luscious eating apples, drove the rented car down to the front of a high school, parked it near the curb, let the air out of the left front tire until the tire was flat and stood helplessly by the car until a group of students came along chatting and laughing, completely immersed in their own world and their own problems.

"Hey," Mason asked, "you boys want to make twenty bucks?"

The group paused and looked at him suspiciously.

"Here are the car keys," Mason said. "I've got an appointment and I don't want to get all mussed up changing a tire. Fact of the matter is, I don't even know how to go about it. I don't know where the tools are. Here are the car keys, and here's twenty bucks."

"What do you know?" one of the boys said.

"Manna from heaven," another remarked.

"I'm going to go over here to the snack bar. You boys help yourselves to some of those eating apples if you want," Mason said. "I'd like to have you do the best you can with it."

Mason dropped a twenty-dollar bill on the seat of the automobile and walked across the street to the snack bar. Looking back, he saw boys literally swarming all over the car.

By the time the lawyer had finished his coffee and walked back across the street, the tire was changed. One of the boys standing by the car said, "Gee, thanks a lot, mister. We felt we shouldn't charge you that much. The boys felt they were sort of taking advantage of you."

"Not at all," Mason said. "I'm going to come out all right on this deal myself."

By that time a crowd of some fifteen or twenty boys had gathered around the car, those who had not been in on the tire-changing deal looking enviously at those who had.

One of the boys said suddenly, "Say, I've seen you before. I've seen your picture someplace. Aren't you—my gosh, you're Perry Mason, the lawyer!"

"That's right," Mason grinned and, seating himself behind the steering wheel, left the door on the left-hand side of the car wide open while he visited with the boys for some four or five minutes. Then he closed the door and drove to his office.

He drove the car into the parking lot where he and Della Street kept regular stalls for their cars. Mason jumped out of the car and said to the parking-lot attendant, "I'm in the deuce of a hurry. Would you mind parking it in my stall when you get a chance? Thanks a lot."

Mason smiled his thanks and hurried to the elevators.

He stopped in at Paul Drake's office. "Paul in yet?" he asked the switchboard operator.

"Not yet," she said.

"Ask him to come in as soon as he shows up, will you?" Mason asked and went on down to his own office. He went in through the reception room and told the receptionist, "Della Street probably won't be in today, Gertie. I'm going to be in my office for a while, but I may have to tell you to cancel all appointments."

Mason walked back to his private office, seated himself and, picking up the phone, said, "Gertie, I want to get the Presidential Suite at the Arthenium Hotel. I'll talk with anyone who answers the phone. I'm afraid it's going to be rather a tough day today. We're going to have to get along without Della and——"

"Oh, no, we aren't. She's just coming in," Gertie said.

"What!" Mason exclaimed, jumping up out of his chair.

"She's just coming in."

Mason dropped the phone into its cradle, crossed the office with rapid strides and jerked open the door to the private office just as Della Street was about to open it from the other side.

For a long moment they stood there all but in each other's arms; then Mason said, "Good gosh, Della, I'm glad to see you! Although I suppose it's bad news."

"It's bad news," Della Street said.

"Come on in and tell me about it. Where have you been?"

"I," Della Street announced, "have been in the district attorney's office since six o'clock this morning. We were routed out of bed by deputy sheriffs from Kern County at a very early hour. Our friend Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide showed up and started questioning me in great detail."

"What did you tell him?" Mason asked.

"I told him the truth," Della Street said.

"All of it?"

"Well, there were some phases of the matter on which I didn't elaborate, but I have never seen Lieutenant Tragg more insistent, and there was a deputy district attorney who was positively insulting."

"They didn't have any right to hold you," Mason said.

"That's what I told them. But they had an answer for all that. They said I might be a material witness, that I might be aiding and abetting a felony, that I might be trying to conceal evidence. Oh, they had lots of answers."

"Did they give you a rough time?"

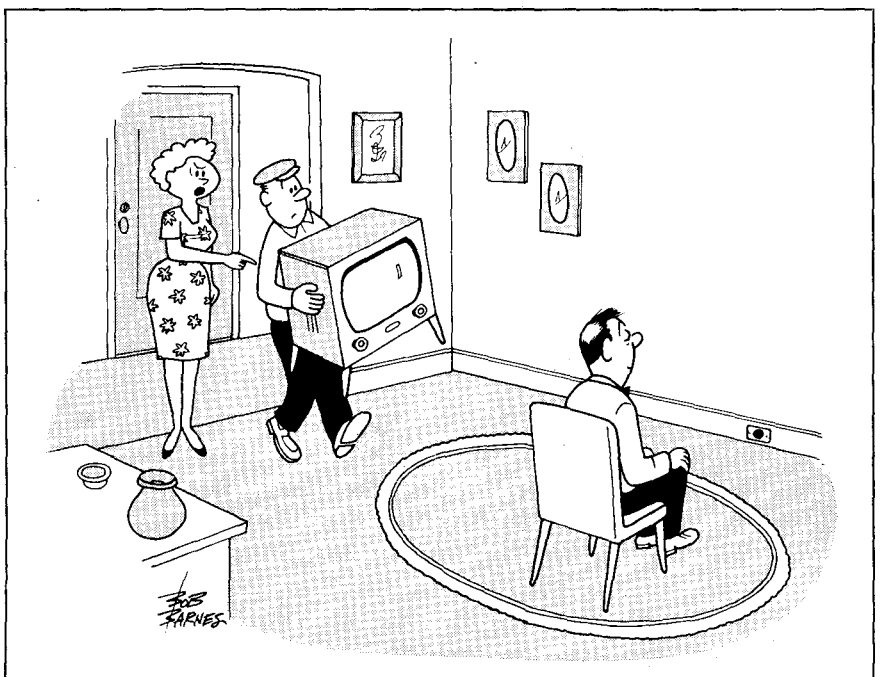
"They were rather insistent," Della Street said, putting her hat in the hat closet and dropping wearily into a chair. "I think the deputy district attorney and one of the deputy sheriffs would have been really rough in an insulting sort of way if it hadn't been for Lieutenant Tragg. He was probing and insistent, but very much a gentleman of the old school."

"And what did Susan Fisher have to say?" Mason asked.

"As to that I wouldn't know," Della Street said. "They had her in a separate room and they never let us have a word together from the time they took us into custody. They brought her in in one car, brought me in in another, and they interrogated us in separate rooms."

"Well," Mason said, "I guess the fat's in the fire; the wind is about to start blowing."

TO BE CONTINUED



"It goes right over there in front of my husband."

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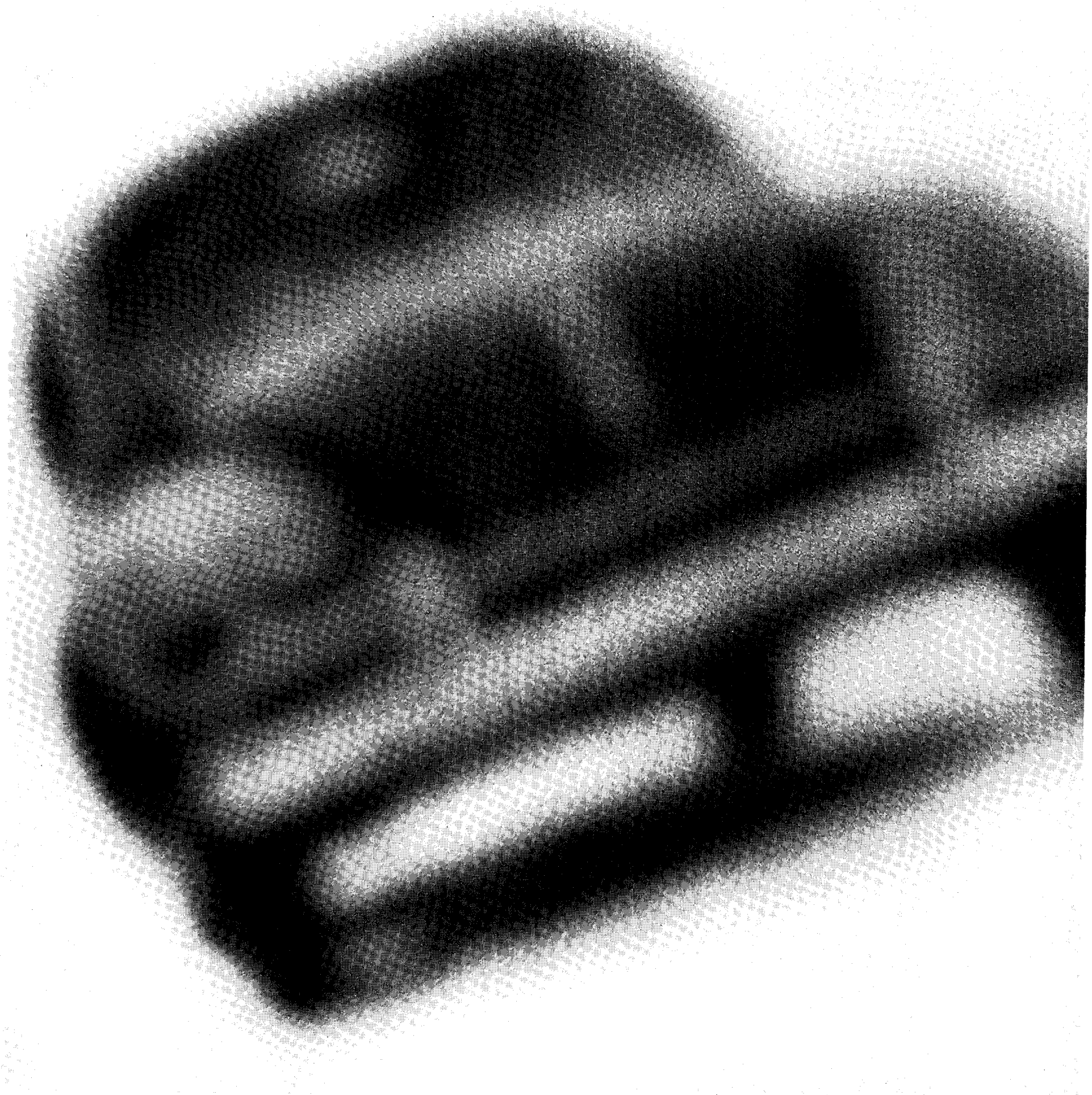

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The experimental X-93 Volkswagen.

You may think that when you've seen one Volkswagen you've seen them all.

But this one is different.

It has some features that may not show up on production models for a year or two.

Or ever.

If and when we add them, it will be only because they work perfectly, not because we have to meet a deadline.

For example: We developed a damper that took the last bit of vibration out of the steering wheel on rough roads. We added it in mid-year: March of 1960.

Often, one refinement leads to another.

We tested a new carburetor in North Sweden in 1959 and added a de-icer to go with it. They are both on the current VW.

You'll notice that these are not extra-cost options. They are part of the car and so included in the price: $1,675.*

What does the X-93 have?

Nothing earth-shaking.

Improvements that will make the VW even better. In performance. In reliability. In comfort.

And by the time they're on the car, there won't be a bug in them.

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Michigan: the Problem State

(Continued from Page 15)

employees missed a payroll, the legislature capitulated. The $50,000,000 Veterans Fund was tapped for $40,500,000, and a few days later the employees got their pay.

The damage had been done, however. The word had spread that Michigan was broke, and wags in bars began ordering a new drink, "Michigan on the Rocks."

Last December Williams had to do some capitulating himself. The people, in a referendum, had approved a constitutional amendment permitting a 1 per cent rise in the sales tax—on the purely human reasoning perhaps that, though an income tax must be paid in chunks, a sales tax is paid in dribbles and therefore is less painful. In December Williams somewhat morosely called the legislature into special session for the purpose of legalizing this new tax. With the brusqueness with which he customarily handled the lawmakers, he warned them that none of the increase should be allocated; all should go into the general fund. This irritated the legislators, who had no intention of doing otherwise, as they knew Williams was aware.

It was one of Williams's last official acts as governor. Weary and scarred after twelve years in office, he had not chosen to run again in 1960. He had held himself in readiness for a call to serve on a larger stage—perhaps as Democratic presidential or vice presidential nominee. This call had not come, possibly because of the fiscal fiasco the state had suffered during his governorship. In fact, some Democrats accuse the Republicans of deliberately leading the state to the verge of financial chaos out of a malign desire to wreck Williams's national political ambitions. Whether or not this is true, it is a fact that the Republicans were highly pleased when President-elect Kennedy chose Williams as his Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs.

"If I'd known Jack Kennedy was going to send Soapy to Africa," one stanch Republican is quoted as having said, "I would have voted for him myself."

The departure of Williams served to clear the air somewhat, for, despite his honesty and his sincere dedication to his liberal beliefs, it was clear after twelve years that he would never be able to command the confidence of the business community nor overcome the Republicans' stern opposition to him personally and to his liberal social programs.

His successor, John B. Swainson, the former lieutenant governor, is still an unknown quantity. The more intransigent Republicans consider him to be the mouthpiece of August Scholle, the state president of the AFL-CIO—just as Scholle looks upon the Republican state senators as the captives of the auto makers and the big chemical interests. There are a few hopeful gleams, however, on the political horizon; before his inauguration in January, Governor-elect Swainson called in leaders of industry for an exploratory chat, a peaceful gesture which, his critics say, never would have occurred to Williams. As a former state senator, Swainson is also expected to deal more gently with the legislature than did Williams.

"We don't know yet how he's going to turn out," a Republican said. "It may be we are going to get along pretty smoothly. But if he starts pushing for an income tax or a corporation profits tax, the fight is going to start all over again."

This makes a renewal of the battle almost inevitable. Many surveys of the state's tax programs have been made in recent years by experts from both within and without the state. All agree that, if Michigan is to provide the services her people want, some form of income tax and corporation tax is the only answer. The increase in the sales tax, though it will provide about $120,000,000 in new revenue in a normal business year, is considered as merely a palliative.

It will, however, give the state a breathing spell while sounder tax measures can be worked out. Governor Swainson, in his first budget, which called for expenditures of $461,200,000 for fiscal 1961–62, anticipated a surplus of $15,700,000, which can be applied to the state's over-all deficit of $55,800,000. Thus, with the help of the sales tax, the state will be freed from the hand-to-mouth financing of the past few years.

The tax economists are agreed, however, that the state's problems are far from solved. Business is not merely crying wolf when it complains that Michigan's present taxes fall heavier on industry than on other elements of the economy. Property taxes, the franchise tax and the business activities tax all add up to a heavier burden in Michigan than in the competing industrial states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The business activities tax also falls unequally on those businesses which feel its bite. In essence a "value-added" tax, it hurts the small business which is just getting started, and the big business which is doing a lot of buying and selling, but showing little or no profit.

"What do you expect," growls Scholle, the state AFL-CIO leader, a truculent man. "G.M.'s lawyers wrote the law."

After years of squabbling, the mood of the citizens at the moment is one of anger and impatience with both Democrats and Republicans—and with the powerful economic forces which they represent. The state, its citizens feel, has been needlessly hurt by the stubbornness of men in both parties, who have put political partisanship above the needs of the state.

One prominent Michigander who has sensed the growing spread of this "a plague on both your houses" sentiment is trying to harness and direct this discontent into useful channels. George Romney, president of American Motors, has organized a group called Citizens for Michigan, which brings together labor leaders, industrialists, Democrats, Republicans and independents dedicated to doing what they think is best for Michigan without regard to party or the labor-management struggle. The group recently came out for flat-rate personal and corporate income taxes, a recommendation which did not endear Romney to his fellow industrialists.

With a membership of some 5000, organized in small groups all over the state, the Romney organization is also beating the drums strongly for a constitutional convention. One of the most obvious needs, nearly everyone agrees, is a complete revision of the fifty-two-year-old constitution, which is by now a patchwork of amendments. In a referendum next April, the voters will approve—or disapprove—a proposal to rewrite the constitution in light of the needs of 1961 and thereafter. A few of the tougher problems which a convention would consider are a reapportionment of the legislature, a complete revision of the tax laws, a return to the legislature of more control over the allocation of state funds and a removal of the $250,000 limitation on state borrowing.

Economists know, however, that great forces are at work in Michigan over which political reapportionment and tax revision can have but little control.

During World War II and the Korean War, Michigan was proud to be the armorer for the United States and its allies, turning out tanks, trucks, wheeled guns and bombing planes. Today the pattern of defense production has changed radically, from wheeled vehicles and aircraft to missiles and the myriad electronic components which serve them. Michigan realizes now that in her traditional concentration on the things she had always made, she let the Space Age pass her by. The new electronics industry and the missile industry grew up around the great universities of New England and California, leaving Michigan still dependent upon the automobile and the truck. Nobody worried much at first, as defense jobs dwindled from 230,000 in 1953 to fewer than 30,000 today, for during most of this time the automobile industry was booming. In 1955 it had the biggest year in its history, turning out 7,942,125 cars. In 1960 it had its second biggest year, producing 6,697,252.

But here, too, great changes that were damaging to Michigan have been taking place. For reasons that basically have little to do with taxes or wages or politics, or a so-called "bad business climate," but with changes in freight-rate regulations, the auto industry has begun to decentralize. New engine and body plants have gone up in states nearer to the steel mills, to save transportation costs. New assembly plants have been scattered all over the United States, to bring the industry nearer to its markets. The auto makers are also beginning to build more and more components of the finished car in their own facilities, to the economic distress of their Michigan suppliers.

Even when the auto industry expanded within the state, the expansion was of a different form than in the past. Millions were spent on huge and complicated machines that did not create more jobs, but eliminated them. The impact of automation was not sudden and dramatic. It was a creeping thing. Today fifteen assembly-line workers would be replaced by a machine, tomorrow twenty more, next week thirty. The figures, however, did tell a dramatic story, revealing that the auto industry not only was producing more cars with fewer men, but Michigan was employing a smaller and smaller part of the total work force. In 1953, 929,000 auto workers, 503,000 of them in Michigan, produced 6,100,000 cars. In 1960, about 800,000 workers produced 6,697,000 cars, but the number employed in Michigan had dropped to 310,000.

Both management and labor understand the implications of this vast industrial and social change. Neither yet knows how to soften its impact, other than through the long, slow process of developing new, diversified industries and retraining men to serve therein. There is a story, probably apocryphal, of Henry Ford II showing Walter Reuther a huge new plant at Cleveland where one man at a console was operating a gigantic machine that was turning out engines at a furious pace.

"Walter," Ford is supposed to have said, "where are your members?"

"Henry," said the president of the U.A.W., "where are your customers?"

The story illustrates a point which Gus Scholle, the state president of the AFL-CIO, is fond of making. The fact of automation is not something for labor alone, or for management alone, or for Michigan or Detroit alone, to worry about. In time it will affect every facet of the nation's economy and will become the concern of every agency of government.

Right now, in Michigan, it is the concern of the agencies dealing with welfare and the social services. As a result not only of automation but also of decentralization and the changing pattern of defense production, in Michigan today some 193,000 men and women are out of work. Thousands more—white

"Let's camp here overnight in the hope that a blinding snowstorm will make further ascent impossible."

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immigrants from the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, and Negro workers from Alabama and Mississippi who came to Michigan during the war boom—have gone back where they came from. The story of those who stayed on, hoping things would get better, is not a cheerful one. They can live awhile on unemployment compensation. Michigan business complains—with justification—that the state pays a higher unemployment tax than competing states, and there is grumbling that the Democrats have turned Michigan into a welfare state.

The man who has lost his job would hardly agree. The most he can receive is the maximum benefit of fifty-five dollars a week for twenty-six weeks, but only about 2 per cent ever qualify for this amount. The average "draw" is thirteen weeks at thirty-six dollars a week. Once this is finished, he must use up all his savings, borrow until his credit runs out and cash in whatever he owns until his last resource is exhausted. Then, when he is destitute, he becomes eligible for relief.

The state is not nearly as badly off as it was in the recession of 1958, when 360,000 persons drew $323,000,000 in unemployment compensation. This year's payments will total less than $150,000,000. But the directors of this fund are worried about 1961; the auto industry went into the new year with 997,620 unsold cars in dealers' hands, of which 100,000 were 1960 models. This was the biggest inventory in history for January, and it presages a cutback in this year's production to an estimated 5,800,000 cars, with consequent increased unemployment.

Today in the Detroit area, where some 100,000 men and women are jobless, there are 9000 families, totaling 36,000 people, on the welfare rolls, and 1700 other applications for relief are pending. Eighty-one per cent of them are Negroes, for the Negro, often lowest in work skills and education, has been the first to feel the pinch of hard times. Throughout the state as a whole, 29,190 families are receiving some form of assistance. Contrary to a popular notion, these are not all newcomers who allegedly would rather draw a $130-a-month relief check in Detroit than work at a job in the South. Most were born in the state or have lived and worked there for a long time.

This number does not include all those who need help. Only those who have been self-supporting for a year are eligible for relief. More recent arrivals, who presumably still have roots in their native soil, are urged to go back where they came from. Wayne County, in which Detroit is located, pays the transportation home for about 450 families a year.

"It's tough to get on the relief rolls here," a welfare official said. "It's tougher to stay on. Every time a man endorses his welfare check, he reaffirms his need for help. If our investigators find he's using his money for nonessentials, off he goes."

The Wayne County welfare officials watch their $23,000,000-a-year budget with a careful eye. Payment is strictly according to need. An active man gets a food budget of $39.50 a month. A sedentary man gets $28.10. An active woman gets $30.70, a sedentary woman twenty-six dollars. Clothing is issued only as needed, and the clothing budget is limited to a little over one dollar a month per person, except when children are being dressed for school.

"We haven't got a man on welfare," the official said, "who hadn't rather be working than going through what he has to go through to draw his welfare check."

This appraisal seems true. One of the most miserable of all winter jobs is that of washboy at the innumerable quick-car-wash places to which Detroiters bring their automobiles in the interminable fight to save the metal and finish from the salt the road crews spread on icy streets and highways. Yet every morning, when the car-wash places open, a dozen men are queued up, hoping to get a day's work.

One specter that haunts Detroit is the possibility that unemployment will aggravate racial tensions. The Negro population of Detroit has increased from 150,000 in 1940 to an estimated 450,000 now. Within six miles of City Hall the population is almost one half Negro, and there is a small but constant movement from this downtown area into former all-white neighborhoods, nearly every one of which has its "Neighborhood Improvement Association," designed to keep Negroes out. Since the bloody riots of 1943, a hard-working city Committee on Community Relations, with the help of the unions and the churches, has managed to keep peace between the races. But tension exists, and hunger and discontent could cause an explosion.

Detroit and Michigan both feel that they can handle the problems of the immediate present, but they can see trouble looming in the years ahead. Even without the great in-migration of the past, more than 800,000 youngsters will come to working age between now and 1970, and their presence in the work force will create a need for thousands of new jobs.

Where will these jobs come from? The automobile industry cannot be expected to provide them, for decentralization will continue, and automation will continue. The obvious answer is for Michigan, with its great reservoir of highly productive workers, to diversify, to start manufacturing new things for a new age.

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But what new things? To find that answer Michigan will turn to its great universities for guidance. The University of Michigan at Ann Arbor has always been famed for its research in the fields of human relationships, and Michigan State at East Lansing has held an equal eminence in agricultural research. Neither has been notably outstanding in their exploration of the far frontiers of physics, chemistry and electronics. Today at Ann Arbor, though, a $7,000,000 research laboratory is under way, which will concentrate in these fields from which new industries are born.

"We've quarreled our way into a mess," one Michigan professor said. "Now we've got to think our way out of it."

There are, of course, many factors in Michigan's favor which hold out the promise of a busy future once the troubled time of political and economic transition is over. The state's one greatest asset, perhaps, is her geographical location in the industrial heartland of America—an area reaching westward from New Jersey and Pennsylvania through Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota. All the southern part of her lower peninsula, wherein her larger cities are located, lies in the path of the great urbanized region which is moving westward along the shores of the Great Lakes, from Buffalo and Cleveland to Detroit, Toledo and Chicago. Her markets, therefore, are all around her, and they are growing.

In a nation growing thirsty for municipal and industrial water, Michigan, with her thousands of lakes and rivers, is truly, as her automobile tags boast, a Water Wonderland. Her climate, too, is an asset, though a visitor from farther south, arriving in Detroit in a blizzard, would not think so. Her winters, however, are relatively mild compared with those of her more frigid neighbors, and Chamber of Commerce drum beaters like to point out that, when Buffalo gets fourteen inches of snow, Detroit gets an inch. Her summer climate, too, is salubrious enough to attract 10,000,000 visitors a year to camp, swim, sail, fish and spend some $650,000,000, and fall brings in more than 400,000 deer hunters from all over the Midwest.

Michigan's greatest asset, however, is the cheerful resilience of her people, drawn from all the nations of Europe and from most of the regions of the United States. The state has known great prosperity before and periods of deepest depression, for in a state which has always depended on raw materials or heavy durable goods for its wealth, the cyclic swings have been violent.

"When times are good," said Dr. William Haber, University of Michigan economist, "we eat higher on the hog than anybody else. When times are bad, we get hungrier."

Always, though, when the hungry times have come, the state has turned to something else to build a prosperity greater than it had known before. When Jean Nicolet, the French explorer came down from Quebec, he was so sure he was on the Northwest Passage that would lead to far Cathay that he brought along a robe of silk damask in which to greet the Great Khan of Tartary. He didn't find the treasures of the Orient, but he did find a glacier-molded land of streams and forests teeming with beaver and muskrat, and Michigan's first source of riches was its furs. When the fur trade died with the near extinction of the muskrat and the collapse of the beaver hat, the assault on the great forests began. The sons of the fur trappers became lumberjacks, felling the great stands of pine and hardwoods, and Michigan's first millionaires started building their rococo mansions along the shores of Lake St. Clair. Before the forests had been completely despoiled, mining began in the upper peninsula, and other fortunes were built on copper and iron as the sons of the lumberjacks turned now to the miner's trade.

The opening of the great Mesabi range in Minnesota crippled the iron industry, and the discovery of surface copper in the West killed the copper mines, for Michigan's remaining iron and copper lie deep under glacial drift and are expensive to produce. By this time, though, the turn of the century was at hand. R. E. Olds had gone chugging through the streets of Lansing in his horseless carriage; Henry Ford and the Dodge brothers were tinkering with their gasoline-powered buggies, and Michigan was plunging headlong into the age of the automobile.

It has since cared for little, and thought of little, but building automobiles. It hasn't needed to. And the discovery that this once all-powerful industry can no longer support the state in the manner to which it has become accustomed has left her citizens with a profound sense of bewilderment and shock. For it is clear now that the years ahead, as Michigan desperately casts about for other jobs to do, will be rough ones, and things well may get worse before they get better.

How bad they may become depends in large degree on the two power groups—big labor and big industry—which have transferred their ancient tug of war from the picket line and the bargaining table to a new arena—the legislative halls. If they stop fighting and work together to meet the challenge of the great social and economic forces that confront them both, the future may be brighter than anyone can now foresee. If not, the man who went into the bar and ordered a "Michigan on the Rocks" may prove to have been more a prophet than a clown.

THE END

Upcountry Matriarch

By Catherine Cameron Thaxter

Still speaking in the idiom
of her youth
She summons up the past
for us to see,
And spins, from strands of
fantasy and truth,
A world of calico and
whiffletree.
Her old eyes yet reflect the
mystic glow
Of gypsy fire on a midnight
hill,
And wickedly recall the
rustic beau
Whose heart she broke
beside her father's mill.
Long years have dimmed
the glowing flesh to sere
Austerity, and feet that
skimmed the paths
As lightly as the shy,
quicksilver deer
Move slowly, gravely now,
but when she laughs
We glimpse, vivacious, lithe
with summer grace,
The nymph that dwells
behind her winter face.

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The Cruel Continent (Continued from Page 29)

McMurdo Sound to Latitude 90 South—over precisely the route followed by poor Captain Scott, who walked it in two months and eighteen days.

In spite of the seeming ease with which one can reach this southernmost end of the earth, the Cruel Continent has by no means been conquered. Antarctica, viewed romantically, is the *femme fatale* of continents. She lies somnolent and gleaming beyond the world's stormiest seas, guarded by the treacherous ring of the ice pack. Once attained, she offers the most stupendously lovely vistas in creation; Great jagged peaks of ice marching side by side with bare, black volcanic mountains, kaleidoscopic color patterns of light and shadow over snow field, ice shelf and glacier. She is also deadly. A serene calm can give way in minutes to an impassable blizzard. A "firm" footing of snow may be only a sham, a fragile bridge over a crevasse wide enough to swallow a tractor and crew whole. There are hundreds of kinds of sudden death in Antarctica, all of them unpleasant.

My own introduction to *australis incognita*, the unknown south—the very existence of Antarctica was not established until 1839—was deceptively gentle. I arrived early in the Southern Hemisphere summer—that is to say, in late October—with a mixed party of journalists, scientists, observers and Navy people who had come to work on the ice. Our route took us from the East Coast to Hawaii, thence south, island-hopping to New Zealand. Christchurch, New Zealand, is the traditional jumping-off place for Antarctic expeditions. It is the nearest city of consequence to the Ross Sea, a great bight in the Antarctic coastline which allows surface ships to approach within about 750 miles of the pole. McMurdo Sound is a small bay off the Ross Sea; it is located at the point where the permanently frozen portion of the Ross Sea meets open water—open, that is, for about two months in midsummer. Our main Navy base is on Ross Island in McMurdo Sound.

From Christchurch to McMurdo is a 2100-mile nonstop flight over the ice pack into what Admiral Dufek called "the dread peril that always accompanies planes flying to Antarctica." We transferred at Christchurch, known to the Navy as "ChCh" (pronounced "chee-chee"), from the MATS transport plane which had brought us from Andrews AFB near Washington, D.C., into a Navy R7-V, a Super G Constellation named the Phoenix Six. We left our normal traveling luggage behind in Christchurch, each of us being equipped now with a seabag full of polar clothing. Take-off was on a balmy New Zealand spring night, so we wore only part of our issue clothing, keeping boots, parkas and outer trousers to don later.

Thirty hours in the air had shaken down our group enough to dissolve the stiffness among strangers, and the uniform clothing we now wore erased the last reservations. We happened to be a little top-heavy in the brass department, having no fewer than three admirals aboard: Bart Hogan, surgeon general of the Navy; George Rosso, the chief of chaplains, and H. A. Karo, director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the agency responsible for the mapping of Antarctica. Also with us was Capt. Mack K. Greenberg, Assistant Judge Advocate General. We left ChCh at ten P.M. in total darkness.

By two A.M. we had begun to come into the continuous polar daylight of summer, and we busied ourselves in the cramped space shrugging into our heavy clothing and "Mickey Mouse shoes"—cumbersome thermal boots. The skipper of the Phoenix Six, Lt. Edward W. Oehlbeck, USN, a young but experienced ice pilot, announced that he was reducing cabin temperature to about 10 degrees above zero, so the contrast would not be too great when we left the ship at McMurdo.

Shortly thereafter I caught my first glimpse of the ice pack which, from 18,000 feet, looks like a dried-up river bed, crisscrossed, crazed and cracked. I had always thought of the ice pack as humped and peaked and lumpy with pressure ice; from our altitude it looked flat. The thought of ditching in the frigid mass was dismal. Survival time would be very brief.

At 5:05 in the morning I was stretching the cramps from my legs in the aisle of the Phoenix Six, when Bart Hogan caught my arm and motioned out his window. There to starboard, reaching up through the clouds, was a castellated mass of gleaming ice mountains. It was our landfall, Cape Adare, our first sight of the Antarctic Continent.

For the next two hours a kind of high excitement flowed through the airship. I began to realize that no one has yet become blasé about Antarctica. Some of the crew of the Phoenix Six had made the ChCh-McMurdo run up to twenty times, but they shared the thrill of discovery and rediscovery with us first-timers. Here were the coasts of the last great unknown on earth; despite all the exploratory flights, surface traverses and observation parties of the United States and other nations, there are still thousands of square miles of totally unknown territory in the Antarctic interior.

At seven in the morning we touched down on the McMurdo airstrip—called Williams Field, in memory of a tractor driver who was lost there in 1956 when he and his machine went through a weakened bridge to the bottom of the sound. A helicopter met our ship, to ferry us from the strip to the camp about five miles away. Some of us hitchhiked rides aboard the weasels and Sno-cats which milled about the field. One of the more frustrating facts of life at McMurdo is the simple business of getting from strip to camp and back again; most of the camp's transport runs on a twenty-four-hour basis, but the demand always exceeds the supply.

Because of the mountainous nature of Ross Island, the airfield must be located on the ice and can be no closer than about five miles from the camp. Williams Field may be the world's only airport which is regularly built from scratch each year, beginning in late August, and totally destroyed in January when the ice melts.

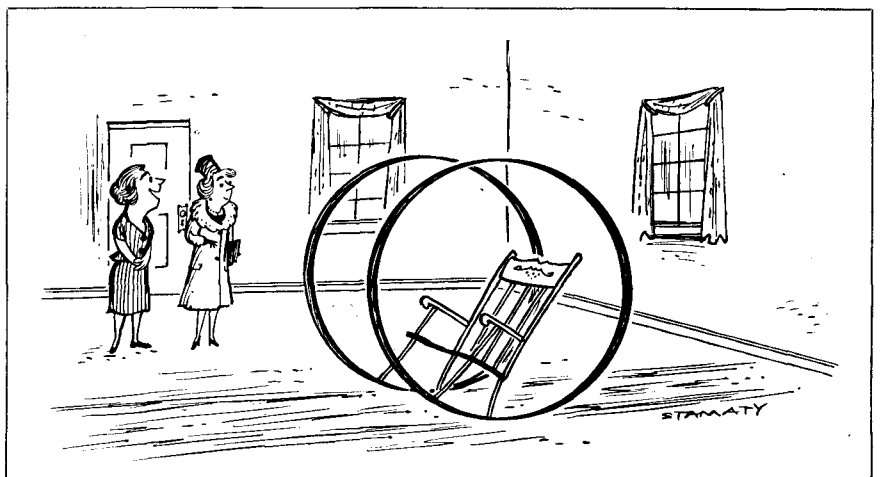
The airmen who inhabit the temporary huts and wanigans around the strip live a much less amenable life than the people at McMurdo proper. Water at the strip is chronically in short supply—when I was there, there was no *hot* water except the limited amount used by the cooks; the airmen look upon McMurdo as "the city" and affect great scorn for the relatively soft life enjoyed there.

One young sailor said to me, "My God, I volunteered to winter over. I must have been out of my mind. I've been here a week, and I've had it." Actually, the airfield personnel seem to take the traditionally perverse pride of the military in enduring a harder lot than the next group.

The "city" of McMurdo has a winter population of about 150, which rises to a maximum of about 700 when the "summer-tourist" season reaches its height in December. The base sprawls across the snow-covered, lava-sand beach of Ross Island. About seventy-five assorted buildings are grouped in a roughly rectilinear arrangement along a "boulevard." Many buildings are painted a brilliant polar orange—a color favored for parkas and some aircraft surfaces, as being easy to spot against the snow.

In the middle of the boulevard lies the largest building in camp, the common messhall for all hands. Most structures are of plywood; others are made of sheet metal, and there is a sprinkling of Jamesway huts, which are Quonset-shaped shelters of fabric stretched over wooden frames. The noise—trucks and tractors roaring up and down—the ceaseless activity of a camp that runs on a twenty-four-hour schedule throughout the summer and the temporary, improvised character of the construction made McMurdo seem much like what Nome, Alaska, must have been in the gold-rush days at the beginning of the century. Nomelike, also, were the litter and debris that surrounded the camp and drifted through it. Officially, trash is dumped on the ice just offshore where, when the thaw comes, it will sink to the bottom of the sound. Unofficially, trash is dumped almost anywhere to remain permanently and perfectly preserved in the dry cold. Antarctica averages about three inches of precipitation annually. Noel Barber, a British newspaperman and Antarctic veteran, has called the continent *The White Desert*.

We of the press corps were quartered in a Jamesway which accommodated twelve persons on double-deck pipe bunks. Another Jamesway, across the boulevard, was designated "Pressheim"—the working office for correspondents. Pressheim also was headquarters for the Navy's own corps of public-information personnel—a crew of five headed by Lt. Cmdr. Jim Hahn, U.S.N.R., one of McMurdo's helicopter pilots. C.P.O. Leo Loftus, a Navy journalist, was Hahn's right bower for care and feeding of correspondents. Loftus wore a dark, saturnine beard and looked remarkably like the late actor, Tyrone Power, in his ill-fated role as King Solomon.



"Henry's been having a ball since he retired."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Being breakfasttime arrivals, we made the messhall our first call. Meals, like everything else at McMurdo, are on an around-the-clock schedule—four two-hour servings, at five and eleven in the morning, and five and eleven at night. The quantity and quality of the food are out of a glutton's dream. As a concession to the faraway world where nightfall and daybreak are commonplace, the five A.M. feeding is breakfastlike, offering great steaming trays of eggs, hotcakes, sausages, bacon, ham, cereals and fruits. The other three meals are mountainous soup-meat-vegetables-potatoes-and-gravy affairs, with roasts and steaks usually offered as alternates. Many men take both. Service is cafeteria style, with a single line for officers and men and civilians. Orange juice and vitamin pills are served with all meals.

Storage of food is no problem in nature's own deep freeze, and the quantities of food consumed by McMurdo men are incredible. I saw one bearded tractor driver eat four large steaks at a sitting, along with the usual side dishes. Hard work and cold do use up a lot of calories, of course. On the other hand, one of the commonest complaints in sick bay is indigestion.

Hahn and Loftus walked us about the camp, which is only a few hundred yards from end to end, and revealed essential facts of McMurdo life to us, such as where to go to the bathroom. The head, as the men's room is called in the Navy, relies on the frigidity of the atmosphere for sewage disposal; all discharge from the head is directly to the outside air, where it forthwith freezes. Permanently frozen earth lies within inches of the ground surface, and sewer lines are out of the question. As a result, the head—there are three at McMurdo, one for officers and two for enlisted men—is nothing but an outsize rendition of an old-time outdoor toilet. It is also the common rendezvous for exchange of rumor and general intelligence. Rear Adm. David M. Tyree, the over-all commander of Task Force 43 and Operation Deep Freeze, has private sanitary facilities in his flag quarters, but he frequently utilizes the central head simply because, I think, he finds it more sociable. The relatively primitive character of the head inevitably caused some wit to post a sign inside the door: JOIN THE SEABEES—WHERE SKILL PAYS OFF. Actually the head was quite endurable, if drafty.

While we newcomers settled in, the camp carried on its hectic schedule. McMurdo exists for only one purpose: to maintain and supply the scientific-observation stations originally established as part of the IGY—International Geophysical Year, 1957-58—but now continued under the auspices of the National Science Foundation, with the name of USARP (United States Antarctic Research Project) in co-operation with scientists of other countries.

There are six of these stations all together, the three principal ones being Pole Station, at the geographic pole; Hallett Station, on the Antarctic coast about 400 miles north of McMurdo, and Byrd Station, about 800 miles east of McMurdo on the other side of the Ross Sea. To these three may now be added McMurdo itself, which, during the IGY, was purely a support and staging base, but which has now taken on some scientific functions of its own, including a biological laboratory and a cosmic-ray research project. In general, the American IGY plan has been continued: Civilian scientists perform technical

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observations and recordings; the Navy supports the scientists with all necessary housekeeping and maintenance, leaving the technicians free to concentrate on their work. Each station has both a military and civilian complement; both an officer-in-charge and a civilian leader.

As a new arrival on the ice, I was in a hurry to start exploring. Dick Dempewolffe, a writer for *Popular Mechanics*, and I decided to climb Observation Hill, a conical mound about 700 or 800 feet high, immediately southeast of camp. Our philosophy, at this point, was, "Let's not wait around; we're not going to be here long." We later discovered that waiting is an essential part of the game in Antarctica.

We climbed the hill to the cross erected in memory of Scott and his companions. It was a fine, fair Antarctic evening, and from the summit we saw one of the continent's most extraordinary sights, 13,000-foot Mount Erebus, an ice-sheathed, active volcano capped by a plume of smoke. We shucked off our sunglasses, and, squinting against the glare, photographed each other against the dramatic background. It was hard to realize that it was nearly midnight.

All of us journalists then began to play the traditional game of McMurdo visitors: "Going to the Pole." That afternoon the first flight of the season, long delayed by adverse weather, took off for Pole Station with Admiral Tyree as No. 1 passenger, and several tons of cargo and mail. The eighteen men of Pole Station's 1960 wintering-over party had seen no human faces but one another's for six bleak months, nor received a letter from home.

With the sudden break in the weather it appeared that many pole flights would be made, and we clamored for places in the planes. I was advised that there was room in a C-124 Globemaster, taking off about midnight for a cargo drop. I jumped at the chance to "Go to the Pole," even if I couldn't touch down there. Shortly before midnight on Sunday, Bill Clew, a young newspaperman from Massachusetts, and I reported to Globemaster No. 0028 at Williams Field. This was my first experience with a C-124 cargo plane, and my impression was that there must be some mistake; this ridiculous-looking aircraft couldn't possibly fly. Its great belly, which can carry twenty tons of cargo, makes its wings look stubby and incapable of supporting the fuselage. The aircraft commander, Capt. Rube Waddell, USAF, seemed confident, however, and we got into the air readily enough, although with shattering noise effects. We carried 37,000 pounds of oil and gasoline packaged in steel drums.

However, about an hour and a half out of McMurdo, Captain Waddell announced that we were turning back because the airplane was slightly sick—an electrical failure had caused us to lose our radar. At the time we were in a low-visibility area that approached the condition of the notorious Antarctic "whiteout," but the big plane found its way to McMurdo easily. By 3:30 A.M. we were back at Williams Field. It took Clew and me almost as long to go the five miles from the strip to McMurdo as it did to go 500 miles on the aborted pole flight, but we finally hitchhiked a ride in a "six-by" truck and hit the sack about 5:30 A.M.

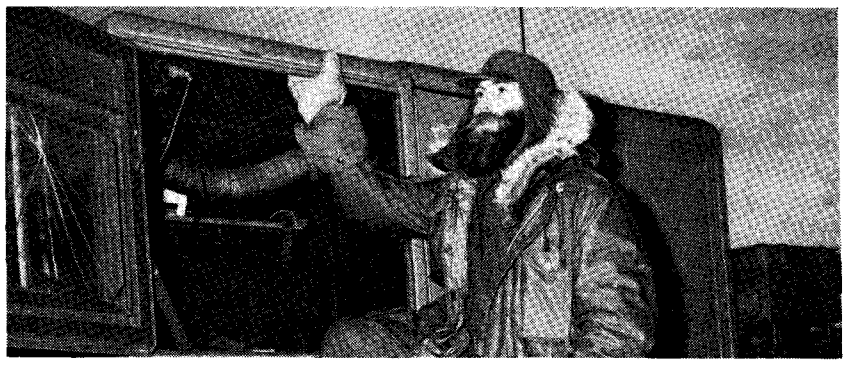
"Going to the Pole," we now knew, was a waiting game, a game of hazard and confusion, like the children's game of Going to Jerusalem.

The weather turned bad and screamed for nearly two days. "Condition Zero" was ordered for McMurdo—meaning that no one could leave his hut unless in company with another man and could not leave the hut area at all. We staggered from sleeping tent to the messhall to Pressheim to the "wardroom"—where old and decrepit movies were shown nightly—to the head. The weather lock-in allowed us to become familiar with in-camp routine, but the period was marred at its beginning by a melancholy event. A sister ship to the Phoenix Six, another Super G Constellation known as El Paisano, came in from ChCh and crashed on the strip. Happily there was no fire, and no one was killed, although seven of the twenty-three Navy men and scientists aboard were hurt, two of them seriously. The airship, however, was a total loss. For the rest of our stay her corpse lay at the side of the runway, as a desolate reminder of why Antarctic flying is the most dangerous in the world, short of combat. A sadder event occurred two days later. A fuel drum blew up in the face of a young Navy steelworker while he was cutting it with an acetylene torch; he died after Admiral Rosso administered last rites.

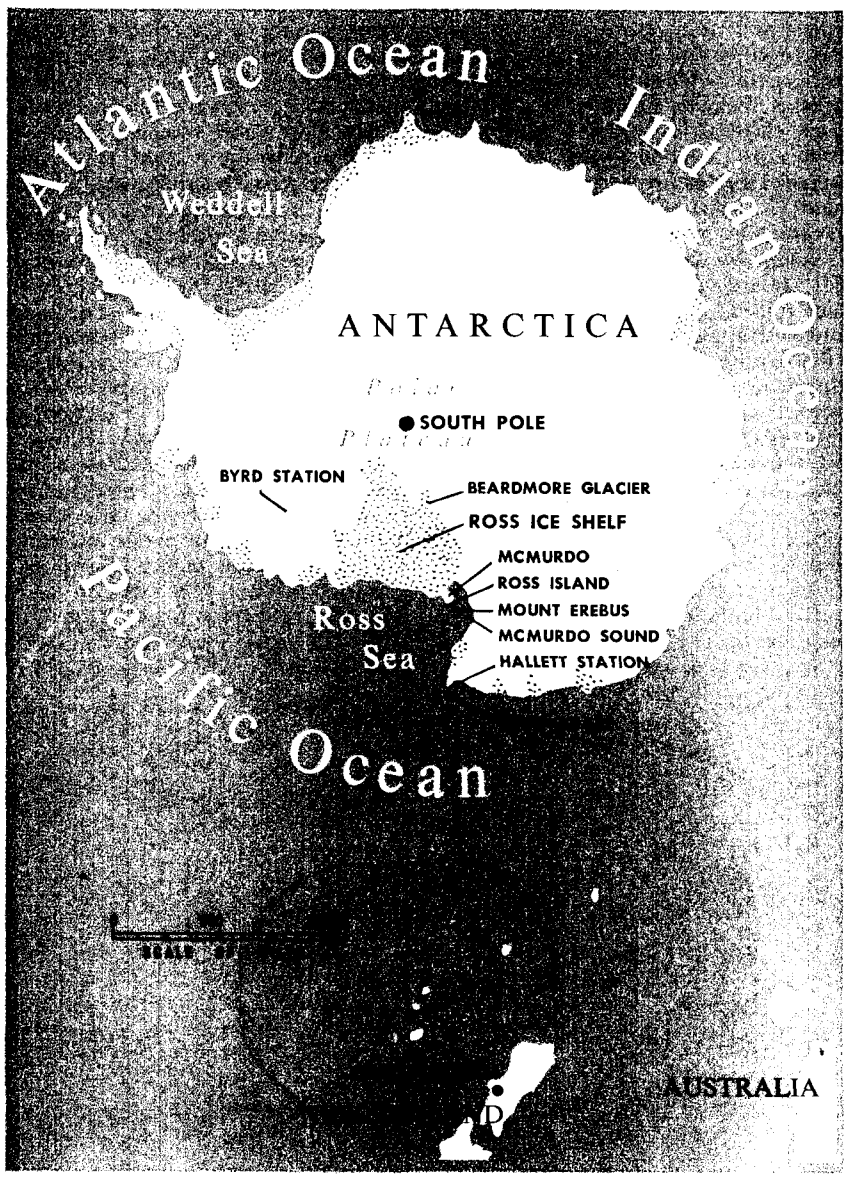
In the meantime we correspondents had two days to learn to know the men of Antarctica, as opposed to our own "summer-tourist" group. We were sophisticated enough by this time to realize that Capt. William J. Lanterman, USN, Admiral Tyree's staff meteorologist, was quite possibly the most important man on the continent during the summer. All air flights hang on Captain Lanterman's word, and Lanterman daily accepts the fearsome responsibility of telling the fliers when they should fly and when they should not fly. There is a camp legend that Lanterman never sleeps between October and March, but that he sits ceaselessly before a chart board with painful, almost touching concentration, drawing conclusions from the limited data at his disposal. Captain Lanterman has thirty-two reporting stations, and most of them are on the edge of the continent. For comparable purposes, in the much smaller area of the continental United States, there are more than 300 reporting weather stations, most of them in the interior. Lanterman has only three interior stations. Depending on them is like depending, for United States weather forecasting, on three stations only, located at Denver, Minneapolis and Hudson Bay.

Nonetheless, Lanterman is capable of saying, "Fly now," with imperative decision. Toward the end of our weather lock-in, while Admiral Tyree himself was briefing us press representatives in a rather formal session at which most of the station's military and scientific leaders were present, there came a disturbing bustle and undertone of whispering in the back of the room. Lanterman was the cause of the disturbance. The admiral looked crossly at him, and with barely restrained irritation interrupted himself and asked, "What's the matter, Bill?"

"Sorry, admiral," said Lanterman coolly. "Pole Station has just cleared, and we can't waste time." Whereupon he left, taking several aircraft commanders with him.



Cmdr. Lloyd Bertoglio, USN, directed the building of the 1960–61 airstrip on the frozen surface of McMurdo Sound, Antarctica, with the temperature in the minus 70's.



The Navy's overseas headquarters for Antarctica is at Christchurch, 2100 miles from McMurdo. Communication by air lasts only three months, before the runway melts.

Admiral Tyree—as he is quick to acknowledge—is more fortunate than most commanders in his subordinates, almost all of whom are volunteers for their unique assignment and who must, by the nature of their duties, frequently make independent decisions without bucking the problem to higher authority. He has two air arms at his disposal: the Navy planes under Capt. William H. Munson, USN, commanding officer of Air Development Squadron Six—a variegated group of about twenty-two aircraft divided amongst eight types ranging from the Hercules to the single-engine Otter; and the Globemasters—ten ships and fourteen crews—commanded by Lt. Col. Foy B. Frost, USAF.

Possibly the most magnificent beard in Antarctica is worn by Tyree's chief pioneer, Cmdr. Lloyd W. Bertoglio, USN, of Portland, Oregon. Munson and Frost are summer visitors. Bertoglio spent the winter of 1960 on the ice in order to make the airport for Munson's and Frost's men to use in October. At about the time of the August-nineteenth "sunrise"—which heralds a three-quarter-minute day—Bertoglio's crew of tractor drivers set to work on the deep-frozen ice of McMurdo Sound to prepare a landing strip, in temperatures of 60 to 70 below.

Once Bertoglio has established the strip and greeted the first arrivals from outside in early October, he has a breathing space until January. Then, having seen his airfield melt and disappear, he must receive the icebreakers and cargo ships, which crunch their way into McMurdo Sound. Unloading the vessels is a tedious job. Light tractors approach the ships over the weakened ice and then transfer their loads to the heavy tractors, which must hold their distance. The unloading of a single cargo vessel may require as much as 10,000 miles of tractor travel.

Bertoglio's men also keep McMurdo supplied with water, an unending chore. In the "white desert" water is obtained from a "snow mine," a large clean hillside area about half a mile from camp, where the drifts are deep. Great front-loading tractors take loads of snow back to the melters in camp; the insatiable melters reduce the snow to a fraction of its volume as they turn it into yellowish but not ill-tasting water. There is no limitation on drinking water or basin water to wash with, but the McMurdo honor rule is that no one may take more than one shower a week in the bathhouse.

All these multifarious and perilous activities are performed by the Navy for the benefit of (*Continued on Page 93*)

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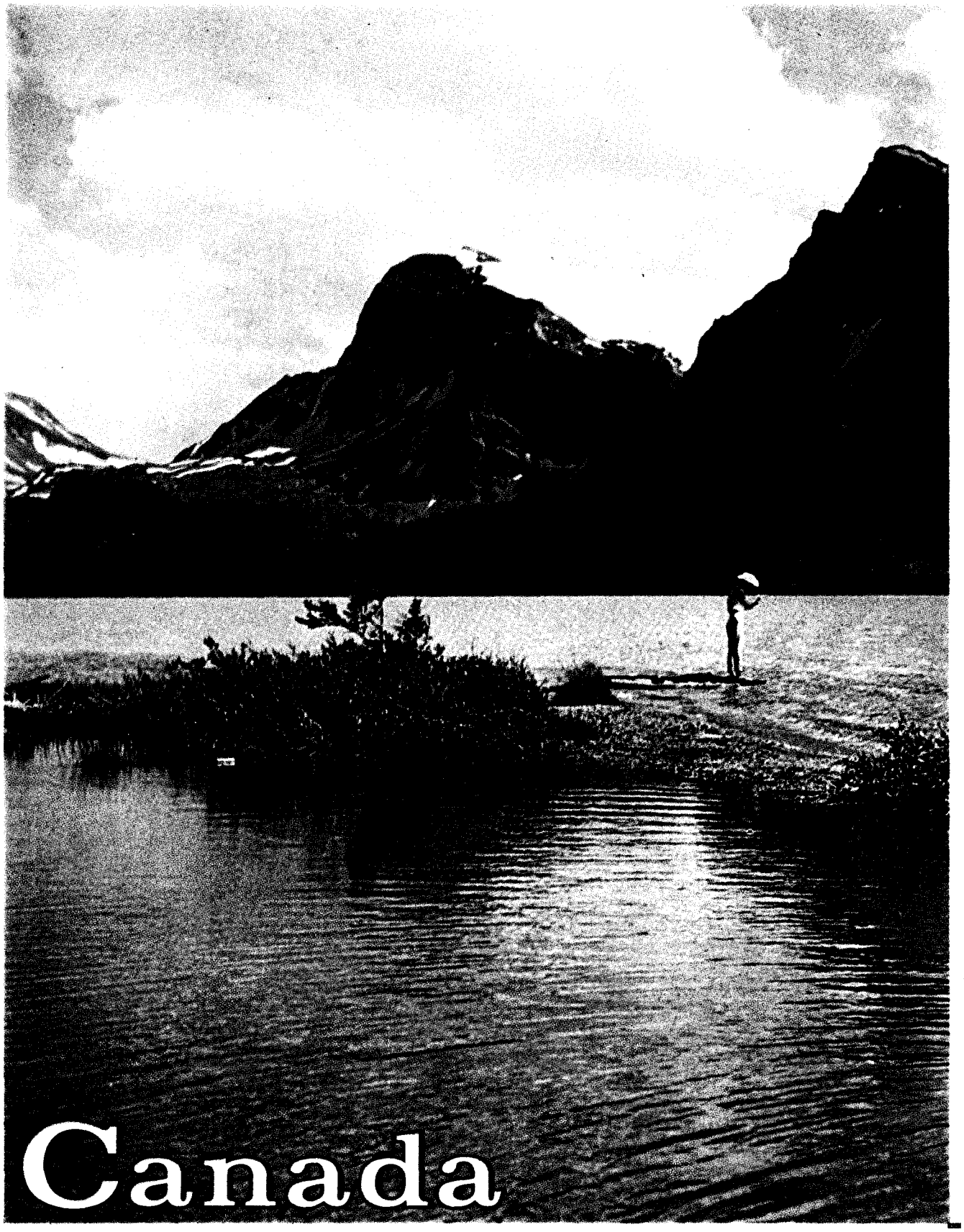

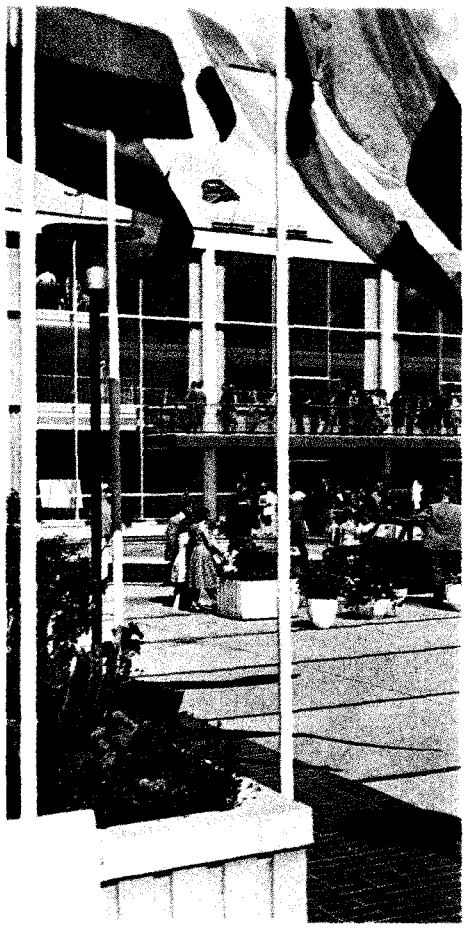

Canadian contrasts: Matinee intermission at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre during Vancouver's International Festival of the Arts, and fishing at Bow Lake in the heart of Banff National Park, Alberta.

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CHAMPION

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(*Continued from Page 90*) USARP. USARP personnel in Antarctica are led by George Toney, who co-ordinates scientific-observation programs in meteorology and ionospheric physics, and auroral, seismic and magnetic observations. Toney also supervises the summer "traverses," as the overland weasel and Sno-cat expeditions are called. One of Toney's traverses this year will continue the search for the mysterious trough which is thought to connect the Ross Sea with the Weddell Sea in the South American quadrant of the Antarctic Continent—a legendary frozen seaway comparable to the proverbial Northwest Passage.

Somewhere in between Naval and USARP activities lies the work of Art Ritch, a civilian whose function in Antarctica—where he spent a month last fall and to which he will return next season—is purely commercial. Ritch represents the Martin Company of Baltimore, Maryland, which has been awarded the AEC contract to install a nuclear-power plant at McMurdo upon a foundation designed and constructed by the Navy and approved and accepted by the Martin Company. This project parallels the Camp Century atomic-power station in Greenland, but it will not be realized before March, 1962. The Navy at the moment is attempting to prepare a suitable site for the power station on Observation Hill. Curiously, this seemingly simple endeavor has been beset by controversy, with scientists protesting that the power station must not be too close to their labs, where delicate instruments might be disturbed, and the Navy civil engineers—headed by Lt. Cmdr. David Feinman—seeking the most suitable terrain. Ritch's presence at McMurdo is to protect the interests of his company, which is obliged to ship a packaged nuclear-power plant on November 1, 1961. If the company fails to meet the deadline it could cost them $1400 a day in legal penalties.

After the storm the weather turned almost ludicrously mild at McMurdo. Normal early "spring" temperature there averages about minus 6 degrees. Surprisingly, the thermometer rose to about 34 degrees, and this unexpected warmth provided a new danger to Antarctic life. Potholes began to form in the ice runway, and the awful suspicion began to form in Admiral Tyree's mind that he might be in for an unusual year when the strip would become prematurely unusable, thus causing a further delay in freight operations, with a long tedious gap between the end of air traffic and the arrival of the surface ships. "This spring weather," he said unhappily one morning. "It worries me. The runway may break up before the end of the month." (Actually the weather turned colder before serious damage was done, and the airstrip remained usable.)

But meanwhile the fine weather meant that pole flights could recommence, and I found myself at the head of the list (as the victim of one aborted flight) to "go to the pole" aboard a Hercules. I reported to the strip at about one P.M. and boarded Hercules No. 20, named the Emperor. My fellow passenger was Wayne Fisher, of the Antarctic desk of the United States State Department. The aircraft commander, Maj. Edgar Pitman, USMC, a competent, hard-bitten pilot of forty-three, introduced himself and his second in command, Capt. Leslie Darbyshire. Fisher and I were stowed aft behind the cargo—ten tons of cut lumber and plywood. "Sorry to put you boys back here," Pitman said in a bullfrog voice, "but the take-off will be rough, with the runway in bad condition. If the cargo broke loose and you forward of it, you'd be squashed."

We were qualified Old Antarctic Explorers by this time—one wins his O.A.E. immediately after completing twenty-four hours on the ice—so we took our places on the bucket seats with nonchalance. Wayne is a professorial-looking fellow with an air of absent-mindedness which he was soon to justify. I noticed he had a package of thirty or forty letters. "I promised to mail these at Pole Station," he explained, "for friends who are stamp collectors." The Pole Station has its own distinctive cachet, much prized by collectors, and one of the minor, continuing disappointments of life at the pole is that many mail bags contain more philatelic envelopes than letters from home.

We got off the ground easily enough. It was evident that the big ski plane with its jet engines outclassed anything else that flew in Antarctica. "We got power we won't ever use," a crewman told me happily. Five miles above the ice Wayne and I sat on the plywood cargo, looking out the windows at the incredible terrain below. We followed Scott's route up the Ross Ice Shelf to the Beardmore Glacier, an enormous ice river with many tributary glaciers emptying into it as it decends from the Polar Plateau. It is walled by fearful-looking peaks, black and white dead mountains.

Lloyd Bertoglio had warned us always to carry all our cold-weather gear on flights, even in the comfortably heated Hercules. "Never be without your 'walking-home clothes,'" he said. "Just in case you have to walk back." Watching the crevassed ice below, I remembered the slow, agonizing death suffered by Scott and his companions when they tried to walk back from the pole. Only Amundsen's party had ever gone to the pole and back successfully on the ground without motor transport. I realized they must have been as lucky as they were brave.

A little more than an hour and a half after take-off we had come out of the Beardmore onto the Polar Plateau, and now there stretched about us the endless, flat white plain. The crewman in communication with the flight deck relayed Major Pitman's word to us that we would be on the ground no more than twenty minutes. In the thin air at 9200 feet altitude it is difficult to start jet engines; it would be necessary to keep them operating while we unloaded, and we were carrying minimum amounts of fuel in our tanks. Pitman reported the outside temperature at the pole as minus 41 degrees. It was about minus 75 degrees at our altitude.

We sighted Pole Station a few minutes after four P.M. I recalled Scott's bitter disappointment when he reached this spot to find that Amundsen had beaten him there, and the disillusioned, despairing note in his journal, "Great God! This is an awful place." Then we strapped in and landed as softly as on a cloud.

The crew swung open the cargo doors and began to unlash the lumber. I ran to the forward hatch and jumped to the snow. I was first off the plane and found, to my surprise, a member of the Pole Station party standing there taking my picture. Remembering Bertoglio's warnings about frostbite, I was wearing a face mask; the man with the camera wore a huge, fuzzy and frosted beard, so that his features were scarcely more discernible than mine. I suppose any visitor was rare enough to be photographed. We shook hands clumsily in our great mittens, but could not speak over the roar of the revved-up engines. Wayne Fisher followed me out of the ship. I walked off in one direction, to get the sun behind me for photographs; Wayne headed for one of the hut entrances.

A dozen or so shots were all I could manage. Even wearing a contact glove on my right hand didn't keep my trigger finger from congealing. I scampered in a huge circle about the plane and enjoyed the exhilaration of knowing that at last I was looking at the unicorn. It seemed that no more than three or four minutes had elapsed but, as I completed my circuit, I jumped aboard to warm up for a moment. I helped push some of the lumber out the cargo hatch. Major Pitman never left the flight deck, but taxied ahead a few feet as each package of lumber was deposited on the snow—to avoid waiting for the tractor to drag previous packages out of the way. As the last load went out and the cargo doors swung shut, I turned to leave the ship again, but found the forward hatch closed. The crewman manning the phone to the flight deck asked me, "Is the other passenger aboard?"

I looked around. "No," I said, "not unless he's up on the flight deck." Through a window I saw the snow sliding by. "We're not taking off, are we?"

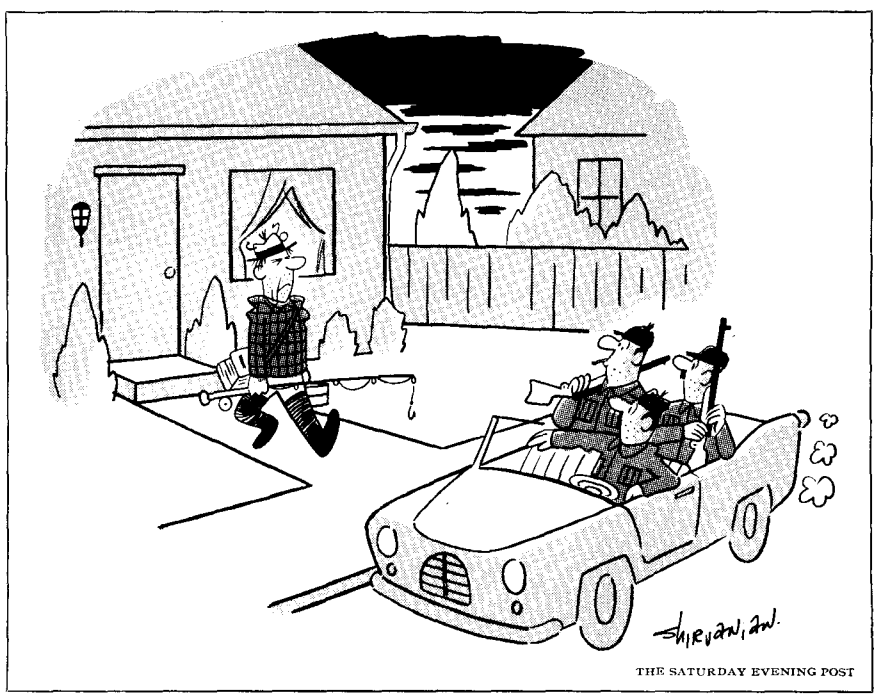
"We sure are."

"Good Lord," I said, "we're leaving Fisher behind. We can't do that."

The crewman grinned. "We're doing it."

The engines roared as we gathered take-off speed. The ship lurched, and I grabbed a stanchion and held on. For the first time in my life I took off in an airplane without a belt while standing up.

"Listen," I said to the crewman, "Fisher's with the State Department."



The crewman shook his head. "The major told him twenty minutes on the ground. State Department should know better." He listened for a moment on his phone. "The major says will you please come up to the flight deck."

I ascended to the pilot's station, where Major Pitman said, "I was sorry to leave that fellow back there, but I'm in a low fuel condition. We had to keep the engines revved up, and if I delayed we wouldn't make it back to McMurdo. I'm trying to make sure he's all right now." He gave me a set of earphones, and I could hear the conversation with Pole Station. Within five minutes they reported that Mr. Fisher was safe inside a hut.

Later I learned that Wayne had gone directly to Pole Station to mail his letters. The station commander, Lt. Clarence C. Dumais, a Navy doctor, had greeted him and taken him on a brief tour of the huts. When Wayne emerged at ground level, he saw the Hercules taking off. "I was the most surprised man in the world," he said. He was certainly the first man in history to miss the bus at the South Pole. Our flight happened to be the only one to the pole for the next three days—the weather turning bad again—and the pole people put Wayne to work in the post office canceling philatelic mail, including his own.

With our lightened ship we flew back to McMurdo at nearly seven miles altitude, and landed safely despite some small difficulty with a recalcitrant nose ski.

I said good-by to Pitman and Darbyshire, with my respect for all Antarctic fliers fortified. These aviators were typical of the men of Antarctica. I had found myself asking on every hand the same question: "Why are you here?" Officers and men gave a variety of answers from which it was difficult to establish a common theme. Some hinted at the traditional reason—domestic trouble at home—and others submitted a rationale about advancement, promotion, the importance of scientific observations, development of the continent's resources, prestige on the international scene and other justifications more or less grandiose. I found none of the reasons very realistic or convincing. It was Lt. Cmdr. Jim Lennox-King, of the Royal New Zealand Navy, who gave me the best clue to the answer. Jim commands Scott Base, the little New Zealand camp about five miles from McMurdo. Why does any man choose to go to this cruel dead land, so far removed from the life forces that exist even in the meanest parts of the rest of the world? "Why are you here?" I asked Jim.

He grinned, looking almost boyish behind his full, wintering-over beard. "I like it here," he exclaimed.

It was not his words so much as the intent behind them. Why does a boy climb the tallest tree, or ride his bike no-handed, or explore a haunted house? Every man has a bit of the boy left in him, and the men of Antarctica perhaps more than most. Or maybe they're just luckier than most men, who must sublimate their desire to go adventuring and stick wistfully to their daily round of duty and never see the unicorn.

When I boarded the Phoenix Six to leave Antarctica, a few days after my pole flight, I felt a sense of loss—not that I wasn't looking forward to a hot bath and other civilized comforts. I sat watching out the window for more than two hours, trying to identify landmarks along the mountainous coast. Finally my last glimpse of the Cruel Continent sank into the clouds, and it began to grow dark. As we flew north into the night, I realized it was the first night I had known in more than a week. THE END

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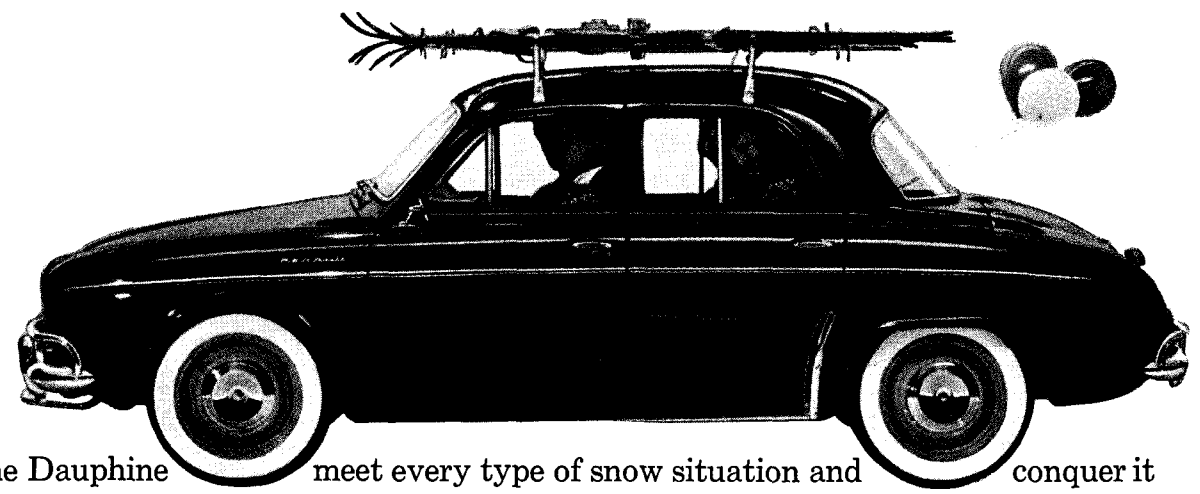
Snow piles up, up, up. Who ca

res? Let it snow—on we go. on and on and on and on and



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The Missile Murderer (Continued from Page 32)

"Yourself, Marty."

He was silent and alone, and the sick feeling that had begun in Potter's presence could not be ignored. And it came to him then that weakness was not always the mere absence of strength; that it was at times a cold force, gutting a man. "Nobody else, Lou? Just me?"

Lou's face all at once seemed to stiffen. Her eyes, large and round, watched him in a kind of wonder. Two tears appeared and rolled slowly down the sides of her nose. She ignored them. "If you mean me, Marty ——" Her voice was slow and uncertain, but there was something, the faint beginning of a smile, incongruous against the tears, lifting her lips, lighting her eyes. "If that's what you mean, why, I'm here. I guess I'll always be here."

"You humble me, Lou," Martin said.

In the early winter darkness Martin drove down to the plant, parked his car in the slot that bore his name. Pete Carter's car was already there, and Joe Parks's, and several others, one of which he supposed would belong to Potter, that calm, implacable man. No matter. He, Martin, would face up to whatever there was to face up to, because there was no other way. He started for the building, then stopped. The Schmidts' car had drawn up outside the gate, and Wolfgang Schmidt was getting out. Martin walked back to them. "You go in, Wolf." He hesitated. "I want to talk to Karle alone." And then, "Do you trust me?"

Schmidt hesitated. He said slowly, reluctantly, "It is—how do you say it?—put up, or shut up, Martin?" He nodded then and walked through the gate.

Martin got into the car, closed the door. He was conscious of Karle's nearness, her sense of waiting. He said, "You know why we're here, Karle. The computer's through with its work." With Karle there was no need for basic explanation; *Doktor* Karle, Lou had called her last night. "Now it's our turn."

"Yes, Martin."

"I don't know what we'll find," Martin said. "Until last night I would have been sure we would turn up merely one more design failure, and we'd make a change and try again."

"Now," Karle said, "you are afraid it will be a deliberate failure, is that not it? Wolfgang is vulnerable—is that what you are telling me? If the error that caused the failure was an error of assembly, then he will be held responsible?"

"That's it," Martin said. "I'm sorry."

"I know you are, Martin." Her voice had softened. "Always it has seemed that you watched out for Wolfgang. I have seen this, appreciated this. Once I thought ——"

"Go on," Martin said.

"You wish me to say it aloud? Very well. Once I thought that your protective attitude toward Wolfgang was because of me. I do not think that surprises you. I am a woman, not unattractive. You are a strong man. Do I embarrass you?"

"Not really." Strangely enough it was so. "You think like a man."

"I think you intend that as a compliment," Karle said. In her voice there was a faint smile. Then, "You are telling me that you have done for Wolfgang all that you could do, that to do more now would be to jeopardize yourself. No one is above suspicion. I know that."

"I'm glad you understand," Martin said. "I wanted to be sure."

"But that was not your reason for sending Wolfgang away just now. It was a test. 'Do you trust me, Wolf?' You might have added, 'Do you trust me with your wife? With your career? With everything?'" And then in a different voice, "Did we pass the test, Martin?"

He opened the door and got out. "You see too deep, Karle." There was light on her face now. Her eyes watched him. Slowly she nodded.

"Do you understand now, Martin? It is not a compliment to say that I think like a man. It means that you do not think of me as a woman." She smiled faintly, almost sadly. "It is time, I think ——" She stopped. "No, I will not burden you with one more worry. *Auf Wiedersehen*, Martin. That is a phrase I think you understand. I do not think that you will have to go to Pete Carter for a translation this time, as you did to learn the German for 'wrong number' in order to trick Wolfgang. That was ingenious of you. You are an ingenious man."

"You," Martin said, "are a remarkable woman, Karle."

The data-reduction room was almost silent. No more tapes spun on their plastic reels; the printer was stilled; on the control panel of the computer no lights blinked. Pete Carter said, "Here's our reading assignment, boy." The stack of printed paper on the table was six inches thick. "Sort of a mathematical GONE WITH THE WIND." Joe Parks and Wolf Schmidt watched Martin and waited.

Martin said, "We won't even begin a complete analysis. That will take too long. You all saw the bird. It began to oscillate, refused guidance. What we want to know is why ——" He talked on, technically, logically, at last at ease with his work, articulate, lucid, with none of the stiffness or sense of pedantry he always felt when he spoke of technical matters to the uninformed world beyond the wall. And as he spoke it passed through his mind that facts could be examined, understood, dealt with; it was only when people entered the equation that confusion began. "I think," he said at last, "that those are the areas where we're most likely to find the source of failure. The rest, complete analysis of behavior, can wait." He looked around. "Agreed?"

Joe Parks merely nodded. Wolf Schmidt said, "I think you are right, Martin."

Pete Carter said, "We'll go down to my hutch. The Potter man is waiting for you. I don't know what he wants." He smiled faintly. "Luck, boy."

This time Potter moved out from behind the desk when Martin walked in. "Close the door, please, doctor. If you can spare a little time, that is?" His eyes studied Martin's face.

Martin said, "I've had orders to cooperate with you," thinking now of Paul Harvey's voice on the phone. "You applied pressure. You got results."

Potter merely nodded. "Then I'd like you to look at these." He opened an attaché case and laid papers on the desk. He said, "The word 'dossier' crops up in almost every spy novel. Some people think it's an invention, a myth. It isn't. I'd like you to study all of them."

SCHMIDT, Wolfgang Friedrich—Martin began to read—was born . . . lived . . . educated. . . . Facts, exhaustive facts; statements; reports; recommendations; reservations; opinions —— Once Martin looked up, and Potter's voice answered his question before it was asked.

"We divulge this information very rarely. We consider this an emergency."

In silence Martin read on to the end. He looked up again. "Privacy is a myth, isn't it?" He could not entirely keep the bitterness from his voice. There was no answer. He had expected none. He read on, through Peter Carter's life, through Joe Parks's; it was like peeking through keyholes or opening someone's mail—indecent, almost obscene.

And then at last he was finished. He leaned back in his chair. "Mine isn't here."

"Yours is just as complete, doctor." Potter was sitting beside the desk. His eyes watched Martin steadily. "The three men in those dossiers are your people, your colleagues. You have worked with them. You know them well. Out of your own knowledge and the information there does anything suggest itself?"

"No," Martin said, and there was a kind of relief in his mind. Reading, concentrating, he had almost expected, even feared, a sudden intuitive flash, a linking of fact and conjecture. There had been nothing. "Most of it I knew already."

"You knew, for example," Potter said, "that Schmidt had been in prison in East Germany? That he had almost died from questioning?"

"He told me."

"When did he tell you, doctor?" The mild, polite voice, the steady eyes. "This morning? Before you came here to the plant? You had gone to see him, hadn't you? Because you knew that he lied last night when he told us that nonsense about switched suitcases?"

Martin could not bring himself to a direct denial, but neither could he stifle a sense of betrayal. He sat silent, impotent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Potter said, "We have a dossier on Mrs. Schmidt too. A remarkable woman, a mathematician and physicist in her own right. Did you know that it was she, and not Schmidt, who planned their escape from East Germany? If it was an escape, that is. They may have been sent into the West. Had you considered that?"

Still he sat silent.

"You asked last night," Potter said, "if Ross Sommers had made a phone call. You must have had a reason. He did make one call—to us. I'm assuming—for the moment I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt, doctor—that you didn't know about that phone call. Therefore it must have been a second call you were asking about—a call to Wolfgang Schmidt. That would explain Schmidt's presence here." He paused. "You said that you had orders to co-operate. How long are you going to keep on protecting Schmidt?"

Martin thought of Paul Harvey on the telephone, the warning that was actually a threat. He thought, *This is the end of the line. This is as far as I can go without dragging myself down too.* And he remembered Karle's voice, quiet in the darkness of the car, saying that she understood. Friendship, affection—call it whatever you would—it had its limits. "You want me to throw him to the wolves, is that it?"

Potter was silent. He merely watched, waited.

"You have to have somebody," Martin said. "A sacrifice." And there was anger now, rising out of the impotence. "They're hunting down the reason for the missile's failure right now. I was sure we would succeed this time, Mr. Potter. I give you that information for free. I'm not a betting man"—it was strange that at this moment he should think of a dollar wager on a football game—"but I would have given odds that the bird would fly. It didn't. Do you think I don't feel my responsibility in that direction?"

Nothing showed in Potter's face. "Go on, doctor."

Martin's palms were damp. He pressed them together. The anger remained, but he had it under control now, a banked fire throwing off a steady heat. "The failure," he said, "may have been innocent. Scientists, engineers—we're not infallible. But you won't believe it. Your mind is made up. And so someone has to be sacrificed, even if he's the wrong man, even if there is no right man, no culprit." He was silent at last, empty, drained.

"You're a brave man, doctor," Potter said. "You fight hard for your people." And then, "You did talk to Schmidt this morning?" He watched Martin's slow nod. "Tell me all of it, please." It was a command.

As far as I can go without dragging myself down too. And Lou. Bitter, helpless thought. Martin said slowly, "I went to see him because ——" Through it all, chapter and verse; seeing again the sunny kitchen, the shock of his accusation in Schmidt's face; watching once more the man rising, turning, running down the hall to be sick from a physical fear he could not control. *Is this the way an informer feels?* The anger remained, banked, but his own sick feeling had returned again, deep inside of him, and from that there was no relief. He finished and was silent.

"Thank you," Potter said. "I thought it might have been like that."

Martin stirred himself. "One thing." As before on that day, when he had stood on the platform of the test tank, something scurried around in the back of his mind, refusing to show itself. "The film you took from the cameras last night," he said. "You've developed it?"

"It was blank," Potter said. "It had never been exposed."

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Another blind alley, another piece of helpless futility. "I couldn't be sure," Martin said. "I've never even looked to see just how the cameras are rigged." And that something, like a mouse merely glimpsed, still scurried around the walls of his mind and would not come out into the open. "I ——" He stopped at the knock on the door. He looked up.

Pete Carter stood there. He said, "You were right about where to look, boy, and now we know why the bird laid an egg. One of the little black boxes decided not to work."

"Which one?" Martin said.

"Maybe," Pete said, "you'd better come and look for yourself. We could be wrong, but I don't think we are."

Martin stood up. He looked at Potter, who had made no move. "I'll wait," Potter said. "All I ask is a résumé."

Martin nodded. "You'll have the facts uncolored." He followed Pete Carter down the hall.

Pete said, "He's been giving you a bad time? Making with the steely eye?"

"It doesn't matter now, Pete."

"Wrong," Pete said. He had stopped outside the door of his own office. "It does matter. People make mistakes. Start giving those people the idea that every time they misplace a decimal point they're an automatic security risk, and the whole project comes apart at the seams. That's why it matters."

"You're working up to something," Martin said. "What is it?"

Pete rubbed at his chin with one large hand. "Yeah." He said it slowly. "We've got a mistake here. A beauty. It's going to take some explaining to Poker Face back there." He paused; then, "You're the boss. You'll have to decide."

Joe Parks sat tilted on the back legs of a straight chair. He whistled tonelessly through his teeth. He said nothing.

Wolfgang Schmidt was at a table, going quickly, nervously through papers hand-lettered in neat, engineer's script. He looked at Martin and then got slowly to his feet. The stack of papers from the computer printer had been broken into small piles, and Schmidt pointed at these with his pencil. He said in a voice that was not quite steady, "It is in the control system, Martin, as you thought. Here . . . here . . . here." His pencil moved. "The circuits functioned perfectly up to a point. There they went dead." He went on into the technical details. He finished and was silent, his eyes fixed on Martin's face.

"The black box failed," Martin said. "It's one of ours?"

"No, Martin." He named the manufacturer. "It is installed here at the factory in that part of the bird that we ship out complete. But ——" He bent again to the hand-lettered papers and shuffled through them.

Pete Carter said, "But the little black box was removed at the launching site and another one put in its place."

Schmidt said, "Here in my assembly records, Martin, I have the serial number of the box that was removed, and the serial number of the box that replaced it and failed to function. It—I ——"

"For heaven's sake, Wolf, stop twitching," Martin said; and then, "Why was the original box removed?"

Schmidt seemed to gather himself. "I was not sure of it. When we tested the circuitry, the box seemed to me questionable, although in it alone we could find no fault."

"So you had it replaced," Martin said. "Go on." There was silence, thick and heavy, and Martin looked around at them all. "Dammit, somebody talk up."

Pete Carter said, "Sure, boy." His voice was quiet. "Only thing is, the box that went in as replacement was no good. It's there in Wolf's records. It had been rejected twice for malfunction. It should have been scrapped. It wasn't. It went on the bird instead."

The tension had reached him now, and Martin merely stood silent, conscious that they all watched him. Joe Parks had stopped his whistling. Pete Carter stood large, solid. There were tiny beads of perspiration on Schmidt's forehead, on his upper lip. Martin said, "When a change is made, Wolf, it has to be signed off. That's standard procedure."

Schmidt nodded silently. His pencil pointed at the hand-lettered assembly record. The hand holding the pencil was not steady.

"All right," Martin said. "Who signed it off? Who was that careless? You, Wolf?" And this time in the silence it was as if a switch had been thrown in the circuitry of his mind, and where there had been darkness there was now light—sudden, almost blinding light, illuminating everything. He heard Pete Carter's voice as if from a great distance and through a dull roaring that was the sound of his own blood pumping through his veins.

"It seems you signed it off, boy," Pete Carter said. "Take a look."

Martin's hand went to his glasses in the automatic gesture that played for time. Out of the corner of his eye he could see his fingers, and they were quite steady. The roaring had stopped now. His mind, suddenly, was like ice, clean, cold, clear; and this was strange, because the banked fire of his anger was giving off enormous heat. He bent to look at the initials, although this much was not really necessary; the initials would be, and were, unmistakably his own. *But it was not my hand that wrote them*, he thought; and it was not surprise that he felt, but merely a kind of sadness that it should be so; that, and the anger burning steadily. And his mind, in its new clear, cold fashion, worked on as steadily, as dispassionately as the computer down the hall, processing the data and coming up one by one with all of the answers, even, suddenly, astonishingly, with the method of proof.

He straightened from the paper. "My initials," he said in a voice that matched the icy calm in his mind. "So they are."

Wolf Schmidt's mouth opened, but no sound came out. Joe Parks blinked. Pete Carter's eyes narrowed a trifle and he watched Martin steadily.

"All right," Martin said. "Now we know what we came to find out. We can call it a day. Lock all of this up before you go." He walked out then, and down the hall to his own office, where Potter waited. This time he left the door open.

He sat down on his desk. "I'll give you another of my lectures, Mr. Potter." This time the stiffness was gone and the sense of pedantry; these were no longer important. "A little black box failed."

Potter watched him without expression.

"This little black box," Martin said, "is a miniature computer. It accepts data in the form of electric impulses. It correlates the data. Then it sends out messages of its own. Specifically, this little black box controls the stability of the missile in flight."

"I am with you so far," Potter said.

"Data reached the box," Martin said, "data indicating that the bird was beginning to misbehave. But the box failed to issue orders to correct the misbehavior. Without correction the bird went out of control. It had to be destroyed."

Joe Parks and Wolf Schmidt walked together past the open doorway. Schmidt looked in and his eyes, searching Martin's face, were troubled, but he did not stop or even pause. Martin, listening, heard other, slower footsteps, Pete Carter's, approaching the doorway. He kept his eyes on Potter's face. The anger burned steadily. "That's all I can, or will tell you," he said.

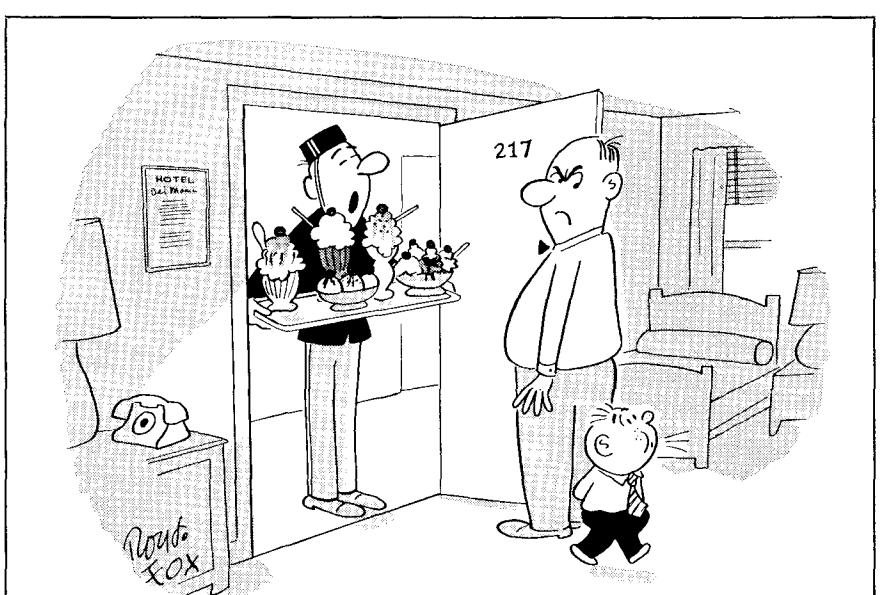
Potter frowned faintly. "Resentment, doctor, even belligerence?"

The footsteps were close now. "Call it what you want," Martin said because this was the way it had to be. He stood up. He was conscious that Pete had reached the doorway, paused, and then gone on, but he would still be within hearing. "I'm in charge of the project," Martin said. "Maybe you can put on enough pressure to have me removed, but until you do, I'll run it as I see fit."

Potter was still wearing a small frown of puzzlement as Martin walked out.

He did not go straight to the parking area. He paused instead outside of the building, plain in the building lights. You started with an idea, call it a hunch, and you examined the known facts to see if they fitted. They did; in that one brief moment of bending over the assembly records the facts had gone through his mind as if on a high-speed tape, and he had reviewed them, and they fitted without exception.

From hunch and review of known facts, you proceeded to the proof; this was the scientific method, the only method he knew. He walked around the building to the test tank. There, out of sight from the gate or the parking area, he switched on the floods and the underwater lights. He gave himself five minutes before he switched the lights off again and walked out to the parking area. *If he has waited*, he thought ——



"Room service!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pete Carter's voice, normal, jovial, said, "Tough day, boy." And then, "I could use a drink. How about you?"

Step One was successful. Martin's voice held nothing. "I think I could, Pete. Follow me home—I'll give you a drink there."

Pete said, "What in the name of heaven were you doing out at the tank? Didn't you see enough of it last night?"

"I'll tell you over that drink," Martin said. As he drove out of the gate, turned onto the boulevard, he watched in the mirror. The lights of Pete's car followed dutifully. Step Two was successful. The anger and the sense of sadness were mixed—oil and water; not a true solution. Martin's mind continued in its clear, cold way, processing the data, re-examining the facts.

Lou was reading, already in robe and slippers, when they came in. Her feet were tucked up beneath her. Martin bent to kiss her. "Pete and I are going to have a drink." He made himself smile.

She seemed to study him. "What's wrong, Marty?"

"What would be wrong?" And then, "We're probably going to talk shop, and that won't interest you."

"Marty ——"

"Go to bed, Lou. Don't wait up for me."

Something changed in her eyes and behind them. Her voice came out almost meek, obedient. "All right, Marty." She stood up in one clean motion, a swirl of the robe skirt. "Good night." She was gone.

"I promised you a drink," Martin said. "You shall have it, Pete."

And Pete, frowning, said, "What's got into you, boy?"

Martin led the way back to the study, closed the door after them, closed the other door that led to the kitchen. He mixed the drinks with steady hands. He carried his own to the desk and sat down. He felt no nervousness, only the anger and the sense of sadness blended in their false solution; this, and the clear coldness of his thoughts. "As the English say, 'Cheers.'" He raised his glass.

Pete tasted his drink without a word.

"I forgot," Martin said. "You don't like the English, do you?"

There was a short silence. Then, "That means what, Marty?"

"Just conversation. What would you like to talk about? How my initials got on that assembly record, for example? Because I didn't put them there. We both know that, don't we, Pete?"

Pete Carter set his glass down. "You're getting at something."

"Call it theory," Martin said. Here in the small room it was quiet, and the words once spoken seemed to disappear, leaving only memory behind. "But I think I can demonstrate, Pete, that the theory is fact." And then for the last time conscious of the sadness, "I wish it weren't."

Pete watched him, studied him. There was a faint wariness in his eyes; no more than this. "You have the floor, Marty."

Martin took his time, gathering his thoughts and setting them in logical, inexorable order. The sense of sadness was all gone. Only the anger and the cold clarity remained. "I trapped you, Pete, and brought you here. I knew you'd come because you're consistent, and twice you came to pump me. The first time was this afternoon. We had no bet on the football game, no date to watch it ——"

"Do you want your dollar back, Marty?"

Martin ignored the question. "You invented the bet and the date, sleepy as you were, as soon as I asked you how to say 'wrong number' in German—because that meant I was (*Continued on Page 98*)

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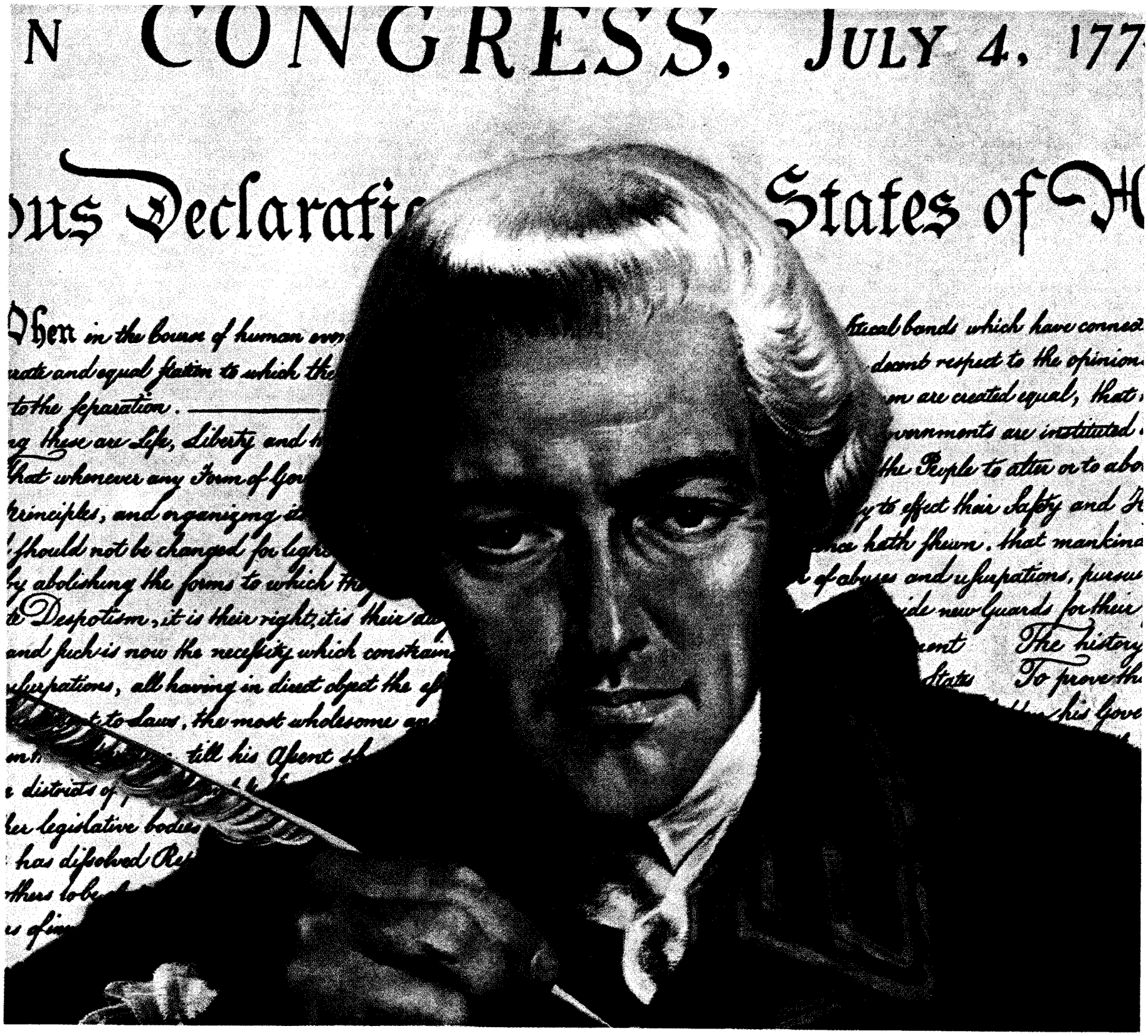
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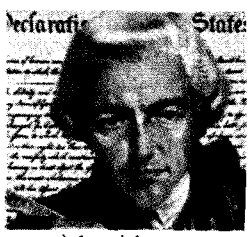
He gave us a lesson in independence...



IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

John Hancock had a fine home. A prosperous business. A future solid and secure as any man's.

Why should a man like that want to change things?

But you open the book of our fight for independence, and there he is on every page. You come to the part about the Boston Tea Party, and he's right in the thick of it. Paul Revere's Ride? That's to warn Hancock and his friend Sam Adams that the British are marching to Lexington.

The Declaration of Independence? It's his own death warrant if he signs it. But he puts his name down, big and bold.

Then you think about it for a while and it makes good sense.

You know what grips a man when he first gets a whiff of the fresh, clean air of independence. After that he can't live with the stale smell of tyranny in his nostrils.

So you know why John Hancock wanted to change things. You understand because you've grown up in the same fresh air of independence, and it's made you the same kind of man.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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(*Continued from Page 96*) going to jump Wolf Schmidt about a phone call, and you knew which phone call. You had heard Ross make it. That was the first time you tried to pump me. You wanted to know what Wolf told me. The second time was tonight after Potter and I had talked so long. You wanted to know what we had talked about. So I knew you'd come here now, because you had to know why I didn't blow up when I saw my initials on Wolf's assembly record as I should have—but you and I both know that I didn't sign them. And you wanted to know what I was doing at the tank."

"What were you doing?"

"I'll get to that," Martin said. "And you aren't going to like it." He paused "I said what I had was theory, Pete. You've already proved it to me just by coming here. In a little while you're going to prove it to other people."

Pete sipped his drink. "And what's your theory, Marty?" He was quiet, calm.

"Ross and Wolf talked on the plane," Martin said. "My basic premise is that you heard them. I didn't. Joe Parks was asleep, snoring, so he didn't hear them. But you did. They talked about loyalty. Beyond the Iron Curtain, Wolf told me, there's an almost pathological suspicion that every important man, whatever his reputation, might yet be a planted agent, a spy. Wolf spoke of an Englishman who lived in Germany the whole time between the wars and actually got to be a German general. Whether it happened or not isn't important. It could be true. That was what they talked about. It had three results."

He watched Pete's face as he talked. So far it showed nothing. "The first result," Martin said, "was that the talk scared Wolf. Later he almost came apart. The second result was different. The talk started Ross thinking in a new direction. It happens like that. You find a fresh viewpoint for a problem. That was what Ross meant when he called Potter and said he'd picked up something on the plane. He hadn't picked up any new facts, but he did have a fresh idea." He paused, waited.

"Go on, Marty."

"Ross," Martin said, "was one of Potter's people. And he was already suspicious because we'd had too many failures on the project. Potter said it himself—suspicion is their business. Ross suspected everybody, but here is the crux: when you think of sabotage, you think of something specific, a man assigned to do a certain job. And there was Wolf with his background, and obviously he'd be the first one they'd look at, and they had. I saw his dossier tonight; I know how deep they've probed. I saw yours, too, Pete." And here, for the first time, he saw a slight tightening of Pete's face, no more than this.

"But the talk on the plane," Martin said, "had changed that. For the first time now Ross was thinking in a new direction—of something like the Englishman between the wars in Germany, a long-range, long-time operator. Not Joe Parks. Not me. We're relatively new. He wanted a fresh approach. That meant you."

There was only silence in the small room. Pete did not stir.

"Your dossier shows your record here at Coast Aircraft," Martin said. "Some of the projects you worked on back during the war were canceled. That didn't mean much because during wartime confusion lots of projects were canceled. Requirements changed. Designs went into production too fast. There were lots of reasons and nobody had time to waste tracking them all down. But now with his fresh viewpoint Ross began to wonder about those projects you'd worked on and, wondering, he couldn't take a chance on waiting to give you an opportunity ——"

"For what?" Pete said. There was scorn in his voice.

"For lousing up the data analysis," Martin said. "The data was going into the computer. Each shoot is enormously valuable for what it tells us, whether the shoot is successful or not. So Ross wanted Wolf at the plant, New Year's Eve or not, to enlarge on what they'd talked about on the plane. He couldn't wait. That was the second result."

Martin sipped his drink, set it down. It was all there in his mind, clear, cold, pitiless. "The third result, of course, was the effect on you. You heard the talk on the plane. You didn't like it a bit. I think you must have walked for a long time, Pete, looking over your shoulder every step. Maybe you had already guessed that Ross was one of Potter's people. So you watched him. When he made both phone calls, you knew all you had to know, and he was a dead man. You had the method—the test tank. You had a built-in fall guy—Wolf. Ross didn't tell Wolf why he wanted him; they don't ever tell you why. And so Wolf, already scared, was almost unhinged. You counted on that. You knew he'd do something foolish, like the switched-suitcase explanation, that would point the finger directly at him."

"All very interesting, Marty. Conjecture, as you said."

"But you're going to prove it," Martin said. And then, "I'll tell you now why I went out to the tank tonight." The lie came easily, relentlessly. "I wanted to see exactly how the tank is rigged. I didn't know. I don't think you know either. We leave that to the technicians. But you should have looked into the mechanics of the tank, Pete, before you led Ross out there. What did you tell him you wanted him to see? Something about Wolf's launcher? Probably. So you turned on the lights. In the fog nobody would see. You pushed him in, jerked the net loose. That was all you had to do. He didn't have a chance." And anger rose suddenly, almost stifling him. "Did you watch him struggle, Pete?"

In the room there was only silence. Martin's voice turned quiet again, and the lie came without the slightest compunction. "The cameras, Pete. They're linked to the net. That's what I found out tonight. When the net is tripped to smother the dummy missile, the cameras start turning, run long enough to record the missile's attitude when it breaks the surface, then shut off. There was plenty of light. When you jerked the rope, you started the cameras. The whole thing is right there on film—you, Ross, everything."

Martin was silent. He thought, *I've loaded the dice on you, Pete. I don't know how the cameras are linked and I don't care, because you don't know either and it could be the way I've said. And you don't know that we took the film out last night, and it was unexposed. You don't know this, and you can't afford to take the chance.* This was the method that had lurked in the back of his mind, finally emerging.

Pete said, "Why didn't you go to Potter, Marty, and tell him?"

"Because I'd told him off. I was mad. I wasn't about to go back in to him. This way is just as good, better." Another lie, coming easily.

"You think," Pete said slowly, "that if I'm what you say I am, I can't take a chance that this isn't a bluff. I've got to get back to the plant and take care of the film before somebody else thinks of it. And you think that as soon as I leave here you'll phone Potter and tell him to wait for me, because if I show at the plant I'll have proved your theory. Is that it?"

"Yes, Pete."

"It's an ingenious idea, Marty. The only thing is, it doesn't work. Just sit where you are. We're not through yet." And now the calm began to disappear, and the Pete Carter joviality was all stripped away, leaving something hard and merciless. "It doesn't work, Marty, because it's too ingenious, too tight. It only leaves me one way out. You can't back somebody into a corner and expect not to get hurt."

"Hurting me isn't going to help, Pete. You ——" He stopped there in his surprise, his shock. Fear came slower. He stared at the gun that had appeared in Pete's hand, and the sudden feeling of emptiness spread from his stomach into his chest, and his throat turned dry. It was hard to raise his eyes from the gun to Pete's face.

"Wrong," Pete said. "You set a trap. But the trap works both ways. Until tonight Wolf the Kraut was Number One on Potter's suspect list, and scared as Wolf is, he'd probably do something else to make it worse."

There was the taste of fear now, strong and bitter in Martin's throat. He swallowed hard. "You're crazy, Pete. Put the gun away."

"But Wolf isn't the front runner any more," Pete said. "You are. Your initials are there on the assembly record. You didn't deny them. You practically endorsed them in front of all of us. You had to, to get me here. And you blew up at Potter just the way a guilty man would. Even Lou saw something was bothering you. When you kill yourself tonight, here in your own study, people are going to figure it was you, not me, who couldn't find a way out." He paused. "Like it, Marty?"

Martin reached deep within himself to force down the panic. "It ——"

"I don't like to kill people," Pete said, "but if I have to, I have to. Until this project I've kept my nose clean ever since the war, and I didn't like starting up again, but I did it because I had to."

The panic was gone, forced down by Martin knew not what unsuspected strength. "Lou is here," he said. "And a gun makes noise ——"

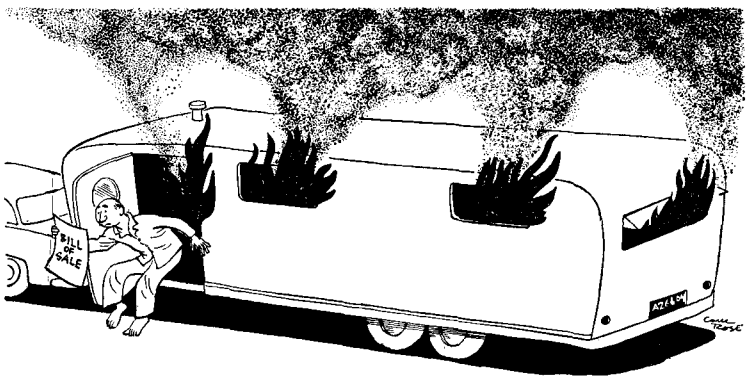
"This one doesn't," Pete said. "This gadget on the end is a silencer. It makes only a kind of plop, and you'd better hope Lou doesn't hear it, that she goes to sleep like a good little wife because you told her to. I'll say you were a little despondent, that I tried to cheer you up, that you were all right when I left. Not too fancy. I don't panic like Wolf. Your initials, your reaction to them, your blowup with Potter—it will figure."

Martin sat quite still. He wished that his mind were not working, but it refused to stop. The implications were plain.

"If Lou does wake up," Pete said, "we'll have to make it murder and suicide. A man loves his wife and can't bear to leave her behind." He paused, his eyes hard on Martin's face. "Well, Marty?"

The panic was gone. Fear remained, strong, bitter, but a man could endure fear. "What do you want me to say, Pete?"

Pete nodded slightly. "That's good enough. I think you'll sit still, because you don't want (*Continued on Page 100*)



You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Oglethorpe bought a house trailer, trading in his old one and paying cash for the balance. In trying to thaw out some pipes under the trailer with a heat lamp, he set it afire. It burned—a total loss. Undaunted, he sued the trailer dealer for the price of the destroyed vehicle.

"Ridiculous!" the lawyer for the dealer said. "He bought the trailer and then destroyed it by his own carelessness. As the sale was complete, why should we refund his money?"

"The sale wasn't complete," Oglethorpe's attorney countered. "State law requires the dealer to deliver a certificate of title for the vehicle at the time of the sale. My client never received such a certificate, so the sale is void, and he is entitled to have his money back."

If you were the judge, would you reimburse Oglethorpe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Oglethorpe lost. The court ruled that while the sale was void because no title certificate was delivered, he would have to return the vehicle in order to get his money back—and he had no trailer to return.

Based upon a 1958 Michigan case.

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Lots of Lenten dishes at your grocer's these days. Remember, the best meatless dishes are cheddar-rich with Cracker Barrel Natural Cheese.

Always great cheddar—no guessing!—when you get Cracker Barrel brand. Wrapped in aluminum foil, it comes to you as fresh as though it were cut before your very eyes. And every wedge and stick is marked for flavor: Sharp—Extra Sharp—or Mellow. It's more than good cheese: it's a real pleasure. It's Cracker Barrel brand by Kraft.

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(*Continued from Page 98*) Lou running in here. I think you're that kind of conscientious, responsible character. I don't want her here, either, so we'll give her a little time to get to sleep." Then, "Drink your drink, Marty." His eyes did not leave Martin's face.

Martin said, his voice almost steady now, "Why, Pete?" The words were automatic. His mind still would not stop. It was weighing, measuring, exploring and finding no answer. *Maybe I could get the gun from him. But if I try and fail* ——

"I'll tell you why," Pete said. "There was war in Europe, but we weren't part of it. It looked as if we were too smart to get into it this time—support England and France so they could cause more trouble. I wasn't alone in thinking that."

"You were a Communist, Pete?" *Lou. Sleep, Lou. Sleep well.*

"I hate their guts," Pete said. "I hated them then. If we'd stayed out, let Europe and Asia settle it ——" He shook his head. "But we didn't. And we weren't really out of it even then. Guns, planes, tanks for England and France, none for Germany. I helped balance the situation. The first project I worked on was a fighter project for the British. Eventually it was canceled. They never quite got the design set. I could have told them a few of the reasons. You were right. Wartime confusion, nobody asked questions. Some projects fell apart of their own weight. Some were helped to collapse. We had no business supplying only one side."

Martin heard the voice, the words, even understood them. But another part of his mind produced its own thoughts, strange thoughts, bubbling up into his consciousness. *It's a relief for him to talk, Lou. I can see that. Have we talked enough? Was talk part of what you missed? Is that where I robbed you? I'm sorry. I didn't think, and until last night you never said, never complained. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.*

Pete said, "Then I woke up one morning and we were in the war too. On the wrong side, but in it." He shook his head. "I tried to stop then, doing what I was doing. 'Traitor' is a nasty word. But you can't stop. The people you've been 'working' for know too much about you, and even in wartime there are ways of spreading word and proof of what they know if you refuse to play ball." And then, "Sit still, Marty. On V-E Day I went out and got drunk, good and drunk. I know how that Englishman who became a German general must have felt when at last he could go back to England. Even if I don't like England, I know what he must have felt. All over at last. And I'd come through it safe. Only it wasn't over. Not for me ——"

You were wrong, Lou, to be jealous of Karle. Not because of me; I know you didn't mean that. You were jealous of her relationship with Wolf. But I have leaned on you just as he has on her. I have accepted you, taken you for granted, and that acceptance—don't you, can't you see it?—the acceptance demonstrates my need. You were there, always. My base was secure. The doubts other men had were never for me. Don't you see what you've given me? You've been my faith.

"Are you listening, Marty?" The voice was sharp, angry.

Martin looked at Pete's face above the gun. The skin was drawn tight over the bones. "I'm listening, Pete." He felt almost calm.

"We had Berlin," Pete said. "All we had to do was move in, take it." The anger was bitterness now. "But we didn't. We bowed politely and gave it to the Russians. Everything in it was theirs for a time. For long enough. The Germans are methodical people, Marty. They keep records, careful records. The Russians gathered them up. They thought they might find a use for them. They did."

> Driving a car while drunk is almost as dangerous as crossing a street while sober.
>
> DAN BENNETT

"Oh," Martin said, and there was understanding at last. He watched Pete's face and he thought, *Strange. He has the gun. He's in control. But he's the troubled one. I've made my peace.* And then, *Sleep well, Lou.* Entirely calm now.

"I waited," Pete said. "I knew. One day a letter came. No signature, just a photocopy of part of my record from the files the Russians had taken from Berlin. I burned it. I waited again. Nothing happened. No telephone calls, nothing. A year later another letter, another photocopy, a little more information from the files they'd taken. I burned that one too. I've burned them all. But I got the point. The Kremlin boys didn't want me to do anything—yet. They just kept me on a leash. When the time came to use me, they wanted my record at Coast Aircraft to be clean as a hound's tooth. In the meantime a photocopy came from the Berlin files once a year, just to remind me how easy it would be to turn the originals over to Washington—and can you imagine what would have happened to me then? There's no statute of limitations on treason." His voice turned quiet again. "I didn't even ask to be assigned to your project, Marty. But I was. This was what they'd been waiting for, keeping me on a leash all this time. One phone call, that's all it took. I was their boy. They knew it. You asked me if I was a Communist. I repeat: I hate their guts. But a man looks out for himself. Always."

Sleep well, Lou. "Do you?" Martin said. "I'm sorry for you, Pete. You're ——" And it was then that he heard the sound, and it was as if his mind died within him. He saw the door begin to open, and not all of his will could stop it.

Lou stood there in robe and slippers, her face troubled. "You're talking awfully late, Marty," she said in a strange, tight voice. "Hadn't you better ——"

If there had been time to think, Martin might not have acted; thought and reason can be weakening forces. But there was no time, and he moved out of pure reflex, threw himself from his chair across the corner of the desk. His hands, grasping, caught the wrist of the hand that held the gun, twisted it and clung to it with all of his strength. He heard Lou scream, suddenly, shatteringly. And the gun went off with a strange small sound as if a cork had been pulled from a bottle.

Martin clung to the wrist, wrestled with it. Pete's free fist clubbed him once on the back of the head and then again, solid, jarring blows. There was an odd whimpering sound from Lou; this, and the straining of Pete's breath almost in Martin's ear. The fist clubbed again, and Pete gathered himself, heaved with his shoulders, his legs, with all of him. It was too much.

Martin felt the desk strike his back, and the wrist was torn loose from his hands. He staggered toward the door, toward Lou. His eyes were on the gun, only on the gun, and it seemed to rise with an infinite, merciless slowness. Martin tried to move. He could not. He closed his eyes, flinching, as the gun went off. The sound this time was not that of a cork's being drawn. It was loud, a roar that filled the small room.

Martin's eyes opened. He stared, unbelieving. Pete still held the gun in his hand, but he was turning, trying to turn away from Martin and Lou and toward the other doorway. Potter stood there, neat, quiet, pitiless. And he held a gun in his hand too, and he motioned with it gently. "Drop it," he said to Pete.

Pete's hand opened. The gun dropped to the rug. For a moment Pete stood there, swaying vaguely. And then all at once, like a tree falling, he pitched forward, his arms hanging loose at his sides. He did not even turn his head when his face hit the floor.

In the silence Potter said, "I didn't expect you to try to jump him, doctor." And there was again in Potter's face that faint softening Martin had seen before. "But then," Potter said, "this is not the first time you've fooled me." He paused. "Incidentally, I heard Carter's whole story." The gun was no longer in his hand. He knelt beside Pete, rolled him over without apparent effort. There was a red stain spreading.

Martin turned away. Lou was watching him, her eyes wide and anxious. "I'm all right," he said. And then, "You called him. It had to be you."

"Yes, Marty. I called Mr. Potter."

"You know me that well, Lou?" Standing there, facing her, feeling a kind of wonder growing in his mind. "You knew something was wrong. But I didn't give you any hint what it was."

"I think with my stomach, Marty. I'm not logical. I react. I feel ——" She stopped. Her eyes seemed to search his face.

"Go on," Martin said gently. "Say it, Lou." The sense of wonder was strong now, filling his mind with its glory.

Lou said, "Were you talking to me?" She watched him nod slowly, with incredulity. She seemed to relax. The ghost of a smile appeared. "What were you saying?"

"Later," Martin said. "I'll tell you all of it. I promise. Everything that came clear in my mind." He paused. "I won't forget it. Not ever."

Her smile reached her eyes, lighted them. "That's good enough." She touched his arm. "Call Wolfgang and Karle. Tell them it's over." She paused. "They're good people. I've learned that, Marty. Karle came here after she left Wolfgang and you. We had a talk, woman talk, about ourselves and our men. Call them."

Martin said slowly, "You humble me, Lou. I said that before, didn't I? It's true." He was silent for a few moments, just standing there, watching her, feeling the warmth and the relaxation, the sense of wonder that was almost awe in his mind. "But then," he said, "faith always humbles, doesn't it?" He smiled. "I'll explain that later too."

"I'll wait," Lou said. "I'm content."

Martin picked up the phone. As he began to dial he said, "The next shoot won't fail, Mr. Potter."

Potter's voice, quiet, polite, said merely, "Do you know, doctor, I believe you now."

The Submission of Hungary (Continued from Page 25)

see a uniformed Russian in Budapest, and Soviet officers and soldiers I saw in the surrounding towns were so polite as to be almost self-effacing. Even Hungary's Russian-trained secret police, notorious for its dawn arrests and fiendish tortures, has become more discreet. The average citizen no longer trembles at the sound of the doorbell or jumps when a car suddenly stops by his side as he walks down the street.

Although the border to the West is tightly shut, there's enough "people's democratic" to-and-fro to create an impression of cosmopolitan life. In the lobby of my hotel—a spacious, comfortable, only-slightly-threadbare mid-Victorian affair—East Germans, Poles and Czechs rub shoulders with their Magyar hosts. Many of the strangers are commercial representatives—some 70 per cent of Hungary's foreign trade is done within the Communist orbit.

Not all the foreign visitors, however, are stamped with the hammer-and-sickle brand. Africans from all sorts of newborn states appear in growing numbers here, and 200 Egyptian agriculture students studied in Budapest last year. As many as 3000 tourists from the United States invaded Hungary last summer to see the sights or look up their Hungarian relatives. And plutocrats from various Western countries drop in periodically for a bit of fancy shooting, paying up to $2000 in license fees for bagging one proud stag.

This may be a society that operates on Marxian steam, but it is not immune from our problems. Here too, you soon find out, people have nervous breakdowns and divorces, talk about the scarcity of servant girls, spend their month's wages by the fifteenth and worry about juvenile delinquency. But wait—as in the standard nightmare, you are brought up short just when you get into the spirit of the thing. Delightedly you walk toward a newsstand where you have noticed a whole row of foreign newspapers—and find that they are the official Communist Party papers of half a dozen European countries. Or, hearing that automobile traffic is on the increase, you casually remark, "You're going to have quite a traffic problem here"—only to be told that there's no such danger: "Our five-year plan provides for only 40,000 new passenger cars by 1965."

You are in Moscow's field of gravity, and not an apple falls off a Hungarian tree without somehow acknowledging this basic fact. A satellite is a small replica of Russia. Behind a screen of borrowed words—Hungary is passed off as a "democracy" blessed with a "constitution" and a "parliament"—a tiny Communist minority rules absolute. Estimates of Communist voting strength—assuming, for argument's sake, that free elections could be held here—vary from 5 to 10 per cent of the electorate. There is no opposition.

All power—legislative, executive and judicial—is vested in the ruling party's seventy-two-member Central Committee and exercised, on a day-to-day basis, by the Politburo of twelve. A hierarchy of party and government officials, key officers in army and police, factory managers and bureaucrats, faithfully carries out

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decisions made behind closed doors. The citizen is powerless. Unable to vote the administration out of office, deprived of the rights of free speech and free assembly and of that touchstone of a free society, the right of habeas corpus, he is at the mercy of the state.

"We realize that we are a minority," an elderly party member said. "I'm no prophet, but I think we'll always be a minority in Hungary. Perhaps we have sufficient strength by now to stay in power by ourselves—I don't know. At any rate, the presence of Soviet troops in Hungary facilitates our task"—and he eased off into official jargon—"of building socialism in this country."

Russia, however, does not "run" this country—there is no need for that. A few Russian technicians and advisers are still attached to various Hungarian Government departments—among them probably the Ministry of the Interior which commands the police—and Russian experts on assorted subjects favor the country with occasional lecture tours. But you'll find no Soviet commissars in Budapest. Hungarian Communists, following their own trained instinct, do their job to the Kremlin's satisfaction.

It was this perfect master-slave relationship which the revolt of 1956 almost succeeded in disrupting. The drama started, one must not forget, with a rift inside the Hungarian Communist Party. As long as Joseph Stalin reigned in Moscow, a "little Stalin," Mátyás Rákosi, had run the show in Budapest, maintaining both a personality cult and a reign of terror. Thousands passed through Budapest's torture chambers; prisons and concentration camps were packed; lack of consumers' goods condemned the public to a state of bleak austerity. When Stalin died in 1953, something had to give in Budapest; and Imre Nagy, a milder comrade, was put in as premier. But less than two years later he was ousted, and the "tough" group resumed complete control. It was not until the emergence of Nikita Khrushchev as the new leader of world Communism that Hungary's "soft" Communists began to breathe more freely.

When the first shots were fired in October, 1956, these men stood ready to assume command. Nagy formed a new government and, as observers see it now, might have stayed in the saddle had not the revolution got out of hand. With a whole nation rising against Soviet tyranny, Nagy's chances of achieving for his country the measured freedom, say, enjoyed today by Poland were reduced to naught. Faced with a satellite bent on escaping altogether from their orbit, the Russians felt they had no choice—they had to crush a revolution which, if successful, might have been the beginning of the end of Soviet rule in Eastern Europe.

János Kádár, one of the victims of the Stalinist regime, was willing to do Khrushchev's bidding. A gloomy, moody, restless man who had started life as an assistant swineherd and worked his way up through several trades, including that of toolmaker, he had been Rákosi's Minister of the Interior before he fell from grace in 1951. Jailed as a Titoist, he underwent a series of indescribable tortures until he was released, at last, in 1954. Now, maimed in mind and body, the "Black Comrade," as he used to be called, had no objections to being hoisted into office as head of a new Soviet-sponsored government.

We do not know how many hundreds—including the unfortunate Nagy—have since been executed for their part, real or suspected, in the revolution. Nor is there any information on the number of political suspects still languishing in jail. Among them are, according to the report of the United Nations representative on Hungary dated December 1, 1960, "industrial workers, peasants, students, teachers, engineers, writers and journalists, university professors, soldiers, judges and lawyers," sentenced to life imprisonment or long prison terms, often after secret trials that were a "parody of justice." Of Hungary's top intellectuals now serving life terms the best-known and most popular is Istvan Bibo, a sociologist and scholar of international repute.

Meanwhile, there have been a few changes here. The Communist Party, dissolved in 1956 and reconstituted as the "Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party," has decreased in membership from some 900,000 to roughly half that number. The party apparatus itself has had a fairly thorough overhauling. Only two members of the new twelve-man Politburo are Soviet-trained holdovers from the Stalinist regime. The other ten, including Kádár—who, as First Secretary of the Party, rules the roost—might be called Communists of the do-it-yourself school. To the man in the street they are "Hungarians," in contrast to the "Muscovites" whom they replaced. To their overlords in Moscow they are a living guaranty that freedom will not raise its head again.

Of the 200,000 men and women who headed west in 1956 across the open border, no fewer than 45,000 have since come trudging home. Being separated from their friends and families, or just from Hungary, evidently proved too much for them; and almost anything, after their odysseys, seemed easier to endure than exile.

Hungarians are ferocious patriots. Having their racial roots in Asia—perhaps in northwest China—and speaking a freak tongue resembling Finnish, they are acutely conscious of the fact that they are strangers in the midst of a huge multitude of Slavs. Since settling in the plain of Hungary around the year 900, they have tasted glory and defeat in equal doses. Christianized under their great king, Saint Stephen, they reached their pinnacle in the fifteenth century when theirs was the most powerful and most respected nation in all central Europe. Next came 150 years of Turkish occupation, followed by Hungary's absorption into the sprawling Hapsburg empire. For well over two centuries Austrian Hungary slumbered in the care of her nobles who spent most of their time at Vienna's glittering court. To this day, German remains the lingua franca here, and many of the charming mannerisms of the older generation are Viennese. Men still say, "*Küss' die Hand,*" when they are talking to a lady.

Today's Red rulers never will let you forget that in the "good old days"—as many people here still call them—such noble families as the Esterházy, Pallavicini and Festetich, together with the Catholic church, owned 10 per cent of Hungary's arable land, while the appalling misery of the peasants made this a "country of 3,000,000 beggars." By contrast, bolshevik Béla Kun's Hungarian Soviet Republic, lasting for 133 blood-stained days in 1919, becomes, in retrospect, the nation's "finest hour."

It was during the quarter century of Admiral Horthy's ironhanded, semifascist rule—which found its denouement in Hungary's alliance with Hitler and her defeat in World War II—that the Hungarian Communist Party became what it is today. Toiling underground or in the Soviet Union, its leaders built the keen-edged, monstrously efficient apparatus that could take over when the Western Allies assigned the country to the Soviet sphere of influence.

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"Remember," Hungarian Communists say, "that we have no tradition of democracy in the word's Western sense. It's either Communism or fascism here. If we were ever driven out, the fascists and the Esterházy would be back in power."

Fear haunts the sleep of many a good comrade. The still-fresh memory of 1956, when Communists were hanged on lampposts or beaten or trampled to death by the furious population, lends substance to the apprehension of what would happen if the Russians withdrew or if the local apparatus ever relaxed its grip. To many an old Communist I met, life had become a simple question of hunting with the hounds or running with the hare. Not a few of those veterans have done their running in the past. Having spent all too many youthful years in fascist jails or concentration camps, they savor the reward of a low-number party card in the shape of a safe, comfortable job. Somewhere along the line, life offered them a choice; they chose Marxism and, for better or for worse, are stuck with it.

Time and again, in talking with the members of the ruling class, one is confounded by their cynicism. I heard one ranking civil servant condemn the Rákosi regime for having deported some 40,000 "class enemies" from Budapest to desolate country spots where they were doomed to perish—only to discover that he criticized the measure because they were "the wrong 40,000."

This basic antihumanism is probably the one essential factor that sets the Iron Curtain world apart from our own. Man, king of our own civilization for the last 600 years, has been demoted here to a mere cipher. One Hungarian—a professor of Marxism—after explaining that the middle class had to be liquidated in order to clear the path for the dictatorship of the proletariat, added, "But we discriminate. If a fellow is, let's say, a mathematics teacher, we let him go on teaching. It would be tragic otherwise."

Thinking of the poor mathematics teacher and his wife and children, I happily agreed—it would be tragic.

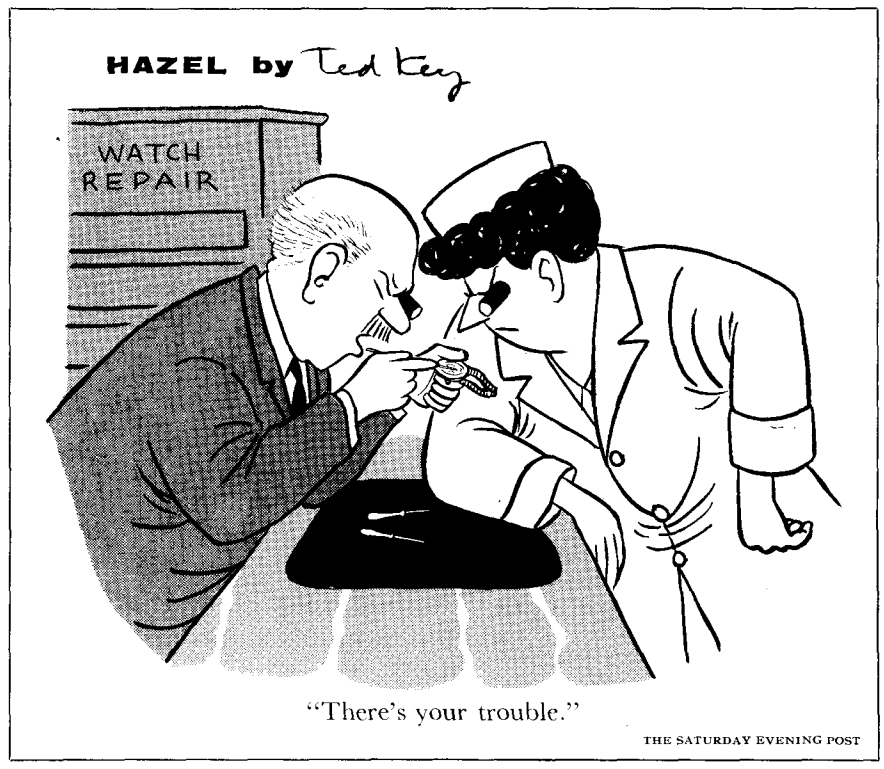
"It would be tragic," my Hungarian friend continued, "to have to do without mathematics during the two years which it would take us to train a new teacher."

The grinding mill, by now, has nearly done its job. All industry, of course, is state-owned, and so are most businesses. But a small segment of the national economy is still in private hands—in Budapest some 25,000 artisans, shopkeepers, greengrocers and fruit vendors represent the humble remnants of the capitalistic age. And their days, too, as one official solemnly informed me, "are numbered."

Still, leave it to human nature, and in particular to the Magyar's inborn passion for the profit motive, to make the best of a tight squeeze. You hear some eyebrow-raising stories of capitalism on the rampage. One hairdresser, penniless a few years ago, now has a large apartment filled with shiny furniture, a car, a sailboat and a wife who wears exclusive robes. A tailor owns a lakeside villa and collects rare books. In fact, a number of Budapest's custom tailors, renowned the world over for their fine workmanship, have managed to stay in thread and buttons, and there are plenty of customers willing to pay up to $150 for a suit.

On Vaci *Utcza*, Budapest's fanciest shopping street, some of the dress and knitwear shops are still privately owned—one by the wife of a famed soccer player—and the discerning clientele prefers them to their neighbors' socialized or co-operative establishments. The highest number of employees a person may "exploit" is three, and punitive taxation in practice lowers this to two. There are no millionaires in Hungary—the system sees to that. But even though you can't buy stock or convert your forints into foreign currency, you are allowed an interest-bearing account in a state-owned savings bank, you are free to build a six-room villa, you may hire a servant or a gardener and, although visiting a non-Communist country is virtually impossible, you can travel all you like in Hungary. The housing shortage being what it is, a private house or an apartment without in-laws remains the greatest luxury available, and an amazing portion of the family budget, in this goulash-eating country, goes for food.

Big Brother, though, is watching you. A fierce indoctrination campaign makes sure that every sector of the population is constantly subjected to Marxist propaganda. A man who wants to be a practicing physician has to pass a political test. Factory workers have to listen to political lectures. The girls in a university dormitory I visited were grouped in Marxian "seminaries." Along with politics, a generous dose of atheism is administered. And though the churches remain crowded in this predominantly Roman Catholic country, it is not healthy for you to be seen entering a church if you are interested in getting ahead.



"There's your trouble."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It would be foolish to assume that so much propaganda, based on techniques first tested on a massive scale by Doctor Goebbels, has no effect at all. Much of the stuff rubs off on those who are exposed to it day in, day out, and many a contaminated youngster coming home from factory or school has bitter arguments with his dense, bourgeois parents.

It's true, the proletarian aspect of this "republic of workers and working peasants" has been an almost total flop. Hungarian workers, earning between fifty-two and eighty-five dollars a month and being subject to a "work norm" that may at any time be tightened at the government's pleasure—meaning more work for the same pay—do not take kindly to a system denying them free trade unions, collective bargaining and the right to strike. As for the farmers, many of whom had been given their first small plots of land in 1945, when big estates were broken up, they do not relish the idea of relinquishing their property under the government's forced-draft collectivization drive. Bewildered and dismayed, unable to resist the bullying party agents, the country people are now down to their last weapon—laughter. The animals, it seems, had been forced into a collective, but one after another they managed to get out—Dog because he wasn't allowed to bark, Horse because he was hitched up the wrong way, and so forth, until only Comrade Ass remained.

"And you, why don't you quit?" the others asked him.

"How can I," heehawed poor Ass, "I'm the chairman!"

Yet people everywhere, unless they happen to belong to what was once the middle class, will tell you, "We are better off now than we were before." In one Hungarian home I visited, the maid began reminiscing. She was of peasant stock and made no secret of the fact that she was a good Catholic and therefore strongly anti-Communist. "But in my childhood," she explained, "we were two families—twelve people—living together in one shack, one end of which was set aside for a cow. Four of us children shared one pair of shoes among us, so that in winter three of us had to stay home. We often had just one hot meal a week. And there, across the yard, was the landowner—a nobleman who could blow enough money on one ball to keep a peasant family going for ten years!"

Put into political terms, this means that the Hungarian people, could they get out from under Russian domination and choose a system of their own, would not opt for a way of life in which free enterprise has the last say. Convinced that they owe much of their material progress to the redistribution of the nation's wealth, they would be glad, observers here believe, to settle for a brand of socialism that would still leave them in possession of the welfare state, a tightly planned economy and public ownership of industries—but without terror and with ample guaranties of human rights.

For their cultural fare Hungarians will continue to look west for a long time. The bookstores here are filled with volumes by British, French, German and American authors, translated into Magyar or in their original languages. And while Hungarian children are now forced to study Russian—compulsory from the sixth grade on—the demand for English language lessons is enormous.

Of the seventeen theaters which, every night, play to full houses in this capital, roughly half are devoted to the presentation of Western plays and operas. Shakespeare remains a favorite—I saw a fine performance of *The Tempest*—and this season's hit is Arthur Miller's *View From the Bridge*. At motion-picture houses, which open their gates in the morning and keep it up all day, films from the Western world are all the rage. There are, in this small country, as many as 2,000,000 radio sets, and almost everyone tunes in on programs from beyond the Curtain. Hungary's youth has gone "American"—jazz records sell at a brisk rate, and that great herald of American culture, the jukebox, has made its entrance into Budapest's corner café.

You only have to say that you are an American to have Hungarians of all ages come up and pump your hand. In spite of lingering memories of what is sometimes termed America's "betrayal" of Hungary in 1956, the average Hungarian continues evidently to think of us with sympathy and admiration. As there are about 1,500,000 Americans of Hungarian descent, almost everyone you meet has relatives in the United States, and questions soon start flying. Respect for the United States shines through even at the most unexpected moments. In a large factory where I spent an afternoon debating the relative merits of the capitalist and Communist systems with a group of thoroughly indoctrinated party organizers, I was confronted with a rather surprising complaint, "Why do we have to make our electric locomotives under a French license? Why can't we have your American patents which are better?"

The warmth and spontaneity with which the American visitor is greeted make him doubly aware of the subzero chill of our official relations with this country. Maintaining that the 1956 Soviet tank attack on freshly liberated Budapest was a case of flagrant aggression and that the Russian-implanted Kádár government is illegitimate, the United States refuses to send a minister to Budapest and thus establish normal diplomatic intercourse with Kádár's Hungary. Our attitude is closely linked to the Hungarian question on the agenda of the United Nations, which is based on the argument that "no small state can feel secure in the enjoyment of its independence" as long as Russia is allowed to get away with crushing a small neighbor's right of self-determination.

Nor are American-Hungarian relations made any happier by the fact that Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, primate of Hungary's Catholic church, who was freed from imprisonment during the 1956 revolt, enjoys asylum at the American legation here. Around the clock, the gray, five-story legation building is besieged by half a dozen Hungarian plainclothes men seated in three parked cars—waiting, presumably, for Mindszenty to come out for a breath of fresh air. American members of the small legation staff, including Garret G. Ackerson Jr., our able and discreet chargé d'affaires, are enjoined from traveling beyond a limit of twenty-six miles from the center of Budapest, and are, day in, day out, subjected to innumerable pinpricks.

What to make of it all? If a visit to the shadow world behind the Curtain renews one's gratitude for the enjoyment of certain rights we in the Western world have always held to be self-evident, it also leaves one with an overpowering awareness of what the very name of the United States has come to mean among these captive millions. There is a salesgirl in a Budapest department store who has been troubled for some years by a recurrent dream. She stands on a ship steaming slowly into New York harbor. Suddenly, from pictures she has seen, she recognizes the Statue of Liberty. "I wake up weeping," she said to me, "every time I have that dream." THE END

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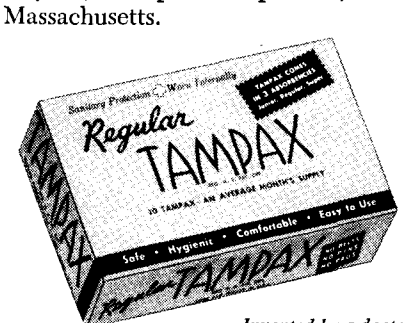

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Keeping Posted

Fighting Editor

Mississippi's Carter.

In a 1947 *Post* article titled THE SOUTH'S FIGHTING EDITOR, Milton MacKaye termed **Hodding Carter** "the remarkable Mississippian who gives promise of becoming one of the most distinguished American small-town editors since William Allen White." Two weeks ago MacKaye's prophesy was sustained when Carter became the first small-town editor ever to receive the William Allen White Foundation's National Award for Journalistic Merit, presented annually on White's birthday at the University of Kansas.

Carter publishes Greenville's *Delta Democrat-Times* and is a valued *Post* contributor. In 1945 he wrote us, "We've discovered that we could have more fun, gain more readers and feel that we were doing a decent job by sailing into whatever or whoever we thought was wrong." His editorials against the wrongs of intolerance won him a Pulitzer Prize the following year.

We're proud to recall that the 1959 William Allen White award went to another *Post* contributor—editor Ben Hibbs. For that matter, William Allen White himself was a *Post* regular. In the years 1901–1936, during his tenure as owner and editor of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*, seventy-two of White's articles, editorials and stories appeared in *The Post*.

Robert and the Rooster

Ontario's Olver.

In our photograph illustrating ARGUMENTS I LOSE (page 37) we find **Robert Olver** at home in Peterborough, Ontario, with his six-year-old son. In our KEEPING POSTED picture at lower left, see the author himself as an urchin, in 1938. The barn in this picture is only a mile from the home where Olver lives today. If it seems that Olver, a marketing technician, hasn't made much progress geographically, consider his progress in the art of argumentation: Today he's being bested by his young son, but back in 1938 he often was chased up a tree by a large white rooster "who didn't seem to think I was a fit person to have around the place."

Two Girls Named Larry

Chicago's Trine and Catalani.

Larry Hague, author of DECISION IN WARD X (page 24), is the pseudonym of two career girls, Verna Trine and Vicki Catalani, who share an apartment in Chicago. Verna, born in Lawrence, Nebraska (hence the "Larry"), teaches piano. Hobbies: walking and story plotting. Vicki, born in Holland (thus the "Hague"), is a medical illustrator. Hobbies: playing the violin, teaching French, cooking, walking and counterplotting.

Snakes and Mushrooms

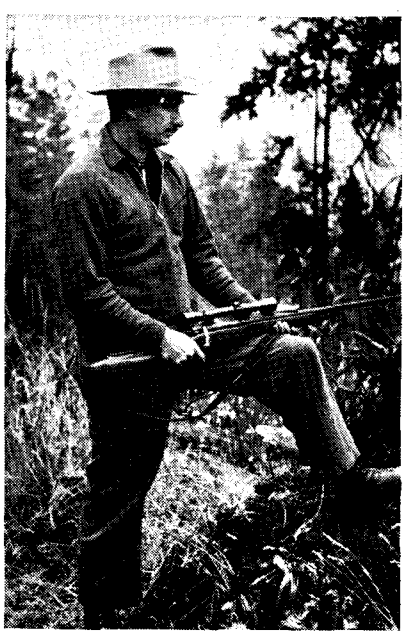
Another hobbyist is North Carolina's **R. Philip Hanes Jr.** (WE'RE CULTURED TOO, page 26), and for a man devoted to the arts, Hanes's hobbies are surprising. As a youngster he was interested in herpetology. "I never will forget the time one of my large black snakes escaped and was loose in the house for a couple of weeks. He ate a stuffed bird, which sat astride one of my mother's pet hats, before he was cornered and killed." Hanes's present diversions: "My former experience in taxidermy helps me when I have to bone chickens, as in *ballottine de volaille à la Régence au sauce suprême*. Combining my interest in cooking with my love of nature, I have begun studying mushrooms (mycology). I have a library of over 400 books on the subject and spend most of my summer weekends in the forest."

Solitude and Santa Anna

Charles A. Stearns resides in Centralia, Illinois, but prefers to write his stories in Lytle Creek Canyon, California, near the edge of the Mojave Desert, where rarely is heard a discouraging word ("excepting for an occasional forest ranger, stopping by my cabin to lecture me on fire prevention") and the skies are not cloudy at all. The encounters in his tale involving the infamous Santa Anna (THE DEFENDER OF SHINAR BOW, page 16) are fictional, but the background is authentic: the author's great-great grandfather had his favorite horse shot from under him by Santa Anna's soldiers.

The Elusive Elk

The favorite pastime of Ashland, Oregon's veteran storyspinner **Verne Athanas** is hunting, but he hasn't had as much success lately as the young hunter in ROYAL ELK (page 31). Athanas shot more than 100 pestiferous ground squirrels in a two-week period last fall, but he didn't even see an elk. His record with *The Post* is more respectable, however. In nine years he has sold us thirteen stories, four novelettes and two serials.



Oregon's Athanas.

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